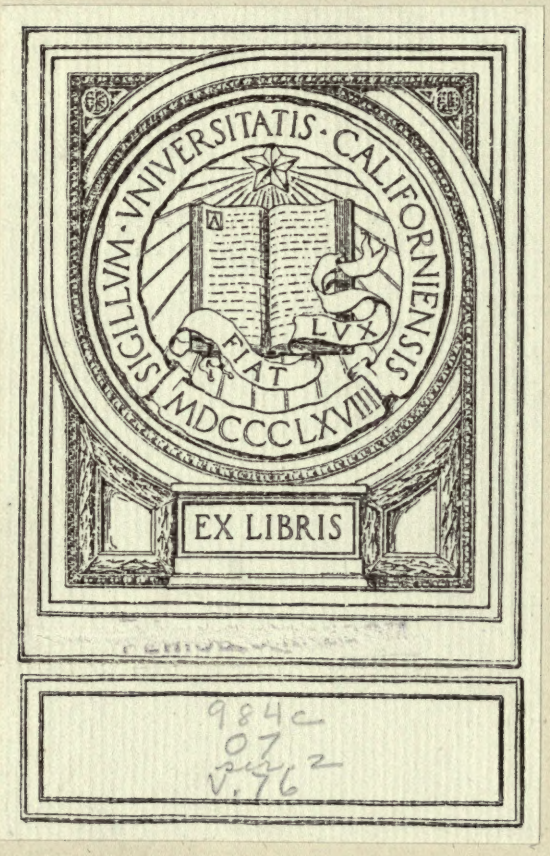


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Overland Monthly

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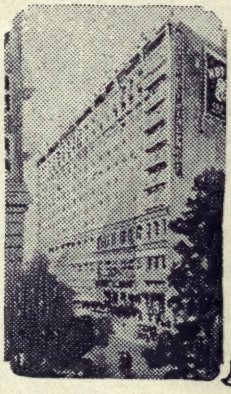
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Vol. LXXVI No. 1

Overland Monthly

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

B. G. BARNETT, Publisher. *THOMAS E. FLYNN, Managing Editor*

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POSTPONEMENT OF AWARDS

The Judges Overwhelmed In The Selected Verse Competition

It proves to be a Physical and Mental Impossibility for the Judges in the Selected Verse Competition, of the Overland Monthly, to announce the prize-winners in the July Number.

The task of examining all the Selections is being performed with Great Care and Absolute Impartiality, and cannot be finished before the magazine goes to press.

The Winning List will Positively Appear in the August Number of the Overland Monthly.

Judging by the Flood of Selections that has been received by the Overland, its readers are Representative of the Large and Increasing Class, who can Discriminate in Literature and Appreciate the Best in Poetry.

The winning Selections, as well as the names of the winners, will appear in the Overland Monthly for August.

OVERLAND MONTHLY
Founded 1868 Bret Harte
San Francisco

VOL. LXXVI JULY, 1920 No 1.

Inviting A War of Races

THE severity of the military methods adopted by Sir Michael O'Dwyer in suppressing an incipient revolution of Hindoos at Amritsar in the Punjaub, last April, continues to be a subject of bitter discussion both in England and India.

Sir Michael appears to be a soldier of the old school—and in truth a soldier of any school, is the same now as heretofore and evermore. His best argument is physical force, and he would be but a poor soldier if he exerted it in a puerile fashion.

There was no puerility in the application of military arguments by Sir Michael O'Dwyer's soldiers to the Hindoo revolutionists at Amritsar in the Punjaub. The subordinate commander, to whom Sir Michael intrusted the pacification of the riotous Hindoos, turned the machine guns on them with such merciless vigor that nearly four hundred were killed and three thousand wounded. The dwelling places of the rioters were bombed by aviators, and a military decree was issued that, in the street where the riot started, all natives should crawl through it on hands and knees for thirty days, to remind them of their racial inferiority.

Many philanthropic people in England have demanded the punishment of Sir Michael O'Dwyer and his energetic staff. Influential newspapers have been outspoken in their condemnation of such military severity, and few people in civil life have been found to approve of such measures. Strange to say, there have been more dissatisfaction with the crawling order than the taking of life. Particularly have the Hindoos been resentful of that humiliation.

The Amritsar affair concerns the entire white race. It brings before them the fact that the yellow race is growing less submissive to the white man's big stick, which he has wielded so belligerently in Asia and Africa. The yellow man is beginning to argue that he has human rights, and when numerical strength is taken into account, that he is doubly entitled to a safe place in the sun. Perhaps at present his numerical superiority counts for less, as he lacks the engines of war, but the white man has taught him how to use such engines, and he is not entirely hopeless that he will remain unarmed. The phenomenal progress of Japan has widened the horizon of the Asiatic races.

If little Japan, apparently a national pigmy, could leap into international prominence as a giant, what may not a great country like India accomplish in transformation? That is no doubt the present trend of thought in India, and other Asiatic countries of large population. Such occurrences as that of Amritsar, are therefore a menace to the white race in Asia.

It cannot be denied that the government of India by Great Britain, has been an advantage in many ways to the Hindoos. Education on the western plan has

been given them. They have been taken out of the control of petty Indian despots, and they have been freed from many injurious and debasing superstitions.

But may not all this enlightenment lead to the expulsion of the Anglo-Saxon conquerors from India? A subject race is never grateful for the benefits of education and a better government. The educated natives continue to demand a larger part in the government, and are never satisfied except with complete control.

For years the British policy has been to increase the opportunities for the educated Hindoos. Formerly the British plan was to give the natives only small government clerkships. Now the educated Indian can aspire to judgeships and important commissionerships. Yet the friction between the Asiatic natives and the British conquerors increases.

Before the Amritsar affair, a prominent Indian jurist had spoken to Sir Michael O'Dwyer of the increasing racial antagonism. The Indian attributed it to the masterful methods of the military. It were better, he argued, that Sir Michael should place more trust in soul-force. On that line of argument the English Knight was in accord with the aesthetic Hindoo and doubling up his fists exclaimed:

"I'd have you understand that there's something more effective in quelling rioters than mere soul-force. You'd better not arouse it."

Sir Michael showed what he placed most reliance on, when the machine guns and bombs were called into action and the terrified natives of Amritsar were fleeing for their lives.

In Africa as well as Asia the methods of the military have increased bitterness between the natives and the white race. Newspaper readers have not forgotten that affair, where several Egyptian villagers were hanged, because they killed some young officers who were shooting their pigeons. The white subalterns had stationed themselves on the edge of the Egyptian village and were shooting the domestic pigeons when attacked by the native owners of the birds. Those of the young soldiers who were not killed were bound and imprisoned. Their guns were smashed. To teach the Egyptians a lesson, their head men were either hanged, flogged, or given long terms of imprisonment—some life terms. The affair created a profound sensation in England, and was made the most of by George Bernard Shaw and his associates of the radical Socialist party.

Another African case, where the white man's rule is not over-considerate of the colored man, is now being discussed by the independent journals of England. A colored official, falsely imprisoned for theft, has been denied redress in a way that would have been unlikely had the victim been white.

At Badagry, Nigeria, a sum equal to $175 was stolen from a government office, and an educated African named Philip Croker, who had the office key, was tried before the chief justice and three assessors. By the assessors he was unanimously held to be innocent; but the chief justice, overruled them, sentenced him to nine months' imprisonment. On his release, ruined and outcast, Croker entered upon the uphill task of clearing his character. He collected funds, mortgaged family possessions, and appealed to both local and Imperial Governments. His effort was continued for five years; and then, at the end of 1915, the supreme court reviewed the case and, without qualification, declared Croker innocent. In setting aside the conviction, the chief justice, Sir Edwin Speed, said there had been a miscarriage of justice and that the victim was entitled to compensation for a grievous wrong.

Every consideration of fairness would suggest that the victim of wrong imprisonment should receive his pay for all the years he had lost, and should also be restored to the pension list from which his conviction had removed him. After all the years of his struggle for justice he received only $500, given as an act of grace.

Commenting on this unfairness to the colored man, the Manchester Guardian, one of the great newspapers of England, remarked in a recent issue:

> We make two comments upon this affair, which touches the fundamental principle of British colonial rule. First,

that any man, of whatever race or color, who could carry through a fight for self-vindication against odds so heavy has proved himself to possess personal qualities of a noteworthy kind. Secondly, that the refusal of the fullest measure of recompense to a public servant in the position of Croker leaves on the British name a scar which should be instantly and completely removed.

The white man should disabuse his mind of the belief that he is master of the world by divine authority, which takes no count of his deeds against other races or his own. He holds his place in creation only by virtue of his ability to overcome all rivals. But if he should concentrate on himself the bitter enmity of all Asia and Africa, his throne might begin to totter. Numerically, the colored races outnumber the white, in the ratio of two to one. Intellectually the educated Orientals are as acute as Europeans. Physically the yellow man is formidable in war, and efficient in peaceful industry. In the twelfth century, Jenghiz Kahn, a petty Mongolian chief, born in a tent on the banks of the Onon river in Siberia, conquered Asia and threatened the extinction of white civilization in Europe. The military feat of that medieval barbarian was more difficult than would be the overrunning of war-torn Europe today by Asiatic hordes, equipped with modern weapons and led by another Jenghiz Kahn.

—*Westwood Ellis.*

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOODS.

By Stanton A. Coblentz.

The elephant, the wolf and owl
  Were leading candidates
For Presidency of the Woods,——
  Or so the rumor states.

The owl made a thrilling speech.
  "It's evident," said he,
"That not another bird or beast
  Is wise as I can be."

The elephant declared: "I'm wise,
  And also very great.
I think a beast that's big and strong
  Can best direct the State."

The wolf advanced no argument
  Except to roar and growl,
As if to prove that not a beast
  Was louder with the howl.

The others heard with great respect,
  Not daring to dissent,
And by a huge majority
  They made him President.

Literary Misfits

Genius Often Seeks the Unattainable.

By Stanton A. Coblentz

PERHAPS few men who excel in one field do not crave for mastery in several. This reflection is aroused by the death of William Dean Howells, the celebrated noveltst. For though he was in the forefront of American fictionists, Mr. Howells was not content to write fiction only. He desired also to be successful as a playwright, and accordingly made several excursions into the drama. But in spite of his success as a novelist, his plays remain practically unknown.

In this respect, Howells is by no means unique. Many another novelist has desired to be a dramatist, many a dramatist to be a poet, many a poet to be a novelist. This is perhaps one manifestation of the human propensity never to be contented, the tendency always to wish to be in one's neighbor's place. It is as if a lion should long to be an eagle, and an eagle to be a lion, a shark to be a walrus, and a walrus to be a shark.

Literary history abounds in instances of eminent writers who aspired for positions into which they could not fit. Jack London, according to his own confession, hoped to be first of all successful as a poet, next as a writer of plays and of economic and philosophical essays, and lastly as a writer of fiction. Had his experience and training been different, he might have been eminently qualified to write poetry, and incapable of producing stories with the element of reality; perhaps the ghost of his stifled potentialities was haunting him, and urging him to be a poet.

Likewise, Thomas Hardy, one of the greatest of English novelists, craves primarily for poetic success; having devoted his earlier years to creating masterpieces of fiction, he is now giving himself to poetry exclusively. On the other hand, his younger contemporary, Bernard Shaw, began his career by writing novels that failed, and has since won fame for his brilliant plays, and their no less brilliant prefaces, which have placed him among the foremost living satirists. Another notable example is Longfellow who, while perhaps the most popular poet America has produced, yearned to be a dramatist as well, and was deeply disappointed by the failure of his tragedies. Still more striking is the instance of the poet Shelley, whose lyrics are unsurpassed in the English language, yet who believed that his real business in life was the writing of philosophical and political essays.

The examples might be multiplied indefinitely in passing; I might mention Shakespeare, who seemed to regard his sonnets as his masterpieces, and was careless of his unrivalled dramas; Voltaire, who devoted much time to poems of epic dimensions, yet is now remembered chiefly for his satirical romances; and Dr. Johnson, who toiled over ponderous disquisitions now long forgotten, while his "Rasselas," written in two weeks, is still read and enjoyed.

What is the explanation? It appears that men of genius, like most other men, do not and cannot follow that presumably simple motto, "Know thyself;" they can test themselves neither absolutely nor comparatively; they can ascertain neither the actual extent of their capabilities, nor balance those capabilities against the powers of other men.

Or even when they are able correctly to weigh their ability, men of genius are often led astray by extraneous considerations bearing no direct relation to that ability. Desire for fame, desire for power, desire for wealth, are factors that may explain why we have so many novelists that would be poets, so many poets that would be novelists, so many dramatists that would be essayists, and so many essayists that would be dramatists. Men who are masters in one sphere are induced to become misfits in another.

Exterminating Food-Fish

A Crime Against the Coming Generation on the Pacific Coast.

By A. L. Wilson

THE unwise destruction of the food fish of the Pacific Coast is on the eve of becoming a burning question. The Overland Monthly has several times called attention to the matter, but arousing public opinion on questions of vital interest is unfortunately a very difficult task anywhere and particularly so here.

Our people have become so surfeited with propaganda that they view with suspicion all published matter on serious subjects. When the public sees a printed warning that salmon are likely to become extinct, it is likely to infer that the price is about to be raised. So with any other kind of valuable food fish.

But it is not propaganda to advise the reading public, that the Pacific Coast is in danger of losing its most valuable fish for canning, and some other fishes that are highly esteemed for the table. It is astonishing that the salmon run in Alaska has so long withstood the enormous destruction which occurs every year. One can imagine what myriads of salmon ran up the Pacific Coast rivers from the ocean, before the canneries began to thin their numbers.

Heretofore, the salmon canners have asserted, that the Alaska salmon run could not be permanently reduced. The worst that could happen, the canners said, was that off-seasons might be recorded. The salmon might occasionally run into the rivers in smaller numbers, for some reason unknown to naturalists. Such statements are incorrect. Whether wilfully or unintentionally erroneous, can only be guessed. Salmon canners are not all naturalists and many of them may know comparatively little of the habits of the fish which has been to them such a valuable stock-in-trade.

As steps must be taken at once to prevent the extinction of salmon on the Pacific Coast, a few facts relative to the remarkable habits of the fish may be interesting. The ignorance regarding the salmon is strange, in view of the importance of the fish. Few places have such opportunities to study the habits of the salmon as California, for Monterey Bay is frequented by the fish all the year, and great numbers of them make their way from that place, to the headwaters of the Sacramento River, Eel River and other streams, where they spawn.

It is this habit of ascending from the ocean to the rivers that gives the fishermen an opportunity to exterminate the salmon, unless restricted in some measure by the United States Government. The State governments, as usual in most important matters, are so influenced by various financial and industrial interests that their laws for the preservation of salmon are not properly enforced.

It is obvious that if immense numbers of salmon containing eggs, are taken yearly by the canneries and independent fishermen, before the fish have had an opportunity to reach their spawning places in the rapids of the rivers, the species must soon become extinct. Every salmon makes an effort to ascend the river where it was hatched, and reproduce its kind. For that reason salmon's enemies know exactly where and when to waylay them and capture them by nets and stationary traps, so that each year sees a smaller number escape.

The largest run of salmon from the ocean to the rivers takes place in early summer. The salmon of Monterey Bay begin to congregate for their trip to the spawning beds in June, at which time the Santa Cruz fishermen begin to catch large numbers with hook and line. In June the female salmon contain little if any spawn and whatever eggs are found, are very small. Gradually the salmon that intend to go up the Sacramento River, make their way to the mouth of San Francisco harbor. That short trip may consume

several weeks, and after the schools of salmon arrive outside of the Heads they lodge for a short time in the vicinity of Bolinas Bay.

From the time that the salmon schools enter San Francisco harbor and head for the Sacramento River, they cease to feed. Although they may strike at an artificial lure and are sometimes caught with hook and line, they actually swallow no food after they enter fresh water until they return to the ocean. They live on their fat.

The belief is general that after spawning in the headwaters of the Sacramento, all the salmon die, but that opinion is the result of very superficial observation. Many of the salmon taken in Monterey Bay in the summer are over 30 pounds, and it would be foolish to imagine that such large fish had never ascended a river and spawned. As a matter of fact, salmon return to their natal river to spawn when much less than ten pounds.

The fish time their arrivel at the spawning beds until they are almost ready to deposit their eggs in the swift shallows, where they scoop out a nest in the gravel. One would think that the eggs would be swept away at once, but most of them lie in the eddy at the bottom of the nest till the young salmon are hatched out, and start on their long journey to the ocean. While the hatching is in process, the female salmon guards the nest night and day, eating nothing and becoming a wretched dark brown object, covered with sores and leeches and wholly unlike the beautiful fish which left the sea a month before. The ceaseless effort of the mother fish to remain so long over their nests, in the swift current, without nourishment, reduces the strength of many of them to such a degree that they are unable to make the long return trip to the ocean.

As soon as the eggs are hatched, the mother salmon drops down the river to the nearest deep pool, and makes a brave battle for life. If too much exhausted for recovery, she swims in a circle closer and closer to the shore for several days perhaps and then either expires, naturally, or is snatched out the shallow water by some wild animal.

If, on the other hand, the mother salmon is strong enough to recuperate, though very weak, she continues for several days to swim toward the center of the deep pool and finally submerges, and is seen no more.

In Europe, where most of the rivers are shorter and less turbulent than those on the Pacific Coast, the number of salmon that return to the sea after spawning is large. The European laws against the capture of fish are severe and rigorously enforced.

Once that the returning salmon reach salt water, they recover their vigor rapidly and feed voraciously. Their mouths, which became like vulcanized rubber on their upward journey, grow soft, and their power to swallow and digest food returns.

But for the efforts of State fish hatcheries in California, the salmon fishing in these waters would have ceased to be an industry long before this. Millions of salmon eggs are artificially hatched and the streams are restocked every year. The cost is defrayed out of the State fishing licenses and the gainers are the members of the fish trusts who fix the prices that the victimized public must pay.

The proceeding is a fine example of Governmental shortsightedness. It costs the fish trusts nothing to feed the salmon. The fish that the State sportsmen paid to have hatched, come out of the sea to the nets of the river fishermen, and the public which obtain the artificially-hatched salmon at low prices, buys them at rates almost prohibitive. Net fishermen make not less than $500 a month in the salmon season and frequently make almost twice that amount.

So avaricious are the fishing interests, however, that they oppose all reasonable limitations on the taking of salmon, and if permitted would follow the fish even to the spawning beds.

The merciless war on the Pacific Coast salmon, makes it a certainty that in a short time the greatest of all food fishes will become so scarce as to be virtually extinct, like the California sturgeon,

The wastefulness of this generation is preparing want in many lines for the next.



Unloading a Haul of Netted Salmon Into a Barge.

Where Missionaries Lose Hope

Morality the Smallest Asset of Some Eskimos.

By Margaret Curtis

IT IS so rarely that a missionary gives up hope for the tribe he endeavors to civilize, that when one does the case is worthy of special consideration. Arthur Elde, for three years a government agent and teacher on Diomede Island, on Bering Strait, is inclined to see little or no hope for the tribe of Eskimos on whom he has concentrated his attention. Their customs, which he brings to light, are more astounding than the customs of the creatures in Grimm's fairy tales. Compared with them, the practices of the fabled Amazons and of other races of mythology are staid and matter-of-fact. But the Eskimo customs hardly meet with Mr. Elde's approval.

And in proof of his contention, Mr. Elde describes certain customs which do not exactly conform to the ideals of the civilized world. Among these is the practice of oslerizing old men; in behalf of the Eskimo, it may be said that oslerization is voluntary; beyond that, it is hard to find any favorable point in the custom. When an old man finds that he is of no more use to the community, he goes to his son-in-law, and requests to be either hung, stabbed, or strangled.

One can imagine an old man, having committed the sin of becoming economically useless, and faced with the opportunity of doing his final service to the community by departing from it. But, unpatriotically, he still does not desire to pass into the Beyond, and so unconventionally remains with the living, whereat the living indignantly condemn him, until finally the force of public opinion becomes so severe that of his own free will he makes a choice between being hung, stabbed or strangled.

In the matter of morality, Mr. Elde shows the Eskimos to have standards differing in important details from those of the white man. Or perhaps it is exaggerating to say that they have any morality at all, at least in one sense of the term; for example, a common practice is the loaning of wives. A number of friends, in order to encourage mutually amicable relations, agree to own their wives in common; and both wives and children become community property.

Mr. Elde has a story interestingly illustrative of Eskimo morality:

"There is one modern usage of which they highly approve and which they practice freely. That is divorce. Whenever the people on the island wanted something done which their own medicine men either would not or could not do they came to me. One morning an old Eskimo woman came to me and asked me whether I would grant her a divorce. I told her I should if the facts in the case warranted it. She then told me that twenty-five years before she had been married to an Eskimo trader, who subsequently left her, crossed the strait and took a new wife unto himself in Siberia. Every now and then, however, the old renegade came back to the island and proceeded to make himself at home in the house of his first wife and acted as though nothing had ever happened between them.

"It seemed to me that the request of the old woman was exceedingly moral. I called a meeting of the council of Eskimos and asked the woman and her wandering trader to appear. They both came. I told the council men the details of the case, and of the desire of the old lady for a divorce. They agreed she could have it, and were about to proceed according to their ceremonial fashion to give it to her, when she interrupted the proceedings in great wrath and anger. What she wanted, she said, was not a divorce for herself, but a divorce which would separate the man from his second wife and bring him back to her."

Shanghai Bassett's Last Cruise

By James Hanson

"SHANGHAI" BASSETT, beach-comber and renegade, slumped over the after-rail of the Whimpering Friar and watched, through half-closed lids, the green-garmented hills of Savaii and Upolu melt into the western rim of the world.

He nursed, in his breast, a vehement desire for revenge and his mind was filled with gloomy thoughts of the night before, when, at Sheahan's Resort on the cliff, he had—between goblets of squareface-gin—forced his unwelcome attentions upon Micronesian Mary, the buxom leader of the siva-siva dancers.

Bassett raised his hand and ruefully felt the lump on the side of his head, where her jealous lover had clouted him with the butt-end of a Krag-Jorgenson, then shook a hairy fist at the disappearing islands and cursed—cursed sea, rum, Polynesia, and its fickle women who, for lovers, had constabulary soldiers that wore Krag-Jorgenson rifles with hard-wood stocks.

"Hell!" he ejaculated, as before his mental vision floated reminiscent scenes of idleness which he had been forced to abandon. And again: "Hell!"

In the forecastle of the bark the singing of chanty and chanson ceased from the lips of sailor and rover—gave way to hoarse whispers and ominous looks, when it was learned that "Shanghai" had been shipped as mate. For it had been passed by word of mouth, from black to brown, from yellow to white, of his nefarious deeds which had gained for him the murky sobriquet of "Shanghai;" and the crews of every craft, from schooner to Latin-rigged banco, from captain to cabin boy, knew him in consequence. Nor was the youthful master of the Whimpering Friar an exception.

Captain Wilfred had, after graduating from the school-ship Lochinvar, set to sea with a choice crew for a trading cruise to the South Pacific Islands.

His first and second officers had died in the Solomons. They had been too trusting, consequently their heads adorned a sharpened pole in a Malaita devil-devil house.

He was loath to give a mate's berth to such a man as Bassett's ilk; and had accepted his services only when it became obvious that he could secure no other. He resolved, however, to effect an immediate change in that department upon reaching San Francisco.

Bassett returned forward and took charge of the deck. In a short space of time everything was made snug. Loose gear was stowed away; halyards and

buntlines were wrapped securely on their pins; and the hatches battened down.

Captain Wilfred joined Bassett.

"The barometer is falling, Mr. Bassett," he announced somewhat anxiously. "I think that we are in for a gale."

"That's nothin' 't all," scoffed Bassett. "That's an every-day occurrence in these seas."

Captain Wilfred gazed alternately from the low-lying, slate-colored cloud on the horizon to the great spread of canvas over him, then shook his head doubtfully.

"I think we had better shorten sail," he advised.

"On deck!" shouted Bassett, down the forecastle scuttle. "Hit the deck, there—you gentlemen sailors. Hol' down the jib tops'ls! Clew up the ring-tail! Make it lively!"

"Mr. Bassett," suggested the captain, "I wish you wouldn't be so—er—gruff with the crew; they are unaccustomed to it."

"That's the way to treat 'em," retorted the mate defiantly, as the skipper ascended the star-board ladder's steps.

* * *

Bassett was a bully. He had mistaken the captain's quiet manner for timidness; so he assumed a contradictory attitude on every possible occasion. And he domineered over all without exception.

He strode to the lee rail and leered at the log-line spinner.

"Mr. Bassett."

"What?" he demanded of the sailor that was at his side.

"There's a stowaway in the lazarette, sir."

"Bring him here immediately.'

The sailor returned in a few moments with a stockily-built youth who faced the mate squarely.

"So you're a stowaway, are you?" questioned the mate.

"Yes, sir."

Bassett had been accustomed to men of his own type; and he had expected to be confronted by some water-front specimen. Therefore he was somewhat taken aback by the promptness with which the offender responded.

"Well explain yourself," he sneered.

"Three days ago," confessed the youth "I received a cable that my mother was ill and not expected to live. Unfortunately a business failure left me destitute and without funds for my passage home. I looked for a seaman's berth on all ships bound for the States, but could find none. Then I saw the Blue Peter, the symbol of departure, flying from the foremast of this ship, so I hid myself aboard. But I'm willing to work to pay for my passage."

"A pretty story," smiled the mate. "Do you expect me to believe that? What's your name?"

"Kenneth Symonds."

"Well Symonds," said Bassett, on his lips an oily ominous grin, "you just go for'rard to the crew's quarters—till I call you. You'll work alright!"

And lower fell the barometer. A heavy oppression seemed to brood upon the stifling, sultry air. The bark lay motionless in the placid sea, her sails flapping lazily in the few jerky puffs that were the last remnants of what had been a steady wind. Slowly the western sky grew overcast with dull-grey clouds, reaching far into the heavens.

Captain Wilfred came out of the wheelhouse and ordered all hands to make sail fast under double gaskets, with the exception of the lower topsail and the fore topmast staysail to keep the ship steady.

The crew sprang to obey. They clambered in the shrouds, sharply outlined against the palely luminous sky like silhouettes. Halyards droned, blocks and tackles clacked and howled, men ran to and fro, intent only on making fast the drooping canvas in obedience to hurried commands and raucous shouts. And a dead calm brooded over the ocean.

"Shanghai" Bassett stood by the break of the poop. To his ears came the plaintive cries of a brace of goonies that were trying to alight in the rigging. To mariners, this had but one omen—a typhoon.

"Mr. Bassett," stammered a voice at his side. "I—I—"

"Well—speak up. What is it?"

"I wish to report that there is a stowaway in the longboat, sir."

"What—another?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send him here immediately," snorted Bassett wrathfully.

"It ain't a him, sir; it's a her!"

"Hell!"

A smirking smile overspread the mate's features as he beheld the child-like contour of the trembling figure before him.

"Well," he said patronizingly.

His tone only served to heighten her consternation.

She brushed aside a vagrant wisp of hair and murmured an inarticulate answer.

"I suppose," insinuated Bassett, in his greasy tone, "you got a sick mother too —eh?"

"Yes, sir; no, sir. I—I—" she faltered.

"Hurry up," he said cryptically.

"You see," she faltered, "I'm Mr. Symond's fiancee. He didn't want me to—" She broke off in a fit of involuntary weeping.

At that moment Captain Wilfred joined them, having observed them from the forward bridge. He took the frightened girl in charg.

The presence of Miss Enright on the Whimpering Friar, and the fact that she was the betrothed of Symonds, the stowaway, only served to increase Bassett's hatred for the fine-mannered youth. Consequently Bassett, with his first mate's authority, assigned Symonds to the lowest and meanest jobs that his brute-mind could invent.

"Salty," he commanded of a passing sailor, "send that beach-comber stowaway here."

"Into the weather shrouds, with you," he snapped, with a growling volley of oaths. "Do you think you're the skipper's guest?"

"But I know nothing of sails, sir," protested Symonds.

"Learn!"

Symonds glanced at the tall, tapering masts, and above to the black sky. He paled.

"Yes, sir," he obeyed.

Darker went the heavens. The skyline was lead-blue; the sea was lead-blue; the ship and her motley crew had assumed the same hue; and out on the end of her royal yard clambered Symonds, useless but obedient, and his face was the color of slate.

"This storm will be upon us in a minute," prophesied Captain Wilfred.

"Yes, but it'll soon be over," said the mate contrarily.

The captain's face reddened and his fists clenched but he kept his silence.

* * *

Miss Enright came out of the cabin and made her way down the deck. It was evident to Bassett that she had made a good impression on the captain, for as she passed him, she smiled pleasantly. She was about the deck obviously in search of Symonds, but took great care to avoid the mate. Rage rose within Bassett.

"You blundering idiot!" he roared at Symonds, so that the girl could hear. "You son of a sea gull; do you think I sent you up there t' sleep?"

In response Symonds made his way painfully to the end of the yard, a pleading look in his pallid face. His body shook with the ague which seizes all that go aloft for the first time. He hesitated for a moment as if pondering how to continue, then as the bark rolled to the starboard in a ground swell, a muffled cry came from his lips, his fingers loosened from their grasp, and he plunged down through space and disappeared from view in the water.

A cry came from a dozen throats! And above it all came the heart rending scream of Miss Enright, who had also witnessed his fall.

"Oh, save him!" she cried. "For God's sake, save him!"

"Too late," smiled Bassett. "The storm'll be on us 'fore a boat could get back to the ship."

"No! no! You fiend!" she sobbed, sensing the mate's design. Then throwing her arms around the mate's neck, she pleaded: "Please! Please! save him for me!"

"Now if it was you—my pretty—" purred Bassett.

With a slight cry, she broke away from his hairy arms, sprang to the rail, and disappeared over the side.

"Bassett," rang out the voice of Cap-

tain Wilfred, who had heard, unobserved, "lower a boat immediately!"

"The typhoon—" began the mate.

Bassett faced the business end of an automatic, and he saw a look in the captain's face which made him respond with alacrity.

The storm came. Abruptly—as if all the black-winged demons of fire, air, and water had congregated in shrouds of the Whimpering Friar to do battle—it burst upon them.

The force of the gale struck the bark full on the port side causing her to list heavily starboard, and to bury her rail from view in the boiling water. The seas came in long running waves, breaking over her bow and curling under her rocking stern. The wind grew steadily stronger and the waves ran mountain-high, their churning crests reaching far into the darkness of the heavens. Tackle strained, yards creaked and the booms jerked at the tightly furled sheets. The wind rose in volume with a cutting whine. The bark yawned and shipped large quantities of water at each alternate roll from starboard to port, then swung her bow, taking the wind dead astern and continued her vagrant course at a twelve-knot pace.

"Nelson," bawled out the mate, "go aft and stand a watch at the wheel."

"Aye, aye, sir," shouted the sailor hurriedly. "We've shifted cargo for'rard, sir."

"Hell!" spat Bassett.

During a slight lull in the storm, Captain Wilfred came out of the chart-house to observe the damage. The ship's cutter, which had been slung over her stern and securely lashed to the davits and rail, had been carried away. The deck-rails had been splintered into kindling-wood in many places.

No darkening of the sky marked the coming of dusk, for sky and sea had seen no shaft of light for hours, save the continual flashes of lightning.

The ceaseless poundings of the sea had opened the ship's seams in the port side so that she leaked like a sieve. All hands took their turn at the pumps. The faces of the sailors had become haggard and wan from overwork. So wornout were they that it took both watches to do the work of one. Their eyes gleamed out from black pits in their pasty-white faces. And they cursed "Shanghai" Bassett and his ill name whom they blamed for the calamity.

Miss Enright appeared on deck, from the galley, with a pot of steaming-hot coffee which she served to the crew who were soaked to the skin beneath their oil-skins. Her smiling face and presence among them did much to uphold their spirits.

Later the barometer began to rise. Miss Enright came on deck more often. From the forecastle head to the stern she tripped gaily, stopping now and then to whisper some word of cheer and encouragement to a sleep-needing sailor. As she came around the deck-house, she suddenly confronted Bassett! She shrank back. She saw that he was reeling drunk.

"Ah, good evening, my fine miss," he leered, catching her roughly by the arm as she turned away.

She struggled and half-cried aloud.

"Don't be in a hurry, my little stowaway," he grinned, pulling her rudely to him. Then he clapped his hand sharply over her mouth, and breathed: "You will holler—will you!"

She struggled the harder, and as his hand came in contact with her mouth, she sank her teeth in his hand to the bone.

"Take that—damn you!" He struck her.

An instant later a lithe form hurled itself from out of the darkness and felled Bassett to the deck.

"Hell!" roared Bassett, springing to his feet. "It's you, is it?"

Silently they fought, each struggling for supremacy. From one protecting corner of the deck-house, fear-stricken and powerless to help, watched the girl. And scarcely four feet above them watched another.

"LOOK OUT!" came a warning cry from somewhere on the deck.

With a crash and a ripping of canvas, the mainmast broke loose. The air was whipped with canvas ribbons, and the flying ropes went coiling and hissing through the air like angry snakes. With a mighty

roar the mainmast went over the side and disappeared from view, behind in the black waters.

The typhoon terminated as suddenly as it had come. Once more the sea assumed its tranquility. Night came down from the heavens with her stars and enfolded the sea to her stygian breast. And the Whimpering Friar rode the sea like a gull.

The silent witness went into the chart-house and briefly wrote in the log:

"At sea. (date) Lat. 15 deg. north; long. 170 deg. west. Two-hundred miles off coast of Samoa. Lost overboard in heavy seas. First mate, known as "Shanghai" Bassett. Became entangled in the flying ropes when the mainmast was blown overboard during a typhoon. No known relatives. Shipped at Pago Pago. His last word was: 'Hell!'"

Later on that evening he also wrote:

"Work was suspended fifteen minutes. The ship's bible was brought forth, and in the presence of the crew, the man, Kenneth Symonds, and the woman, Constance Enright—both stowaways—were married by me on high seas."

He returned to the deck, his cigar glowed garnet-headed in the dark, and peace brooded over the ocean.

From the forecastle head came the bull-tones of the ship's bell in double tap. And the cry of the lonesome dog-watch:

"A-l-l's w-e-l-l, sir!"

'TWIXT SLEEP AND WAKING.

By E. T. Huggins.

Lying alone one night 'twixt sleep and waking,
My cruel mistress passed with queenly tread,
With smile of cold disdain and haughty head
And scornful eyes, whereat my heart was breaking;
The vision was so true in all its seeming
I hardly could believe that I was dreaming.

Next night she came and o'er me lowly bending,
Upon me rained the kisses of her mouth
Laden with all the perfume of the south,
Murmuring the while of blisses never-ending,
And in her eyes I saw the love light gleaming—
Ah! then I knew that I was only dreaming.

Fair Days in Tokyo

Sights of Interest to Occidental Visitors.

By Walter Scott

THE best way to see cherry blossoms and to get an interesting side-light on the Japanese people is to visit Ueyno Park, Tokyo's largest and finest playground. In April the blossoms there are at their best and thousands of people from all parts of Japan go to admire them. Nearly all of Tokyo is flat, but most of the parks are in elevated places. Ueyno is the largest of these. It consists of a large grove of cryptomeria, pines and other evergreen trees, of which Japan has an amazing number, besides a splendid avenue lined with cherry trees. In other parts of the grounds there are large numbers of cherry trees, so that in the season the place presents a very beautiful appearance.

In cherry blossom time the street cars going toward Ueyno are packed to their excess capacity, and on arriving at the entrance it would seem as if the entire population of the city had assembled there. The park fairly swarms with people. Many of them have come to spend the day and are eating their lunches under the trees. Grown men and women, as well as children, are running about playing various games of tag and jump-the-rope and similar innocent pastimes. Here and there men who have evidently partaken too freely of sake are singing songs that somehow convey the impression of being improper. Also like most Japanese singing their efforts sound more like those of a lonesome cat than anything musical. Everybody seems to be happy. There being no grass in the park, the stout breeze fills the air with clouds of dust stirred up by the merry-makers.

The Imperial Museum is in the grounds of Ueyno and that is worth going far to see. In its spacious galleries may be seen the finest examples of Japanese antique art in porcelain, ivory, laquer-ware, bronzes and prints. Anyone interested in Japanese history could ill afford to miss seeing this national treasure-house. It holds a wonderful collection of ancient Japanese costumes, displayed on life-like mannikins. Here too are specimens of the old Samurai armour and weapons. But the place, of course, to see these things is in the Military Museum in Kudan Park. In the entrance to the Imperial



Grounds of Embassy, Tokyo.



Sacred Palanquins in Pageant at Nikko.

Museum is the huge ox-cart used at the funeral of the late Emperor. It is twice the size of the ordinary vehicle, and its huge wheels, frame-work and canopy are of black lacquer decorated with strips of carved brass. In spite of its ungainliness, it is just the sort of thing one would expect to be used for a monarch or exalted personage.

In another part of the grounds of Ueyno is a temple, one of the oldest in the city, that is like a jewel-box, so rich and various are the colorings and carvings to be seen there. Its roof is high-pitched and up-turned at the eaves after the manner of the old architecture, and the underside of the eaves and door-ways and windows are a mass of delicate carvings that would seem to have required the efforts of a life-time on the part of their creators. The main hall of the temple is destitute of furniture, but its walls are gorgeous with panels of dull gold and bronze lacquer, set off with various shades of green.

Visiting temples is part of the routine the newcomer sets himself, and after he has seen a dozen or so, they fail to excite very much enthusiasm. There is, however, one temple that would appeal to the most sated traveller. That is the temple of the Second Tokugawa Shogunate in Shiba Park, Tokyo. In comparison with it all the other holy places in the capitol are but feeble imitations. Shiba Park is a splendid setting for this greatest of all Japanese temples. While the park is near to the heart of the city, it has less of the artificiality that characterizes Tokyo parks generally. The temple is located at the foot of a low wooded hill. It is approached through a massive gateway painted a brilliant red, with a triple roof ranged in tiers like a pagoda. The exterior of the temple is quite similar. Traversing a pebbled courtyard one enters a side building where cloth coverings are put over one's shoes, and the guide leads the way through a narrow arcade into the temple. Near the door is a huge drum. The guide explains that this was the Shogun's war drum, and is made of tiger's skin, and just to show that 300 years have not impaired its usefulness, he gives it a resounding whack with a stick. We have only a fleeting glimpse of this gorgeous apartment and are hurried along a passageway between the outer wall and a row of splendid lacquered columns to the front hall of the temple, which the guide explains was in the old days used for the retainers of the great lords at religious services. The row of columns around the room are, according to him, covered with 28 coats of lacquer and gleam like metal. The walls are of dull gilt and crimson and green, with fantastic pictures in which the symbolic lotus flower is conspicuous. The doors of the three wide entrances which open out onto the courtyard are of heavy carved bronze. On the opposite wall of the middle or main doorway is a narrow hallway which connects the main hallway with the sanctuary. This alcove was the space allotted to the over-lords themselves. Looking through the opening one has a full view of the altar—a huge square box, curiously like a circus animal-cage, made of gold lacquer, surmounted by a triple-Chinese-roof, carved as delicately as the underside of a mush-room. The whole apartment is a world of harmonious color as exquisitely iridescent as a peacock's plumage. The eye no sooner perceives some rare bit of delicate artistry than some greater wonder of the painter and carver reveals itself. Between the pillars are grills carved with the semblances of monkeys, peacocks, birds and flowers and colored with an amazing fidelity to the originals. In the high lacquer chamber behind the glistening tables with their twin vases of gilt metal lotus-flowers we are told is the sacred image of the great Shogun who built the temple and who has since achieved divinity.

After we leave the temple we are led along a stone pathway that winds up through the oaks, cryptomerias and myriad evergreen trees of Shiba park. We are being escorted to the tomb of the great shogun which lies on the other side of a high wooden arch overwrought with carvings of Buddhist divinities and symbols. It is called the Gate of Heaven and only the shogun's family could travel by that route. A last flight of mouldy stone steps brings us to the door of the mausoleum. This imposing structure is in the form of an octagon and its series of up-

turned roofs give it the appearance of a pagoda and was obviously patterned after the temple. At the door we are met by a withered old man, who smiles at us pleasantly, and the guide informs us that we are to have the special privilege of entering the shrine. Within a circle of the same beautiful lacquered colums that we saw in the temple is the monument of the great ruler. It consists of a gold-lacquer ornament 20 feet in height like a huge urn surmounting a carved stone pedestal. We are permitted to trace with our sacrilegious fingers the exquisite designs on the lacquered surfaces and to observe at close range the priceless treasures on the altar. As one gazes up at the lace-like delicacy of the gilded carvings of the roof timbers or at the gorgeous decorations in gilt and color of the walls, one has almost the feeling of being in a dream, so like the airy, colorful pictures seen in sleep are the objects that everywhere meet the eye.

In marked contrast with the peace and beauty of this beautiful temple was the Military Museum at Kudan Park which was the objective of our next sight-seeing trip. While to the Japanese people the museum of war relics and arms in Kudan is one of which they, remembering the terrific sacrifices that war has cost them—have a right to be proud, and one calculated to stimulate the military spirit of the nation upon which they rely so much; to foreigners it represents one of the best arguments that could be found for peace and the settlement of difficulties through other than force of arms. The collections in its halls are interesting nevertheless, representing as they do the rapid progress that has been made in the development of instruments of warfare. As one enters the building he sees specimens of the earliest firearms, quaint affairs with barrels inlaid with bronze and brass. They make one think that the manipulator must have been in as great peril from them as his enemy. Many of them bear no resemblance whatever to the guns now in use.

In other rooms are war-drums, flags



Crowd in Tokyo Watching a Street Movie Exhibition.



Picturesque View of a Tokyo Private Residence.

and trappings and arms captured from the Chinese in the late war, which look like the weapons of the dark ages. Elsewhere are captured Russian flags and guns, cannon and camp equipment. In a conspicuous place are seen General Kuropotkin's bed and desk and chair. The walls of another room are lined with the bow decorations of captured Russian warships. Portraits of officers who lost their lives in the great struggle in Manchuria line the walls everywhere. There is an air of gloom about the place that is depressing. One is relieved to enter the rooms where the old Samurai war trappings and fantastic armor of leather and bamboo and ponderous metal helmets are displayed.

The medals and decorations and uniforms of the late General Nogi are shown there and indicate the high regard entertained for the great soldier by the rulers of all lands.

Even after a casual examination of the objects stored in this unique building, one comes away with a feeling of relief, as if he were emerging from a charnel house. It made one glad to see the sun glistening on the roof of the temple opposite and to hear the chatter of the crowd of little children playing at the gate.



Survival of The Fit

A Philosophic Disquisition by Yuma Dan.

By Lucy Miller

TODAY the rickety porch fronting the small, general merchandise store of Descanso was, for some unaccountable reason, deserted of its habitual loungers, save, over at the far end where scrunched a little, old figure heaped against the corner post, which seemed bracing the weazened frame from utter collapse. His feet, incased in rock-scarred, dusty hobnail shoes, hung listlessly over the side of the railless porch. The dull eyes, set in a thin, drawn face growing a crop of grizzled beard, were cast in a vague, inscrutable look, apparently, on three burros opposite, nibbling on yellowing weeds bordering the roadside.

"Why, if it isn't Yuma Dan! Hello, there, when did you arrive?" I cried as I stepped up on the porch.

A disinterested "Hello", with scarcely a look in my direction, was all I got from the dejected little man.

In the store, I asked the proprietor "what had come over old Dan?"

With a shrug, and shake of the head, he said, "I dunno. Been that way ever since he blew in here three days ago without his dog. Guess that's what's eatin' him. Nearly snapped my head off when I asked about Bum. These old prospecting-rats sure gets crabbed and ornery living alone so much. It seems to make 'em think the nuttiest things. Why, old Dan, out there, believes as much as anything that them burros and his dog talk to him, purticular, Bum."

"The poor, lonely fellow! I think I'll see if I can't cheer him up a little. Just give me a dime's worth of lemon-drops and a cut of chewing tobacco, now, then, you may finish putting up my order."

"Taint no use. He won't talk to none of us. We've all tried it," came the discouraging reply as I stepped out the door.

Going over to Dan, and, with never a word, I got down beside him, festooning my feet over the platform, alongside his hobnail boots, then began giving undivided attention to the two paper bags in my lap. From one, I leisurely slipped some lemon-drops in my mouth, then, opening the other, took out the strip of star-plug and thrust it into Dan's listless hand. At that, he came out of his trance long enough to take a huge bite into the yellow leaf, tucking the balance into his hip pocket with not so much as a grunt of gratitude to me.

Patiently I waited, knowing full well that as soon as Dan's jaws got going well into high, this story was bound to be mine.

Sure enough, in the sensibility of sympathetic companionship, and syrupy weed oiling his tongue, Dan began to thaw. There came a pouching of his quid in his cheek, a sharp "pt-t-", a long streak of brown fluid shot out from his face, hitting square amid-ships a big black bumble bee droning past.

"Wall, I'm beginning to think that feller wusn't so crazy after all. But I did think then, he must-a been feedin' perty extensive on loco-weed to talk like he did—."

Here Dan relapsed again into his uncommunicative silence, which, knowing his dislike of interruption, I hesitantly ventured to break by "Who was he, Dan?"

With a rebuking look toward me, Dan snapped, "Who? What who do you mean?"

"Why, the fellow you thot crazy?"

"Oh, him? Wall, he was a kind of a floater I guess. Happened into my cabin one mornin' when I was flippin' flapjacks, said the bacon smelled so good frizzlin' out to where he wus, that he wanted to eat breakfast with me, an' if I wus willin' he'd just bring in his packs an' mebby we'd batch it together awhile. Said the doctor had told him to pack a burro up

with grub n' a campin' outfit an' go trampin' it over the country awhile, 'till his health come back, and not to read no more books. But the stacks of books this feller brung along! I counted all of six of 'em, anyway! This Ben feller, he wusn't good fer nothin' much, only to talk, but he wus kinda interestin' in a way. Only, I didn't put much stock in the wild things he'd tell me, lookin' so solemn thru them big, owly glasses of hisn at me. Then, this guy didn't know more'n a baby about cookin' 'n he'd sit around tellin' me the dumdest yarns, lettin' me get the grub up."

"One time he told me 'bout a continent that uster lay where the Atlantic Ocean is—Sich bunk! Of course I knew it wus all lies, 'cause wher'd all the water go to if the ocean wus full of land? But I let him rave on, an' never said a word, even when he got to tellin' me that people wusn't always people, but started bein' just little specks of stuff lyin' in the ocean's mud, that kept a-growin' an' a-growin' into all kinds of different shapes, 'n some of 'em grew, after millions of years, into human people. Said men lived on this here continent in the Atlantic Ocean in the shape of little monkeys, 'n-then got to growin' bigger 'n-bigger 'till they got to be big apes, without no tails. He called 'em 'anty-throw-somethin apes.' I could believe that easier'n any of his stuff, 'cause I know some fellers that'ed look just like a ape if they didn't have no clothes on."

"But what do you think of this?" Dan turned his gaze square on me. "This here Ben tells me that horse's feet used ter have toes on 'em, and that the rine-oser-hoss wus covered with hair! But, that ain't the worst he told me. Used to say all sorts of fool things about the stars, an' that once a comet thet showed up some years before I wus born, wus fifty times es big es the moon with a tail one hundred an' sixteen million miles long! How's that for a fairy story? Gee it med me head swim."

"Wall, I'd just ease the poor geeser along, tho I did like to hear them whoppin' words he'd let drop. Why, some of 'em wus so long that if you'd link the letters together they'd make a rope long enough to drop an ore bucket down a fifty-foot shaft. I can remember lots of 'em. Used to say 'em over for company when the trail 'ud get long 'n hot. Then, by-n-by I got to mixin' 'em in my cuss words, 'cause they seemed to make 'em sound so much more feelin'."

"Thar wus, evolution, her-red-ity, trogl-dities, n' anty-throw-pods, pro-toe-zones, an' one word I liked so well, that I named it to that brown burro over there," pointing to one of his three grazing burros, "But, I only call her 'Itchy', for short. It takes too long to say, 'Itchy-thy-sore-horse', now, don't it, ay?"

"You mean, ichthyosaurus," I ventured.

"Wall, that's what I said," Dan snapped at me. "How do you know, you never saw Ben?"

"He told me it wus one of them monster animal fishes that uster to live, before ever people did, on earth. But, it an' all the rest of them whoppin' big fellers ain't livin' now," Ben said, "cause they didn't have enough brains to know how to make a livin' for their families when hard times struck the earth. He called it the 'survival of the fittest', and 'cause people had brains that showed their hands how to kill things to eat, n' protect them from fierce animals an' how to build cabins when they wasn't caves enough to go around; he said man was fittest, an' that's why he survived.

"He thot monkeys wus smartest, next to people, an' that dogs wus gettin' mighty, powerful smart, too. An', that's where I'm beginning' to believe he wus right in some few things. For, that dog Bum, of mine has proved it that he's evolutin' into something better'n a common Indian cur like he wus when I first clapped my peepers on him, away back thar, at the head of the Jacumba Grade, where I'd stopped to make my camp for the the night."

The evenin' of the second day when I got to Jacumba, I had just pitched my dog-tent an' wus about crawlin' into it, when, there come sneakin' up to me the skinnest, orneriest, little cur dog I ever seen. An' as soon as he seen me look at him, he come wrigglin' n'twistin' hisself, then rolled over on his back, his legs a-

stickin' up in the air, an' begged me not to kick him.

"Now, would you believe it, that little cuss, he just stuck to me tighter n' jumpin' cactus to wool pants. I couldn't shake him. He wormed hisself into my sleepin' blankets, an' thar he stayed 'till mornin'."

"That mornin' when I'd packed the burros to hit the trail from Jacumba to Mountain Springs at the foot of the desert, that little bum, he said he wus agoin' too, an' he'd be my pard n' we'd always travel together, us two desert-rats, an' I must call him Bum."

"Bum's compacity fer grub wus so much, that everything wus et up, slick an' clean, the last night before we got to Yuma. My stomach wus beginnin' to wrap itself around my backbone, 'cause it wus too wobbly to stand alone, an' I guess Bum's must have did the same. But he wus powerful chipper, an' never complained a word to me. The burros, too, wus a-most tuckered out, havin' no grain, just only sage brush to eat, an' that aint very strengthen' to work on."

"That night we wus agoin' into dry camp! that's where the only water you git is what you've brought along in your canteens."

"But jest as I wus feelin' like givin' up, Bum begun to bark. My eyes wus so burnin' an' weak I couldn't see nothin', but by-n-by a swell outfit comes in. They wus two young fellers goin' prospectin'. They had grub enough in their wagon to take them an' their mules to Jerico. They come over to me to find out where wus the nearest water hole. I said, 'Pardner, if you aint brought no water along, God help you'. They said they had enough to drink an' cook with, but they wanted to wash. When they saw it wasn't no use to worry they went on over an' got their supper."

"Them fellers cookin' nearly sent Bum n' me wild, to smell it. They must hev noticed how done up I wus, fer, they called me over to have pot-luck with them. I tell you, they set out a muniferous feed! An' I gave my stomach the surprise of its life, while every onst in a while I'd slip Bum a scrap, when they didn't see me."

"I wus mighty tired an' left the tenderfeet right after I'd et. Then hobbled the burros before Bum n' me crawled into our blanket, so, it warn't my fault if the burros went an' filled up on them feller's hay to their necks, 'sides they needed it. An' my geeminy! Warn't that a sharp little cuss of a pup! Along in the night, he found he had business some'ers, an' left me, until early next mornin'. At daybreak he come back, draggin' half slab of bacon he'd been chewin' on, dropped it at my feet, then sot an' cocked his head to one side n' winked his eye so knowin' at me. He said, 'See, Pal, I ain't agoin' to let us starve.'"

"In the morning', them tenderfeet they jumped me, 'cause my burros stole their hay. I says to them, 'Wall, I can't give you back your hay, 'sides, it's gone where it'll do most good.'—They didn't miss the bacon."

"Me an' Bum, we chummed together all last winter, an' wus great pals. But other folks where we'd camp didn't seem to favor the little feller overmuch—said his ways wus takin'. But what wus he to do when the sides of his stomach rubbed an' gritted together,—starve"

"When we got to Yuma where grub wus a-plenty, my little pal grew awful sleek an' shining', an' ladies uster feed him an' pet him up, 'till he begun to get terrible sot on hissel. Then, the little skunk, he got to stayin' away from me somethin' scandalous. Onct, he'd been away from me two whole weeks, then he come back, tail a-droopin', an eyes lookin' shifty an' sneakin'-like."

" 'Pardner,' I told him, 'you jest turn around an' beat it back the way you come. A piker can't be no friend of mine.' An' would you believe it, instead of staying' to talk it over, he took me at my word an' lit out, an' I ain't seen him since! I guess him aleavin' me that way is what has hurt me wurst; cause I can't abide ingratitude. But mebby, Bum has to go higher all the time, as he can, so's he can be a survival-of-the-fittest."

Civilization's Thin Veneer

War Shows the Seamy Side of Human Nature

By Alphonse Lemonon

[Almost at the moment when Joan of Arc was being canonized with all the clerical ceremonies at Rome, four political prisoners—one a woman—were tied to stakes and shot according to military and civic ceremony near Paris. The tragic and instructive narrative is here told in a translation from the most popular Paris Newspaper—*Le Petit Journal*, May 16, 1920.]

FOUR of the condemned informers of Laon, of which affair one has not forgotten the dolorous echo, Georges Toque, Moise Lemoine, Leander Herbert and the woman Alice Aubert were shot yesterday morning, at Vincennes, and if it were an affecting execution, it assuredly was to them. Two of them fell while swearing to their innocence and crying "Viva la France!"

The Last Awakening.

All four were awakened at 4 a. m. Some instants before the officers charged with the transfer of the condemned to execution had presented themselves at several prisons; some at the prison de la Sante where Toque and Lemoine were confined, others at Cherchi-Midi where Herbert was detained, and a third group at the prison de Saint-Lazare, where one other, Alice Aubert, condemned of the same affair, was held. She occupied a cell with Helen Favre, who had been reprieved.

The lawyers of the four condemned were on hand to assist their clients until the last moment. Maitres Delmont and Campinchi arrives at the prison La Sante about the same time as lieutenant-colonel Beyle, commissioner of the government. All were shown together to the cells and Toque was called. He was seated and dressing himself. The usual words on such occasions having been pronounced by the commissioner of the government, the condemned man moved towards the foot of his bed and finished his dressing —never ceasing meantime to protest his innocence.

Maitre Delmont handed the prisoner his shoes which he took with a gesture of indifference and while putting them on remarked: "I go to make the journey to eternity and have no need." Having completed his dressing he wrote two letters, which he intrusted to Maitre Delmont for delivery. One he addressed to his wife, the other to the minister of Justice. It follows:

Monsieur le Ministre de la Justice.

At the moment of dying, I affirm solemnly my innocence and of you demand vengeance.

I swear that I have never belonged to the spy service of Germany. I swear to have never rendered them any service, nor to have informed on anybody. I swear that Waegele has odiously lied.

Georges Toque.

At that moment the prisoner Lemoine who had been awakened about the same time as Toque passed in the corridor of the prison, and seeing his associate, called out to him:

"Let us go Toque, have courage."

After the formal entry on the prison register, the two condemned men appeared in the court of the prison, their heads bare but their demeanor calm.

They were placed in the same automobile, seated opposite each other, the prison abbe and a gendarme accompanying them. The journey to the execution grounds began for them. Meantime painful scenes were being enacted at the prisons containing the two other doomed persons, Leandre Herbert the soldier and Alice Aubert. The soldier appeared demented. His lawyer could not calm him

and called the prisoner's attention to the notice of the civilian doctor, Socquet, demanding a reprieve.

The doctor refused declaring that the prisoner enjoyed all his faculties.

"You are going to shoot an insane man. I leave the responsibility with you" concluded the lawyer.

Herbert was placed in a voiture and arrived at the scene of execution at Vincennes some minutes after Toque and Lemoine.

The three condemned men were subjected to an atrocious delay of three-quarters of an hour till the third voiture containing Alice Aubert appeared.

To allay the mental sufferings of the delay, when minutes seemed hours, it was proposed to the prisoners to alight from the voitures and walk in the court of the donjon at Vincennes, but Lemoine refused, as being too cold.

At Saint-Lazare.

While the three condemned men awaited death at Vincennes, a touching scene took place at the prison Saint-Lazare, where the condemned woman Aubert shared a cell with Helene Favre, condemned at the same time but commuted. The Favre woman thought she was the one about to be taken to execution and fell in a terrible nervous crisis.

On the contrary Alice Aubert had good control of herself, listened to the official orders without evincing any emotion; but her eyes filled and she cried silently some minutes. Then she began to dress herself, a figure sad and resigned. She said to her lawyer who tried to comfort her:

"If I am sad—if I cry—it is not for me, it is for my sister, it is for my child. It is also for the others condemned."

She put on her yellow silk hose and patent-leather shoes which contrasted with her simple petticoat and mantle, and all the time she repeated: "Providing that I can go to heaven"; "Providing that I can go to heaven." These words she used till she alighted at the execution ground at Vincennes.

Before quitting the prison Saint-Lazare, the condemned woman wished to hear mass, and it was not until she had received communion that she mounted the automobile in company with two religieuses who assisted her until the last moments. The automobile then sped towards Vincennes.

At La Caponniere.

At five hours and a half (5:30 a. m.) an order rang out upon the ground of la Caponniere: "Garde a vous!" (Attention). The voitures containing the condemned advanced upon the road. The soldiers of the 13th artillery, the 23rd dragoons, and the 26th chasseurs, who formed the square, presented arms; the trumpets sounded "Aux champs!" the firing squads rectified their position before the four stakes placed in line at a distance of ten metres from one another.

Slowly the autos came to a a stop, and from the one at the head descended Toque and Lemoine, absolutely livid but calm.

The abbe Geispitz embraced the two condemned men and they in turn embraced their lawyers, and then Toque addressed his lawyer:

"You have seen my memoranda and you know that I am innocent. Preserve well all the pieces show that I am not culpable. After my death—long time after—when calm will be returned to the consciences, make clear my innocence. Rehabilitate my memory, I pray you."

He directed again the attention of his lawyer to certain leaves of his memoranda that were not in their order, nor did he forget any detail.

And that man who came to die insisted again that in the future he be not misrepresented, that he be not disparagingly spoken of as "Toque the traitor".

The painful and prolonged scene wore out the patience of Lemoine who tugged impatiently on the lapel of his companion's overcoat and said "Let us go," and took a step forward. The two condemned men escorted by the gendarmes then began to direct their steps towards the stakes where they were to stand before the firing squads, but were halted as the other two condemned prisoners, had not yet descended from their automobiles.

Turning about, Toque and Lemoine saw Herbert the soldier wearing his blue uniform, his cap turned the wrong way and advancing with long strides. He continued to speak incoherently: "Me also, I wish to say something—say something".

He did not cease to repeat these words and addressing the gendarmes he said: "Do not hold me—do not hold me—You will see—you will see—Ah! ah!"

Behind him came Alice Aubert, without coiffure like Toque and Lemoine and like those marching with firm step.

One moment where she entered the square, by one gesture instinctive of feminine coquetrie, she drew over her light colored dress her manteau of sombre hue.

Toque and Lemoine, who were advancing towards the stakes, turned again to speak the last word to their lawyers, the hands—a dernier au revoir—accompanied by a sign of the hands. And then the four condemned marched in Indian file, traversing the square and directing their steps to the stakes at which the gendarmes tied them.

The Execution.

Toque was at the extreme right. Lemoine was at the second stake. Herbert was attached to the third. The fourth stake on the left propped Alice Aubert.

Lemoine and Toque refused the bandage intended to mask the view of the firing squad. Herbert remained mute and let things proceed.

The clerk of the Council of War at this moment appeared between the two firing squads in the centre and read the sentence of death.

All the official details in full had been finished and in the silence impressive the clear and strong voice of Toque elevated itself once more: "I swear that I am innocent; vive la France!"

Also Lemoine, elevating his right hand took the same oath and also cried: "Vive la France!"

As for Herbert, he articulated again the same phrase: "Me also I wish to say something."

With hand raised Toque again avowed his innocence, until the soldiers of the front rank knelt to fire. All put their pieces to the shoulder. Again Toque cried: "Vive la France!" The officer lowered his sword and the fusilade crackled. But a frightful rattle, like an appeal for help escaped from the gorge of Toque. He was not dead. The guns had trembled in the hands of the firers.

Maitre Delmont, the lawyer of Toque, cried to an under-officer: "Dispatch him, dispatch him"! The soldier approached the palpitating body, from which escaped continually the heart-rending cries and discharged his revolver twice in the head of the condemned. The rattle ceased but the man still stirred and a third ball found the brain.

Alice Aubert, with her hands clasped upon her breast, and holding in her fingers a crucifix rested upright against the stake. She too received in her turn the coup de grace. Her head fell. Then she became completely erect and sank for the last time to move no more.

The two others also received their coup de grace; but it was unnecessary for Lemoine who had his skull stove in. It was not so with Herbert whose pulse continued to beat and his lips to move at the moment when a doctor examined him.

The civilian doctor Socquet, declared that he was dead, and the body of which one of the legs had been broken by a bullet was placed in a coffin.

After examining the two other cadavres, the doctor Socquet came to certify the death of Alice Aubert. He wished to examine the heart, but the chemise of the woman obstructed. A soldier, by the aid of a knife, cut the shoulder-strap and the doctor plunged his hand which trembled in the gorge of the woman streaming with blood. He drew forth a photograph equally blood-stained—the picture of the child of Alice Aubert. She had placed the photograph on her heart before going to die. It was piteously replaced upon the breast of the dead.

A sonnerie guerriere, resounded then, and to those notes of the trumpets the troops defiled.

All the assistants were paler than the dead.

Some minutes after two wagons, surrounded by dragoons, quitted the scene of execution and proceeded to the cemetery of Vincennes four kilometres distant. In the wagons were four wooden coffins. They contained the stripped bodies of the four executed prisoners.

The bodies not having been reclaimed, they have been, after a mock burial, delivered to the faculty of medicine.

Vaulting Ambition

By Robin Lampson

IF you had taken a close look at the old woman's hair you would have found the gray here and there mingled with strands of reddish hue. Anne Benton—or Old Anne, as the townfolk called her, but with neither disrespect nor familiarity—was easily past sixty years. But age had not diminished the unusual lustre in her gray eyes, nor lessened their expression of spirit and joyfulness. They shone quaintly and questioningly, and would rest upon your face for minutes at a time without any of the sternness of a stare. They were eloquent eyes. They told so many things and they asked so much. They seemed to have the faculty of divining your very thoughts. Or was it true that under that magnetic, unfathomable gaze the mind became homely and simple and easily read?

But Anne Benton was not learned, nor unusually intelligent. Her character was in no way inscrutable. She herself was a mobile statue of rustic simplicity. Her eyes lied, for they did not fathom. Nor were they unfathomable, unless the true simplicity is such—and they spoke that.

Nevertheless, she was interesting, and as a boy I frequently found myself running in to see her on my way home from school. She lived alone, in a rough, unpainted, three-roomed cottage some distance from the road. A brother who had lived with her had died several years before, leaving Anne ten acres of fruit trees, the home, and a little money. Like her brother she had never married, and after his death she led a secluded existence, her quietness and her peculiarities attracting but few of the neighbor women to call.

Old Anne had a secret, and in me alone did she confide. Long years spent in the small village had not even given the slightest clue to the chattering, prying, inquisitive tongues of the gossips. That I should be the sole sharer of such a wonderful piece of knowledge came about quite by accident.

I was nine years old the first time I ever spoke to her. Lagging behind the other children on the way home from school, I stopped to watch her gathering strawberries near the fence. She noticed me and asked me to come in and help myself. Instantly I dropped lunch-pail and books, scrambled over the fence and was making havoc with luscious berries.

That was the beginning of our acquaintance. Some weeks later she invited me into the cottage and gave me slice upon slice of homemade bread and wild-blackberry jelly. She spoke but little, yet did things which won my friendship more than words could ever have done. Thereafter, I loitered behind the others on the way home from school, and my visits with Old Anne became almost daily. Of course, I always called her Miss Benton.

How well I remember the day she divulged her great life secret to me! It was after an orgy of fried chicken and ginger cookies that she led me into the one room I had never entered before. I was amazed. The walls were completely covered with paintings.

"They are all my own!" she said simply, a momentary flush of quiet pride suffusing her cheeks.

Old Anne was an artist! With what wonder—almost incredulity—did my boyish eyes glance from picture to picture, feasting upon their beauty, and daring occasionally to steal a covert look at the marvelous, unbelievable author and source of their being!

I praised her to the limit of my childish ability.

"They're great!" I cried enthusiastically. "Someday they'll be famous, like 'The Hoe-man' and 'The Three Horses' on the wall at school. You bet your life! Yes, sir!" I invented my own titles for the masterpieces which adorned the walls of the little schoolhouse.

A humble but aspiring artist of New York's East Side, standing for the first time in the great Louvre at Paris, could have felt no deeper thrill of awe and wonder than I, a barefoot lad of nine, before this unpretentious gallery in the back room of a little cottage in the California foothills.

One by one Old Anne's paintings were shown me, and with each was related a homely anecdote.

"This," she would say, "this is the manzanita gulley back of Feldmeyer's hills—with Burright's sled-road winding down. This is the great oak near Dead Man's Cabin—This is—well, you know it, the goat shed on the Cummings place. Here's a picture of Mr. Vernon's red heifer that's a cow now. Here, the old grainfield down by the river when the poppies come out!"

So she prattled on about them, observing each picture with tenderness and unconscious admiration, until I had sated my wonderment with the feast of pictured things. As she looked on, her face bespoke an honest, modest pride, without a single trace of conceit. That afternoon the sun was almost setting when I broke away from the gallery and hurried home.

So I learned Old Anne's secret, giving a solemn promise never to tell anyone, not even my mother and father.

Several days later, Old Anne proudly informed me that she was going to take some of her best paintings to San Francisco, and sell them! Instantly she grew more marvelous, more majestic than ever! I can see her now, a small, neat and simply-clad woman, taking this picture or that from the wall and studying it with the eye of a connoisseur.

She went to the city, ostensibly to visit relatives, returning a week later. When I dropped in after school the next day I was never so disappointed in all my young life. Her whole face told of failure. She was a spectacle of despair. Everyone had ignored her work and some had spoken unkindly, even abusively of it. I shared her woe and also felt the keen pain of her broken dreams.

"Never mind," I said with attempted cheerfulness. "Never mind, Miss Benton. It'll come out all right yet. Remember 'The Three Horses.'"

The mention of the Bonheur masterpiece lifted her quickly from her despair.

"I guess you're right," she answered, brightening. "Someday somebody will accept them."

"Someday," I echoed, and so passed the incident. The selected pictures were restored to their proper places on the wall after their journey, and the disappointment was soon forgotten.

Fall came, and the season called me from my after-school visits with Old Anne to the hazelnut gathering in the hills. What hours were those! Hazelnut gathering was a thing which completely drove all other thoughts from the mind of boyhood—save one, a room full of pictures.

Poor deluded woman, and blissfully unknowing child! How thankful I am that I could not then see the crudity of Old Anne's work! The wonders of it that amazed me then, were even more numerous than the defects I see now.

It was two weeks before I knocked again at the little cottage. I never before saw Old Anne looking so happy. An inexpressible change had come over her. She was smiling and the smiles made her look younger. It was a veritable transfiguration. I knew that something wonderful had happened—perhaps some of the pictures had been sold. Maybe those who had scorned her had come to beg her favors now.

Expectant of great news I stepped into the treasure-room with her, but neither of

(Continued on Page 93.)

The Indians of To-day

Shoulder to Shoulder With His White Brother

Picturesque Types of the Fading Race

By Emma Matt Rush



A Flathead Indian

THE war record of our North American Indians in the great world struggle upon the fields of France, and far removed from the battle plans of their forefathers, was filled with interpid exploits of heroic bravery and valiant service for the cause of the America they love!

Statistics show that there were something like 33,000 Indians eligible for war service, and out of this number about 9,000 entered the service as soldiers, and about 500 entered other lines of war work.

From the standpoint of modern military etiquette and discipline, it has been declared that these braves were not the best servants of Uncle Sam, but true to the traditions of their race, these children of nature neither knew nor recognized, neither did they exactly understand, for that matter, the white man's discipline at any time.

These children of the great open spaces understood better the language of the wilds, the hills and the mountains of the tribal habitat, the birds and the bees, the sun, the moon and the stars, the flowers, and the clashing of the elements, the voice of their God—in their mountain and desert solitudes! It is safe to say that in their gutteral grunt was a salute genuine and sincere, and the heart beneath their dusky skins beat true to the call of their native land, their AMERICA, and the great cause of world liberty!

The soldier Indians of the great 1917-1918 struggle were gathered from all parts of what remains of the tribal habitat of their forefathers. There were dusky lads from the Pacific coast, from the mountain regions, and from the Great Plains tribes, and the famous warrior tribes of the far East and the Mid-West, were likewise represented upon the Fields of France and Flanders! After all is said and done, these were the true scions of the only native race of Americans! America called, and, they answered!

The bitterest foes of the white man in the struggle for mastery in North America were the Sioux, the real aristocrats of the Algonquin Family of American Indians. They were the last of their people to accede to the white man's encroachment upon their territorial lines.

The Sioux Family was the largest tribal branch of the great Algonquin Family

and was sub-divided into numerous groups of smaller tribes or tribal clans and families. The Crow, Osage and Quapaw tribes were members of the Sioux family, and most of the tribal clans of the Great Plains or what in former years was known as the Great American Desert, belonged to the Sioux tribe.

Modern civilization and commercial growth have gradually wiped away almost every trace of Indian life upon what were formerly the Great Plains of America. Where the children of the Tonkowa, Osage, Ponca, Pawnee, Sauk, Fox, Kickapoo, Shawnee, Cheyenne, Arrapho, Comanche, and Wichita Indians once played the games of happy Indian childhood, thrifty American cities now tower skyward, 'midst an intermingling of the races of the world! Some of these Indian children are the brave American Indian scouts and soldiers who fought and bled upon the fields of France!



A California Type

The doctrine of the survival of the fit holds fast, and although the picturesque life of the Great Plains Indians, and the Indians of the mountains, and the Indians of the Great Lake and rivers of America, belongs to a fast mellowing past, the survivors of this race, true to the traditions of their fathers, depict strength of character of their native-American forefathers, in the great composite American that has followed in their wake!

The upright and honest Indian stands today shoulder to shoulder with the white brother, in an even race against the rise and the fall of modern activities! The white man is at last recognizing that fact.

Not the least of the service paid their mother-country by the American Indian tribes, was the part taken by the descendants of the great tribes of the Ottawas in North Michigan. The Ottawas, originally of Algonquin stock, once lived upon the Ottawa river in Canada. Later they migrated into the country south of Lake Superior, and from this abode the Ottawa tribe was driven by hostile Iroquois, tribal enemies, in the year 1650, to territory beyond the Mississippi River, and from this territory they were again forced by the Dakotas, a branch of the Iroquois family.

After these dire experiences, the Ottawas returned to the land of their ancestors, and settled upon Manitoulin and other islands in the north waters of Lake Huron. The French meanwhile, had sent such intrepid voyageurs as Marquette and LaSalle into this territory, and the returning bands of Ottawa Indians joined the French in the war between the French and Great Britain. Consequently, a great majority of the Ottawa Indians now living upon the islands in the head-waters of Lake Huron have married and intermarried with descendants of the early Frenchmen, and they are today known by French appellatives, and the French language has almost entirely replaced the tribal language of the old Ottawas.

Chief Chabowaywa, sometimes called "Sham-wa-way" for euphony, an Ottawa chieftain, once occupied the cabin built



A Powwow of Sioux

upon the site of Father Marquette's first mission church on Marquette Island, the ruined chimney of this still remains.

Chief Shab-wa-way represented his tribe and signed the Indian Treaty at Washington, in which he ceded all of Northern Michigan to the United States, but reserving for his people, the "Islands of The Chenos"—Les Cheneaux Islands —to which group Marquette and LaSalle islands belonged.

Shab-wa-way and his people lived upon the Les Cheneaux Islands undisturbed for many years, and the old Chief died in the cabin of the ruined chimney in 1872. He lived to be over one hundred years old, and was succeeded by his son, Chief Pay-Baw-Me-Say.

Shab-wa-way's cabin was burnt to the ground by a hunter's carelessness, and all that remains of the spot made famous by Father Marquette and the French voyageurs amongst the early tribes of the Ottawa, is the old ruined chimney of the Chieftain's cabin, and his grave across the waters.

Every Indian warrior returning from the battle-scarred fields of France tells the same story—that they are true to America and the cause of America, and at the same time true to the attributes and traditions of their race! The faculties of the old Chieftains who fought so valiantly for the protection of their tribal hearthstones against the encroaching white race, live again in the sturdy qualities of their warrior sons and grandsons!

The renunciation of their race, and the withdrawal of these children of the wilderness from the haunts of nature and the forest primeval into the ways and the wisdom of the white brother, serves but to amalgamate and unite the American races into one grand composite, in unison and in harmony, working together, side by side, fighting side by side.

These Indians, native Americans, however, retain and hold a legacy which no other race may confiscate—a legacy aesthetic and convincing—for they **are** our Native Sons of America, and the only native sons of America, using the term in an ethnological sense.

Their fighting forefathers, did not live in vain, for the cause of America has been strengthened and fortified by the attributes and the traditions of these noble native tribesmen of America!



On the Flathead Indian Reservation



A Nez Perce Chief In Full Dress

Horrible To Relate

Self-Consciousness Can Become a Terrible Affliction

By Myron Ray Clark

JUDSON boarded a street car at the corner of Main Street and Pine Avenue and sat down between a fat woman and a messenger boy, first carefully adjusting his trousers at the knee. This precaution served a double purpose. It not only preserved the astounding crease which he had himself achieved that morning with the aid of a gas-iron, a damp cloth and a bit of tailor's wax, but it allowed just a trifle of black and white accordion silk hose to peep over the tops of his cordovan shoes. A quick comprehensive touch instinctively told him that the edges of his collar were meeting just as they do in the advertisements and that his cravat was perfectly tied. With a scarcely audible sigh of satisfaction, he settled himself more comfortably and awaited his stop.

He next became aware that opposite him was sitting a very pretty girl and—he looked twice to make certain—she was smiling in his direction. Judson did not know her, but with the coquetry that is inbred in all men, he smiled back. The result was somewhat disconcerting. She giggled aloud, looked at him for an instant and then cast her glance upward, still smiling. Judson made an alarming discovery. She was not laughing with him—but at him!

Horrors!

Fearfully he drew a spotless handkerchief edged with violet silk from his pocket and feigning to use it—he stealthily wiped the corners of his mouth and the nose itself. No tell-tale smudge blackened the immaculate linen and he felt a little relieved. Perhaps he had been mistaken. He allowed his glance to travel casually toward the opposite side of the car.

Horror upon horror!

The entire row of passengers was grinning! . . . and at him! Judson's heart seemed to stop beating and the blood in his veins to congeal. He closed his eyes to shut out the sight of those multiple grins and thought frantically.

What could it be?

A furtive peep at the pretty girl opposite struck cold terror to his soul. She was laughing openly and pointing in his direction to guide the attention of her equally pretty companion.

Perhaps his derby hat was dented in, as it had been that day of harrowing memory when he had "seen New York" and had sat atop a bus from Washington Square to Grant's Tomb all unconscious of the hideous fact. The mere supposition of the possibility brought cold perspiration to Judson's forehead. Or perhaps someone at the office had inserted a tag under his coat collar, as had happened once before and a bell-boy at the Grand Hotel had drawn his attention to the fact that he had been parading the corridors for hours labeled: **"I Am Yours For $3.98."**

A sickening fear, like that which is popularly supposed to be felt by hunted animals, assailed him.

Throwing all restraint to the winds, he dashed madly from the car. On the platform, a fateful fascination forced him to pause for a last look at the pretty girl. She was still laughing. And so were all the rest—the hyenas!

Judson alighted and wonderingly peered through the murk of the time and travel-stained car window and followed the direction of their eyes. And the burden of an Atlas slipped from his shoulders.

Just over where he had been sitting was a face-powder advertisement depicting a ravishing blonde beauty, upon whose fair countenance some artist of the people had drawn a very black and luxurious moustache.

The Yoke

By Bromley Fowler

SPEAK of "Fig-Tree-Tom" anywhere from Indio to Yuma, or along the fringe of the Mojave, and you met a peculiar reserve, a compassionate shake of the head. For, though Tom had wrested his Oasis from the sterile bosom of the desert, she in turn, had left her mark upon him. That was before the strangers came to his Oasis—But you shall hear the story.

Each day, as today, Tom stood at the entrance to his Oasis and flouted the desert lying naked before him, powerless, incapable of further harm to him or to his. That he had done this for many years did not rob it of its zest.

Tom merely glanced at the dust-clouds moving along the far mountain-side where shepherds drove their flocks to lower pasture lands; but he strained his sunburned eyes to see something crawling toward the Oasis.

"Pioneers," he thought scornfully, "Fools and beggars."

Tom was tall but he appeared short beside the huge cacti that towered at either side of him, and he was turned to a dull dun, clothes, hair and face. His was a singular face, strained and narrow. His lips were thin, and the eyes of a fanatic glowed beneath the broad, high forehead.

Tom was so occupied with the prairie schooner that plowed its difficult way through the grilling sands, that he failed to notice the red-frocked baby girl who had run across the shady garden at his back. Even when she tugged at his trousers he paid no attention.

"Peek-a-boo!" called baby, standing on tip-toe. She gave another tug, and her "peek-a-boo" was somewhat aggrieved. "Please, Daddy, me wants a fig—lemon fig."

Tom reached up and plucked a "fig" from the giant cactus and gave it to her without removing his gaze from the approaching wagon.

"I told you not to come out to the gate," he said down at her, and gently shook his leg from her grip. "Better run in to mother, Baby."

"Yeth, Daddy." The mite stopped sucking the luscious fruit long enough to say, "Me wants one for Mummy," and stuck up a tiny hand.

Tom picked another and stooped to put it in her palm.

"See here, Baby, you go in, right fast! Here now, here's Tip," as a golden collie came bounding in from the desert. "You go and put him in his kennel. This is the third time he has run away today. Some of those big coyotes will eat him alive if you don't take better care of him." He met the quizzical upward glance of his small daughter with a smile, lifted her and turned her in the direction of the garden. "Now skip!"

"Yeth," responded the small woman.

She cast a shrewd peep over her shoulder at her father's broad back, swung about on her tiny sandled feet, buried her hand deep in the golden ruff framing the dog's alert head, and bent close to his ear. Baby shook a wee finger in Tip's face, and with stealthy steps led him around the huge cactus columns guarding the entrance, and away the truants raced outside the mighty wall which enclosed Tom's Oasis with a barricade of bristling spines.

Tom would scarcely have known if a whole army were amuck behind him, so intent was he upon the miserable wagon, and upon the satisfaction he was taking in the thought of his signboard which was placed some feet from the entrance to his garden. Tom stepped out that he might again read the sign cut deep into the board in awkward letters:

"Water for sale. Two bits a gallon."

Then he wheeled and faced the approaching prairie schooner.

He could see it more clearly now. No, he had not been mistaken in his estimate. He moved backward, his sharp gaze on the wagon, until he was within his enclosure. He deliberately began to push a high, strong gate made of iron rods, across the entrance. The gate stuck, and he worked with a wild impatience, for the wretched horses were jerking the rickety wagon along at an alarming rate. The gate was heavy and he had to stop to get his breath a number of times before he finally had it in place. Then he guyed it to the huge columns of giant cactus at either side by means of stout ropes. He pulled at them to be sure they were firm, turned, and went his way toward the house.

There were his fruits and flowers, here his precious pool of cool water. He stretched his arms and drew a mighty breath: here was the man who had mastered the "hag of the Desert": the man who had created the Oasis. He stopped at a seat in the shadow of the house, took off his sombrero, stretched his long legs and waited.

Water in an irrigating ditch trickled softly; now and again an over-ripe "fig" fell to the ground casting abroad its fragrance. Tiny chickens scratched and peeped beneath his bench. The place was alive with prosperity. He had not long to wait, for presently there came a faint:

"Hello, hello, there!"

A tall, limp woman opened the house door.

"Guess there's some more immigrants, Tom." He did not move. "Shall I go out?" she asked timidly, yet with eagerness. She stepped down to the porch and began to untie her apron.

Tom stood and pointed to the door, but he did not look at her. It was with difficulty that he fought a repugnance, the same repugnance he felt toward the desert. Eliza was growing more and more like the desert;—old and wrinkled. Only in her eyes was youth, the youth that had come when Baby was born. In her eyes too, was something he resented with his whole nature— pity. It had been there ever since the day during their honeymoon, when he had refused water to a tramp, a worthless tramp. What did a woman know of the yoke of an oath taken at a man's last gasp? What could a woman know about the strength of a man's oath?

"See here, Eliza," he said, "You know as well as I that immigrants are none of your affair. Go in and stay until I call you—and keep the child with you."

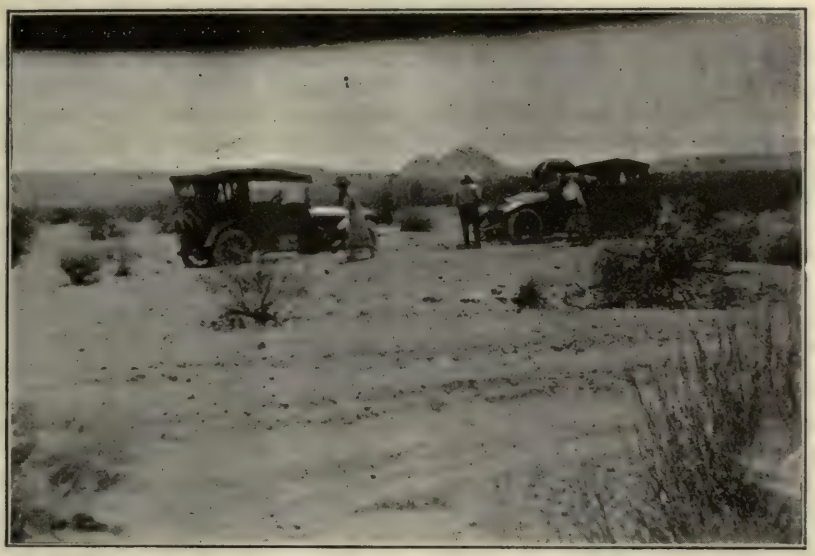
She took a step down, and he looked her full in the face. Her eyelids dropped and she turned away. She hesitated on the threshold, and craned a trifle.

"I'd like to see them, Tom." Her tones held the loneliness of years.

"No."

She stood in the doorway, her hands on the frame at either side as if her want were too broad to allow her to enter her home. At an imperative: "Go!" she straightened aggressively, but she went in and closed the door.

Tom pressed his hands to his eyes. It was always difficult for him to adjust himself to anything out of the ordinary routine. Eliza was acting queer. Never, since that time, long ago, when he had caught her running after the tramp with a canteen full of water, had she seemed to have a will of her own. He thought he had broken it, yet here she was almost insisting on seeing these immigrants. Eliza must be out of her mind to think



A Spot in the Mojave Desert

that she could pit her will against his. He would fight it out again with her. Yet as he thought it, Tom realized that his peaceful life with Eliza and Baby, had taken some of the fight out of him.

"Hello, hello, there!"

"Hello," responded Tom mechanically; and with an odd, dragging, tired motion of his hand across his forehead, he dismissed Eliza from his mind.

Tom passed under the "fig" trees laden with odorous fruit, passed by the deep pool of water lying in the shade of broad palms, and finally, in a round-about way that took him through a flourishing vegetable garden, came to the gate. Here a dusty man of small stature was reaching up in search of a latch.

"Good afternoon," said the little man in husky tones, though they were evidently meant to be cheery.

"Good day," said Tom in a detached way, letting his glance roam over the outfit.

A decrepit wagon with a tattered cover of stained canvas, the customary tin pails and cups hanging underneath. Peering from between the folds of the canvas were the pale faces of a boy and a woman; the latter, Tom decided, might have been pretty when she started on her trip.

Tom nodded to the woman, and turned his attention to the man, who volunteered:

"We are on our way to California. I see you have water—water for sale."

"Yes," responded Tom curtly.

"I—we—that is," stumbled the man, "We are out of water." He stopped, his bloodshot eyes upraised to Tom. "We need water."

"How many gallons do you want?" Tom pushed his sombrero back from his forehead, wiped the perspiration from his face, and stood silently facing the desert. Deep lines had come between his eyebrows, his cheekbones had sharpened, and his lips were a faint line of purple. He forced his breath through in-drawn nostrils, and the pupils of his eyes were so distended that he could barely see; but he waited with a control which he had acquired under just such conditions spanning many years.

"I am sorry to say," began the little man, who was seemingly an itinerate preacher, "that we are also out of money."

"Well?"

"We haven't many belongings," went on the husky voice, "but we will gladly give you whatever you choose from our small store. He rested a thin hand on one of the bars of the gate and peered through at Tom. "May we have water?"

"I don't keep a second-hand shop. The next water-hole is only ten miles ahead."

The ashen face looking in at Tom as through the bars of a cell, flushed, and in declamatory tones, the stranger quoted:

" 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof:' "

Tom regarded the stranger quietly for a moment, then, striving to repress the passion in his voice, he said:

"I think you're mistaken. Do you see that?" He swung an arm toward the garden lying in gracious green in the scorching heat. "I did that myself alone—alone. I came out here and scratched a hole in the ground. I kept on. At last when I was dying of thirst, I found water. Lying there on that burning desert, I lifted that first handful of wet sand to Heaven, and I took an oath that never would I give a drop of water to anyone. I've kept my oath." Tom raised his tones: "As for that quotation, sir, the water was the Lord's when it was **under**ground. It's mine now." He turned impatiently, for the thin voice of the limp woman came from the house-door.

"Tom! Tom!"

"Didn't I tell you to stay inside?" he roared. "Go in!"

"But Tom, I can't."

"Go in;!" he ordered, and stood looking to see that he was obeyed.

"The cattle?" suggested the little man, whose face was still pressed against the bars, and who was staring at Tom in a scared, wondering way.

"Oh, they'll reach the water-hole all right," said Tom indifferently. "You see, stranger, if you fellows didn't trust so much to your calling, and used your muscle—" Tom indicated the desert—"you wouldn't be here."

"Tom! Tom!" again the thin voice came, and more insistently.

"By the Lord Harry!" He took a step or two in the direction of the house. "Go in!" He saw that she went.

The missionary was still clinging to the bars as if glad of their support. He turned his face toward the wagon where his wife was trying to smile at him, her dry lips distorted in the effort. Tom looked away quickly. With an attempt at a propitiating smile on his own seared lips, the small man met Tom's eyes, and gently reminded him:

" 'A cup of cold water in My Name.' "

"See here, man!" Tom felt that his words were hissing hot, and made an effort to subdue them to more moderate speech. "Perhaps you'll understand better, though I don't know why I should explain about what's my own; but it's this:" He caught at one of the stout ropes and twisted on it as bitter memories swept over him, but he controlled himself. "Thirty years ago," he said, "thirty years ago I was the oldest of a large family. There were too many of us. I found myself on the edge of this desert when I was nine years old. Since that I have fended for myself. No man, no woman has ever done me a favor. Of no man have I asked a favor, of no—" his voice was almost a shriek as his hand pointed to the desert— "of no woman have I asked a favor. I would as soon ask it of that hag lying there, that hag of the Desert. Do you understand?" Tom held to the rope, but he bent a little to see the effect of his words.

Slowly there dawned in the little preacher's eyes the hated look that was in Eliza's, that had been in the eyes of all who had stopped at his gate: Pity. Tom wanted to go out and crush the small man into the sands of the desert, for that look was catching. Soon the woman would have it, then it would peer out from the face of the pale child. Some day, some day, Baby would catch it from Eliza. When that day came the hag of the Desert should have him for her own. He groaned aloud and caught himself up sharply.

The little preacher's face was still close, and Tom jerked back from the tone in which he said:

"Yes, I do understand. You poor man, you poor man!, crazy!" he murmured, so low that Tom did not hear. He stood as if considering, then went to the wagon and consulted with his wife, the pale boy-face close to hers as they talked.

Tom wished the child were not there; but if people were so foolish as to bring a baby to the desert without sufficient funds to care for him, that was their lookout and they must take the consequences. Tom plucked some "figs" from the cactus and passed them between the bars to the man who had returned to the gate.

"For the boy," he said.

The man took them eagerly and ran to the woman, and immediately ran back.

"Thank you for the figs." He indi-

cated the boy who already had one of the rich, lemony things crushed to his parched lips. "The nearest water-hole?" questioned the man, as if anxious to be off.

"Ten miles," replied Tom, wishing he had never seen them.

The preacher had a foot on the forward wheel, as he turned to ask:

"That water, can we—can we—?"

"That's Government water; that's free." A sound in Tom's throat might have started for a laugh, but it never reached birth, for he bit his lip and scowled. His eyes stared into space; he saw the water-hole, at times only a cattle-wallow.

The small preacher was smiling all over his wasted face. Would they never go!

"My boy says he never had anything so nice as those figs; they are better than lemonade. God bless you for them!" He seemed searching for words, and at last he spoke further: "I wanted to tell you, sir, that if ever I can do you a favor I shall be very happy." In response to Tom's raised eyebrows, the little man acknowledged; "Of course it doesn't seem as if we would ever meet again; but the world isn't so very big after all."

"Thank you!" Tom was astonished at the heartiness of his own voice. "I—I—"

The man was off before Tom, under an impulse he could not understand, started to open the gate. He was glad they were out of his sight forever. His oath must be kept. He must be getting old if a man like that could, even for one moment, make him feel that his oath might be broken. He scorned himself as he stood listening to the rickety wagon, rattling its wheels and spewing out the sand, and hardened his heart anew at the chirpy, husky voice encouraging the thirsty horses with a gentle:

"Git up there, Molly, water ahead! Git up!"



An Oasis In the Desert

Tom shook the strangers from his mind, and turned to the enjoyment of his Oasis. He held himself on the path. Surely that was the rumble of an earthquake. Possibly, though, it was a band of cattlemen hurrying to the water-hole for camping-ground. He laughed crustily. They never troubled him any more.

"Tom! Tom!" cried the thin voice of the limp woman; and she came running across the pleasant garden. "Tom, where is Baby?"

"In the house. I told her to go to you and stay there. Why?"

He looked down at the pale, cowed woman wringing her futile hands, and found a new emotion; he had never before been sorry for her, and he dismissed the thought as quickly as it came.

"She isn't in the house, she isn't in the garden, nor—"

"Where's Tip?" he demanded.

"Tip," she repeated. "Why— why—" She pressed her hands to her meagre breast. "Tom! My Baby! Husband, I shall die if anything has happened to my Baby." She raised her filled eyes to his and clutched his arm. "Find her for me! Find her!" Suddenly, under his eyes she dashed the tears away; she became another woman than the one he had known. She stood up straight with a hand on his shoulder, and said with desperate earnestness:

"You have got to bring her to me at once! If you don't—" Her face was convulsed, and close to his again. "I shall— Listen to me! I mean what I say! If my baby is—" She choked on the word. "I shall—" She shook him in her bitter distress. "Find Baby!" she screamed.

Tom was amazed. She had always been colorless, emotionless.

(Continued on Page 91)

THE DESERT TRAIL.

By Mable I. Clapp

Mesquite and cactus and sage,
And bones that bleach by the way,
And queer little blooms that are born
And gone again in a day.
And I know not whither you lead
Nor why you must have it so,
But a voice from the hills calls "Come,"
And I shoulder my burden and go.

Fair have you promised and smooth
The lovers that walked in your train;
Long have you beckoned them forth
Ne'er have you beckoned in vain.
Pressing with eager feet,
Drawn by your lightest breath,
Some you have favored with gold
Some you have favored with death.

Valiant and eager eyed,
Sinewy, lean and strong,
They have worn your favor with pride,
They have entered your lists with a song.
Capricious the guerdon bestowed,
Fickle the fortune you gave,
To some the wealth of a king,
To others a nameless grave.

Up where the purple hills
Shoulder a turquoise sky;
Up where the stars swing close
And the moon rides shoulder high,
A voice is whispering "Come,"
And I know you must have it so;
A clarion voice calls "Come,"
And I shoulder my burden and go.

Consecration

An Etching of the Drear November

By Fiswoode Tarleton

WHEN I was a boy of ten or thereabouts, he sat in front of the cemetery gates, as he does yet, on nice days to see that no one trespasses on the grounds. But sometimes he would fall asleep in his chair, and then we would steal past his motionless form and make for the nut groves within to fill our sacks. His hair was white, even then—twenty or more years ago—and his back quite stooped from age. When he walked, a twisted cane helped along his withered body. Usually a clay pipe stuck from his mouth and he smoked in long puffs. In bad weather, a little house, that was set aside for his use, protected him from the rain and cold, and by means of a rope, he could open and shut the gates from the inside. Sometimes when a funeral party approached he would examine their permit through the window, and if it was all right, nod for them to enter. On Sundays and holidays when the people flocked to the Cemetery to look after their lots, he would put on a white shirt, and a black tie, and limp about from one end of the cemetery to the other. Such was Uncle Henry as I have always known him.

One day—about the end of November, last year—a hike, undertaken primarily for some rabbit shooting, brought me, toward evening, to the cemetery gates. Winter had already taken hold. The trees were bare, and birds, there were none, except a few jays that fluttered about among the branches. The wind was bitter cold and sent the dead leaves flying through the air; this way and that, until they banked up against the fence in high piles. On the road, a man was walking behind a creaking wagon and swinging his arms to keep warm. A party of mourners, wrapped up to their chins, were filing slowly down a path between the graves; the women weeping; the men bowing their heads from grief. One of the party (She must have been the widow) often paused to look back at a new grave, which two men were closing over; their spades ringing against the hard earth, and their bodies bending backward as if worked by springs. My dog, hot on the trail of a rabbit, began to yelp in a near-by wood.

Smoke was pouring from the chimney of the old Keeper's house and I stepped in to warm up my numb feet and to chat.

With his usual greeting, "Glad to see you, son," he pushed a stool toward me and with it, his tobacco box.

We talked of the weather, and the chances for a long, severe winter; the strikes that were tying up the mills in the city; and at last the high cost of living, which led him to compare, the conditions with what they were in seventy or seventy two. Even a grave cost ten times as much, he declared as it did in "sixty-six." After a while he pointed out of the window to a large sycamore which had been badly damaged by a recent wind. "I'm afraid," said he, "that tree is going to die," and it has stood for fifty years."

"Uncle Henry, what has kept you here, so long—among the dead?" I asked.

He only puffed at his pipe the harder and looked out of the window—at nothing of course, while I sat there turning the logs with the toe of my shoe. Outside it was growing dark. You could no longer see the wagons that squeaked and rumbled along the road. The wind howled down the chimney and around the eaves of the house like the voice of a drifting soul. The old keeper's dog in the corner, a fine mastiff, raised his head and growled. Then as if to make sure that no one was prowling about, he paced the floor and sniffed the air before stretching himself out again.

At last when I got up and put on my

(Continued on Page 93.)

A Terra Incognita

Strange Things Said of California In 1848

By L. E. Everett

PERHAPS our readers would like to learn something of the known state of California." So said the London Times in 1848. Just what was thought and guessed and believed about California is thus set forth:

"There is really a great deal of interest to be acquired in the seizing of California just taken by the United States. We mean that there is something very amusing in the spectacle of the most inquisitive and tenacious people in the world turned loose into a huge, mysterious, unexplored region. . . . . " It is certain that at this moment no human being of Caucasian extraction, has any conception of what may be discoverable on the ten degrees of the earth's surface, between the Rio Del Norte and the North Pacific Ocean. It is almost as certain, that in two year's time there will be a railroad right across the province, and boarding houses at every station."

"No conception of what may be discoverable!" Californians have been echoing that sentiment ever since. The confidence of the Times in the rapid development of the country, as evinced in the prophecy of the railroad and attendant stopping places, has a local flavor.

"It is something in these dull times" proceeded the Times in playful mood "to have a real true **terra incognita** in store with Americans for adventurers. The truth is that the Colorado beats the Oxus hollow . . . . There is mystery in the highest degree attached to this country. A blue book, stamped with all the authority of a parliamentary warrant, positively states that independent nations living in large towns and known only by report, are presumed to exist within the old domains of Mexico. And as none such turned up the other day, during the forays between Santa Fe and Vera Cruz, we must conclude they lie some where hereabout if any where.

"Seriously, though, there is actually an enormous, indefinite area to be explored, and fifty thousand adventurers ready to ransack every corner of it. . . . .

"We described, lately, the precautions which have been so promptly taken to bring the new territory safely under hand, and it appears that the work of discovery has already commenced. At present, the great attraction seems rather in the bowels of the earth than on the surface, and hundreds of independent citizens are at work with their pickaxes. . . . Quicksilver is the main object of search, and we are told in a semi-official and perfectly serious report, of one mine, about thirteen miles from San Francisco, so rich that the gentleman who surveyed it under the direction of the government, was so much affected by salivation, that his mouth was sore for a period of ten days after he concluded the survey."

One pauses to inquire whether thirteen miles was meant for thirty miles, a guess at the distance of the New Almaden mines from San Francisco. The unconscious humor of the comments, lies in the fact that the article appeared shortly before the end of 1848. It was reprinted in **Littell's Living Age** for November 18, 1848. At the time the article first appeared in print, eager Americans were starting for the California gold fields, but the news, if it reached England promptly, told of quicksilver rather than of gold.

"It is anticipated" said the Times, "that quicksilver will thus be an article of exportation at the western, as breadstuffs from the eastern coasts of the States; several mining companies are already established, and California is even now spoken of by transatlantic journalists, in that phrase which so attracted Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit as 'one of the most remarkable provinces of our country, sir'."



The Black Opal

A Three-cornered Elopement and Speed Limits Broken

By Caroline Katherine Franklin

(Part VI.)

"DID anyone hear suspicious noises last night?" he interrogated, in diagnostic tones.

"I heard nothing," ventured Mrs. Farrel. "I lay awake, thinking about the mystery of the pearls, and what a strange, strange thing it was to find a basket of champagne in the road. The only way I finally fell asleep was wondering if a well and a diseased appendix looked the same in alcohol."

Aunt Fiske and Dr. Gordon sniffed audibly, but not for the same reason.

Dr. Gordon gave Mrs. Farrel a look of incredulity, shuddering at such ignorance. Gretchen Mallory, roused to assert herself as the heroine of an adventure, brought the subject back to the later event.

Charlotte cut a look at Jack. His eyes were fixed on his plate. Mr. Lee, coffee cup in hand, arose and began a flowery speech in praise of Benton's bravery, and wound up with drinking the coffee to his health. Jack looked up with a sickly smile, and suggested a toast for Mr. Lee.

"What for?" parried Lee.

"For being the owner of the only gun on the premises."

"You might as well toast the man who made it, or better still, the inventor who conceived its automatic principle," laughed Lee.

"That's rather far-fetched. But not any more so than this—er—silly talk about bravery. Miss Mallory was brave, if you like. She screamed, and warned everyone away from that part of the house. And she didn't crawl under the bed, nor on top of the bureau. I propose a toast to Miss Mallory."

No one apparently objected in the least to this; but Aunt Fiske might have been heard to mutter:

"Now, Jack Benton, you've done it! You've put your foot into it — all the way!"

The injection of the word "appendix" into the conversation had caught at Mrs. Jerome's wandering attention; she turned to Mrs. Farrel, who sat on her left.

"My dear, how did you feel when you were first taken?"

"After luncheon we will go to my room; and I'll tell you word for word, and pain for pain, all about it."

Mrs. Jerome sank her voice to a whisper, unnoticed in the buzz of conversation.

"Don't say anything to a soul! I haven't, not even to Charlotte. But—Dr.

Hoffman Gordon is going to operate on me immediately. I shall not even wait until my husband comes home."

"O-oh!" gasped Mrs. Farrel. "You certainly should tell **some** member of your family. Charlotte would go crazy if anything happened. But of course nothing will—with that handsome doctor attending to your case."

Aunt Fiske, as has been said, was of a romantic turn of mind, and a born matchmaker.

The events of the past few days had almost wrecked her belief in the eternal fitness of the intercession of the third party, when two love-besotted fools are trying to hurt each other past all forgiveness. Still, on this particular night, when the young of the neighborhood for miles around were disporting to music within the four walls of the house that was "a model of inconvenience," she grasped at the shreds of her belief and drew them close. Cheated of her own romance, her starved heart fed on the romances of those she held dear.

In the first place, it was a night for love. The soul of love, it would seem, palpitated in the strains of music that flowed through open windows and into the scented garden. Aunt Fiske's middle-aged heart ached with the beauty of it, with the longing to share the beauty with the dear, irresponsible, mad young lovers who were bent on blighting their lives.

In the second place, Dr. Hoffman Gordon, who had won her disesteem, was not there to irritate her with his smug complacency. The doctor had that afternoon motored to the city, and would not be back until late the following day. With him, most unaccountably had gone Mrs. Janice Jerome, without even waiting to say good-bye to Charlotte, who was out at the time. And that was a strange thing, for Janice was wrapped up in the girl.

In the third place—

The dancers were enjoying a brief intermission. Gretchen Mallory, at the piano, was singing. Soaring triumphant, as if Life and Love had claimed their own, came the promise:

"O wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea;
My plaidie from the angry air
Should shelter thee."

Aunt Fiske blinked, and swallowed a lump in her throat. She looked hastily about to see if she had been observed; and finding herself unnoticed, slid behind a convenient Gobelin screen and leaned from the window. Here, she could sniff as she willed; she might even weep, did she choose.

The veranda was deserted. Aunt Fiske was diverted from the threatening "weeps" by the thought that, were she outside, in that comfortable rocking chair, for instance, she could escape the agony caused by her small, absurdly high-heeled slippers. A glance to be sure that she would not be seen, and one foot slid tentatively across the window-sill, followed, when the floor was successfully negotiated, by its mate. Seating herself, with her silk-stockinged feet gratefully gathering the coolness of the floor, she gazed up at the stars.

The smooth, soft contralto of Miss Mallory flowed on and on, pleasurably fretting her hostess' ear.

"And were I monarch of the globe. . . .
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen."

"You are an old fool!" accused Aunt Fiske, to that intimate, herself. "After all, Charlotte Jerome's father is right. Love isn't the only thing in life; and to a girl brought up as Charlotte has been, with every luxury—"

But Charlotte's stricken face when she believed Jack Benton to be in mortal danger held Aunt Fiske's vision. What was a mere aunt thinking of—or a mere father, for that matter—to lay rude hands on the vision called love? Life didn't hold too many illusions—

"Is that you, Aunt Fiske?" called a tremulous voice from the window.

As Mrs. Fiske was aunt to all the young people round about, she hastily resumed her shoes before replying.

"Yes, my dear. Oh, it's you, Charlotte. Why aren't you dancing?"

Following Aunt Fiske's route, Charlotte, scrambled through the window.

"I've been looking all over for you." The light streaming from the piano lamp

across the porch, showed her cheeks drained of their pretty color; showed the tender mouth set in new, strange lines. "Aunt Fiske, mamma has gone with the doctor to the city, for — for an operation—"

"What!"

"I'd heard that he made his money that way—leading women on to talk of imaginary ills until they really believed themselves subjects for the operating table. And he thinks nothing of charging a thousand dollars for an operation. But that it should be my darling mamma—"

"Appendicitis, I suppose?" Aunt Fiske broke in. "Of course! How did you find out?"

"She pinned a little note to my chushion. And there isn't a word as to when the operation is to be, nor at what hospital. She may be dying this minute! I just found the note—"

"Don't be a fool!" said Aunt Fiske, with energy. "Certain preparations have to be made, and it takes time—" She stopped, as one shrewd thought trod on the heels of another. "In Jack Benton's roadster," she muttered incoherently. "Janice may be all kinds of a simp, but not **that** kind. She wouldn't be indecently hasty about it. There'll be a moon, later. Janice would be sure to go home first; and if we go right off—"

"Yes, yes! We'll go— You'll go with me?"

"**We** will go with Jack Benton," corrected Aunt Fiske, apropos of Shrewd Thought Number One. "Child, you can't stop to cry **now**. And someone will hear you. Stop it!"

"I'll t-try."

"We'll slip up to our rooms and pack small handbags. We don't want to break up the party, you know. But first, I'll rescue Jack from the Mallory, and he can step out quietly and get the car ready. It wouldn't be necessary to take the trip if we could reach your mother by 'phone; but she told me she'd had it disconnected for the summer, as you'd all be away so much—the music has stopped. Now! Before anyone comes—the back stairs."

The girl nodded understandingly and sped away.

Jack Benton's sympathy was as quick as his understanding.

"The poor kid!" he blurted. "Will we head off Old Saw-Bones? We will! Lead me to him!"

In her room, Aunt Fiske quieted her bickering conscience with the soothing sophistry of the unalienable prerogative of woman to change her mind. She was literally throwing Charlotte back into the arms of Jack Benton; and Jack, to all appearance, was the last person, financially speaking, who was able to support the lovely burden. But after all, Charlotte Jerome's father was all wrong. Love **was** the only thing in life; and money was one, two, three!

Hurriedly she stuffed a nightrobe, a laundry list, a toothbrush, a pair of mismated gloves, a powder-puff and a spool of darning cotton into a small bag; and all the time she hummed untunefully, and under her breath:

> "O wert thou in the cauld blast
> On yonder lea;
> My plaidie from the anrgy air
> Should shelter thee."

Apropos of Shrewd Thought Number Two, she unlocked a certain compartment in her dressing table. Without hesitation she selected a small, oblong package, and placed it, with the darning cotton, the laundry list, the mismated gloves and various things of use and otherwise, in the bag. She nodded, a triumphant smile on her face, to her reflection in the mirror, and blew out the light.

The damp air, as she opened the outer door at the foot of the back stairs, brought sweet, subtle odors from the blossoming maze that lay between the house and the garage. There was the feel of rain in the air; and she gave an instant of regret for the probable fate of her lavender evening gown, which she had not stopped to change. An instant only. What was a mere embroidered crepe gown to a romance?

And had she herself set the stage for this three-cornered elopement it could not have been more to her liking. The streaming light from the acetylene lamps of Benton's car showed the two in black sil-

(Continued on Page 95.)

The Soul of An Artist

Not All of Rare Talent Achieve Renown

By Emile Guillaud

ONE found it pleasanter to take his coffee under the pergola. Bien! It was again winter, though the sea sparkled and the sun was resplendent; but one shivered in the clear air.

Reclining in a long chair, Magda remarked to her husband:

"Have we had dejeuner earlier than usual? The violinist has not yet come."

"Have a little patience," responded the young man, smiling.

Twice each week—Tuesday and Sunday—the little gray-bearded violinist came to that terrace to play them a brief concert. He evoked from his instrument the clear notes of airs unknown—airs delicate and exquisite, in which passed a strange sensibility. When he had terminated his concert, he departed without waiting for the modest gratuity one gratefully gave. It was necessary more often to recall him, in order to place an offering in his hand.

"His reserve and discretion impressed the two young married people, who followed a pleasant existence in their enchanted surroundings. The luxury had not affected their heart, nor abolished their delicacy of feeling. They would not dare to interrogate the singular artist, who resembled, so little, the others that came without being asked, to play the airs which were never listened to.

"If he returns not," said Magda with some nervousness, "we have lost the occasion to learn, before we return to Paris, why one with a soul so vibrant, remains poor and alone."

"Bah!" said Marcel, shaking his head, "We shall quickly forget all about it."

But Marcel realized that his words sounded false, and that the mystery of that life unknown, would pursue them a long time.

At that moment, the first notes of the music reached their ears, and through the foliage of the citronniers they perceived the silhouette of the aged violinist. That time again, he played a motive of extreme simplicity, which accorded with the natural surroundings and the sober line of the surrounding country; nothing florid, no redundance—but an emotion profound, permeating the notes like a cry in the infinite.

"Do not let him go away," supplicated Magda of her spouse. "Retain him in order that I may speak to him."

* * * *

"You do me too much honor Madame," began the violinist, when he was seated near the young married people, whose curiosity he had so aroused. "You wish to know how that taste in music has come to me, and in what manner I have found my metier. From the first, music has not a metier like other things; it is a vocation which calls to one, which one must chose, and it is necessary to obey. Mon Dieu—yes! I might have been a lawyer or merchant, to gain money or lose it, living in an establishment instead of running around the world. My father had a bureau of registry, and I could have succeeded him. When I said at eighteen years I would not have the place, I knew that I would never have anything but music. I had no ambition, I had no desire but to respond to that voice which spoke in me, higher than that of the blood or the will."

He looked at his violin, which he had placed on the ground, and the strings of which rested against his leg. He desired to rise and depart, but Magda observed the gesture and restrained him.

"Then you have followed your desire and you are become celebrated?"

"No madame. I have never been celebrated and I have often been unfortunate."

"Nevertheless," intervened Marcel, "you have a rare talent. No person has done more than you with the bow, to create the impression that all is harmonie and proportion in the universe."

"Ah!" cried the aged musician. "It is necessary one should hold to that. And those words that you speak to me, procure me more of joy than a fortune."

The two men shook hands. Placed in confidence by this mark of sympathy, the obscure artist continued:

"Perhaps, had I wished to attain riches and glory, it might have been, but I never was avid. Fate had decreed it otherwise. In one of the countries where I toured with the orchestra, of which I was part, I met a young girl who became attached to me. She was an orphan and deprived of any protection. She became my sweetheart and we were married. The time passed. She fell sick. The doctors declared that the one chance of saving her was to bring her to this seashore. She felt better at first, but then her malady returned, and after languishing some years she died. I was ill myself, and our resources were almost exhausted. I rested here. I have no more the courage to resume the steps of life."

He glanced at his interlocutors, his wrinkled visage colored and he spoke in a low tone:

"Then—I will avow it to you—henceforth the music that I practiced did not respond much to my ideal. It was not the clear and pliant French music, of which Lulli and Rameau have left us the tradition. We are crushed under the polyphonie Allemande, and drowned in the floods of Italian melody. I essay to compose some airs myself, and, in order to test the sentiment I desire to express, I play them to the people who rest upon the terraces. Some of these persons seem to find a charm in the compositions, but beaucoup —the majority—shrug their shoulders, and request something else. It matters not to me. My true pleasure was to compose the airs, and to play them with all that which I guard in myself—sensibility and ardor."

He rose, took up his violin, and retired rapidly, after having made a vague salute. Marcel did not dare to follow him and place in his hand the habitual fee.

* * * *

Marcel had much trouble to find the wandering musician since that night in April. He brought him to the pergola, where Magda, feverishly, awaited the two.

"I have one proposition to make to you," said the young wife, in inviting the artist to be seated near her. "We are rich, and we have no children. We love art under all its forms, and above all we have a passion for music. We are about to return to Paris. Our establishment is large and it could easily receive one inhabitant more. We will take you with us. You naturally guard all your liberty, but we will find the means for you to produce, where they will be capable of appreciating you at your true value. You merit well that recompense, after all the tribulations that you have experienced."

The aged musician had listened without testifying any surprise. When Magda had finished speaking, he regarded her coldly and fixedly.

"Thanks!" he said. "You are good. But I am unable to accept. It is too late. I am too old already."

"One is never too old to find the realization of his effort," suggested Marcel, deeply moved.

"You have not comprehended me," replied the violinist." I have told you that I possess neither riches nor glory. I have no need of them nor of any one—so little of anything is necessary for an aged person to live, while a ray of the sun caresses him."

Gravely, between the young couple, he made them his last confession:

"I never more am free. I am attached to this seashore by a thousand ties invisible and all powerful. It is here that I have heard and understood the voice of the sea, that grand music which excels them all. When one has understood that great voice, he is unable to listen to the others. I have only one desire—to die upon the shore facing the sea, my violin posed upon my knees."

That time he departed, his head bared, his gray hair stirred by the breeze.

Magda silently wept.

Story of An Oak

Scenes of Centuries Enacted Beneath Its Branches

By Charlie Jeffries

A JAYBIRD packed an acorn from its hull and started with it across the country. When well out on the high prairie, he dropped it. Later, the rains washed it down the slope to level ground; and other rains washed mud over it, covering it nicely. There it lay all the Winter soaking and swelling. As Spring approached and the sunshine grew warmer, the germinating process quickened; and about the time grass rose the acorn split in halves, a tiny stem with two leaves shot upward, and a thread of a root pushed down in the earth.

The loam contained plant food in unmeasured abundance. The parent acorn also furnished sustenance, and for a time, the young tree kept even pace with the grass that grew on all sides. But when the sustaining acorn had quite given all its strength, and the bush was left alone in the world, its top ceased to grow, and it spent its powers in growing a tap-root, securing a hold against the day when moisture would be scarce. But with all its preparation for future hardship, it would have surely perished, as millions of young oaks do, had the season been of usual dryness; for the grass roots were fully developed, and in a dry time would easily crowd out a feeble interloper like the young oak. Fortunately rain fell that Summer, and though the tall grass overtopped the bush and shut out most of the sunshine, it managed to live till frost came and brought the dormant season giving it a respite.

One year's growth by no means insured the little tree's life. The grass roots were still much deeper and more vigorous, and when dry weather set in, they crowded the oak contesting mercilessly for each drop of moisture. As the earth dried the deeper, the oak pushed its tap-root the faster, trying to keep ahead of the deadly crust. It ceased growing above ground entirely, and its leaves turned yellow. Toward August, the ground began to crack. This broke some of the lateral roots and let in more of the drying air. The grass roots sucked and crowded, waging against the oak a more relentless war than is ever seen on top of the ground. The little tree was in terrible distress. It shed all its leaves. Its branches died. Still life held within it, because it was an oak and its progenitors had struggled under just such conditions, since the beginning of creation. Also, while the grass threatened its life in one way, in another it gave the bush a measure of protection. It was much taller than the oak and shaded it from the hot sun and wind. Tenacious as it was, though, it couldn't possibly have lived through the Summer without some relief. A shower came. The water ran down the slope and dampened the ground around its roots sufficiently to tide it over.

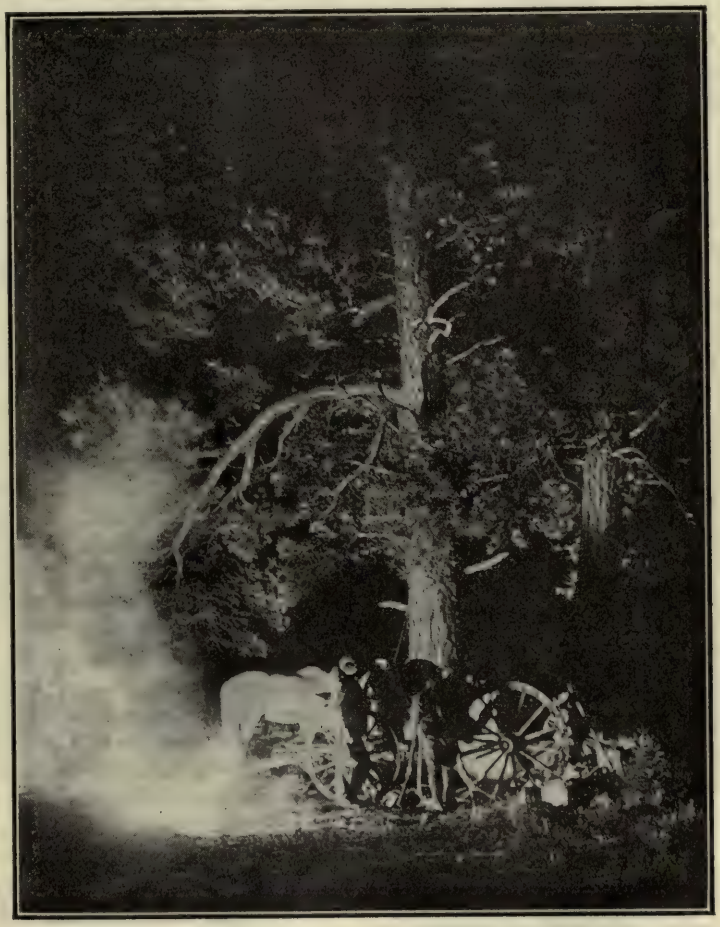
Two year's growth gave the oak enough depth of roof for it to hold its own against the grass, and withstand an ordinary drought. It was favorably located, being on rich, made land with a strong clay subsoil; and, for one of its species, it grew rapidly. It reached its top above the choking grass and got the full benefit of the sunshines. Its first feeble branches, of course, dried and broke off; but, when it reached a height of some eight or ten feet, it threw out strong, permanent limbs. As it grew higher, it threw out many other limbs. Being a prairie tree, the limbs all lived making a thickset, cabbage-looking head. And being oak limbs, they grew straight out from the trunk, in their strength disdaining, as it were, the more supporting angle of the poplar and cedar or, in the other direction, the willow. Though, in time, the limbs attained great length and weight, they never sagged, in the least.

As the tree grew larger, flying and walking things took notice of it. Birds

found it a convenient place on which to light and preen themselves, and sing and build their nests; and from its top, they swooped down on grasshoppers and worms.

There was a water-hole near by, and wild horses and buffaloes came there to drink. On hot days, after they had slaked their thirst, they would stand in the oak's shade and laze and lash at flies. The many, many animals standing around that way kept the grass trampled down and assisted the tree in its growth. And one day, when a great fire swept the country, the circle of bare ground kept the flames at a distance and saved it from a bad scorching if not extinction.

Years and years passed, ordinary, uneventful years, years of much rain when the growing was good, dry years in succession, when the hardy mesquite barely budded, when the grass perished blade and sod, when the elms on the creeks died and fell down. But through all such trying times, the oak passed in safety; for not only had it pushed its roots far into the clay, the rains of many seasons had washed the soil down from the slope, burying them still deeper.



Times Changed and People With Them

The storms of the centuries tore through its branches. Snow and sleet and frozen rain loaded them and bent them to the ground. They stood the strain, and when the load was removed, they straightened back like good steel. For the caking ice that chilled and contracted, and the fierce sun rays that expanded and dried out, and the howling winds that bent and twisted and thrashed developed a fiber of surpassing strength and flexibility.

As it, year after year, absorbed nitrogen and potash and ammonia, its trunk took on great girth, and grew rough, gnarled and weatherbeaten. In many ways, time left its mark on the old giant. Its bark became moss covered and exceedingly thick; birds nests, in various degrees of decay, cumbered its limbs; in an upper fork, a stone hatchet, left by an Indian of long ago, was almost buried and hidden in the slow growing wood.

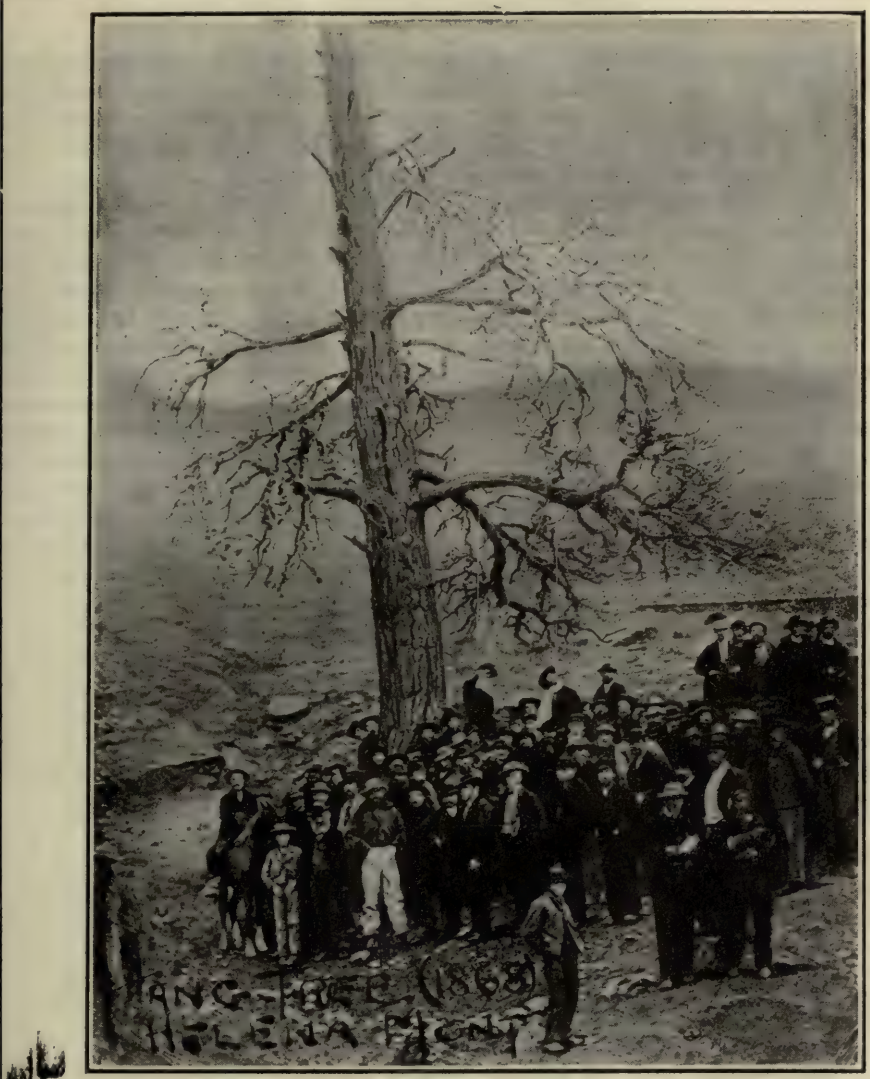
Not alone by its natural vigor, and favorable location, did the tree reach its great age. Luck was with it: luck is always with an oak that lives for hundreds of years. One time, a cyclone which tore the very grass up by the roots, passed within a hundred feet of it. On another occasion, attracted by the myriads of grasshoppers of the region, there was an emigration of turkeys. They came in numbers impossible of conception by a civilized person. After gorging themselves on grasshoppers all day, they drank at the water hole, and some hundreds of them flew up in the tree to roost. That was the first night: the next, other turkeys sought lodgment in the great treetop. They piled on the limbs in the most unbelievable profusion, crowding in, wedging in, utterly regardless of the overloaded condition of the roost. So great was the weight on some of the upper limbs, they split off adding their weight to those below. This had little affect on the scrambling birds: they had broken down trees before. Without much confusion, they settled back as thickly as ever. Such a load, if heaped on the tree night after night, strong though it was, must have stripped it of its branches. Again fortune favored it. A band of Indians, on the lookout for easy game, found the place and came with clubs and arrows and killed turkeys till they were tired. Next night more Indians came, and soon the roosting place was broken up.

Men of a different race laid eyes on the oak. Spaniards and Mexicans came with surveying instruments, and seeing in the tree a conspicuous landmark, they hacked on it lightly with a hatchet, and setting their compass and stretching their chain measured off toward the North. In a few days, they returned from the West, thus establishing in the oak the beginning point of one of those old surveys.

The next men who came were whiter than the Spaniards. They wore broad brimmed hats and carried rifles. They camped under the oak, and for weeks, killed buffalo. They ate very little of the meat, but the hides of the animals they peeled off and carried to camp, leaving the carcasses to befoul the prairie for miles around. The wolves gorged on the meat, and the buzzards grew too fat to fly; and when the men got ready to leave, they had to send for more wagons to haul the dry hides away.

Similar to these men came others, who guarded the water hole preventing the wild horses from drinking till they were nearly famished. Then the men would let them drink their fill. In this condition, the horses could run but poorly and were easily caught. Then they were broken to saddle and collar and made to work for men the remainder of their days.

Sometimes a bunch of wild cattle, powerful in bone and horn would wander in, eat and drink and rest a little then pass on. Sometimes men driving herds of gentle cattle would stop for water and stay all night. And men of bad, desperado appearance would come, driving herds of stolen horses. These men always had a tired, uneasy look, and their horses bore the marks of hard riding. Generally, after watering their animals, they unloosed the girths and set back their saddles, and, tired as they were, pressed on. One such party, however, arrived after dark. They were covered with dust and moved slowly, even the horses of the herd having to be whipped along. The men, in their soreness, changed position in the saddle frequently, some sitting sidewise like women. They drank and rested a few minutes then fell to arguing whether to move on or camp for the night. They disputed fiercely and profanely. The longer they talked and stood around relaxing and growing stiff, the stronger grew the number in favor of camping; and, in the end, they prevailed. The men unsaddled and hobbled their horses, piled their blankets under the tree, and in a few minutes were fast asleep. So tired were they, no one stayed



Hang Tree, a Famous Oak at Helena, Montana

awake to watch. And in that neglect, they met their doom.

Out of the East came other men; men from the settlement with rifles and double-barrel shot guns. When they came in sight of the stolen herd, they bent low on their horse's necks and rode among them identifying them with nods and low whispers. Satisfied with the inspection of the horses, the men, making a correct guess as to the sleeping place of the thieves, cautiously approached the oak. When they drew dangerously near, they lay down and snaked along through the tall grass. When they came within range, at a word from the leader, they poured in a volley of bullets and buck shot. A few low groans answered the guns; and, going on to the tree, the men finished what they had set out to do: then, after the manner of frontiersmen, they went to a good deal of trouble to dig a grave and give the thieves a decent burial.

The times changed and the people with them. Eventually, a crew of men came; one of them with a post-hole-digger dug holes in the ground. Closely following him came others with fence posts and barbed wire. In a little while, a fence was thrown around the oak, and the open prairie was changed to a close pasture.

For a long time short-horned cattle

grazed in the pasture undisturbed. Then came the day when a man strolled by and looked at the oak critically. Also, he looked at the ground in the vicinity. He came again and repeated the operation. After a while, he brought his wife, and together they admired the stately tree and gentle eminence that lay beyond. The woman seemed pleased with the location, and in a few days a wagon came with lumber and unloaded on the eminence. Other wagons brought brick and kegs of nails. In a few weeks, a house stood on the eminence, and the man and his family moved in. The grass, the old companion of the oak, was plowed up and cotton grew in its stead. A rope was tied to one of the great limbs and a swing made for the children; a horseshoe was nailed to the trunk as a hitching place for visitors.

The wild days were gone. The bray of work mules instead of the bellow of bulls reverberated from the old oak. Where once wild turkeys had picked up acorns, pigs now squealed and scrambled.

In time, these things were replaced by yet more modern innovations. The mules were thrust aside by traction engines, and the horseshoe grew rusty from disuse; for the visitors who now came in modern vehicles needed no hitching-place. The horse has passed.

Through it all, the oak has remained unaffected. Of all the landmarks, it alone is left. The grass is gone. The water hole is filled and grown over with weeds. But the oak is there, as fresh and vigorous as when a sapling it pushed its head upward and its taproot downward. Its heart is as sound as a rock, and it bears acorns by the bushel. The owner is very particular about the old giant, not allowing the yard fence to be nailed to its trunk or the big lower limbs pruned away: and, in all probability, it will survive many other changes in the living things that come and rest in its shade.

All of which leads to the question: will the oak live to witness the present race of men who lord the land thrust aside? In the unbelievable changes that work in the world, will these men who say "yea" and "nay" be displaced by a yet more powerful breed?

TWILIGHT.

By Francis Marshal Pierce.

How craftily the Night creeps on the West,
Scarce moving, yet is nowhere quite at rest.
Dreaming, it seems, but breathless in the dream,
Save where retreating glory shafts a beam
To pierce the stealth within its grewsome guise,
And force it, driven where the shadow lies.

Yet not so hostile there are Day and Night,
But more allied, to tend the fair Twilight
The pair have born and now together nurse
Before the waning light shall quite disperse.
Their child—the bravest of the Night and Day—
Which with the light and darkness dares to play.

In The Heart of Our Redwoods

By Edna L. Morris

WHERE few men have been, in the depths of the forests of the world's largest trees, are many interesting things.

Silence! Trees from three to five hundred feet high, and from one to twenty feet in diameter surround me, while a russet carpet of fallen leaves and twigs conveys the feeling that one has entered a vast cathedral.

"Chirp! Chirp!" Some little woodbird calls from the underbrush. A grey squirrel shakes a hazel bough saucily. I walk toward the little creek and, peeping through the ferns, spy a pair of salmon in a shining pool.

The California State Highway passes through the little town of Dyerville. It is here that the South Fork joins the main Eel River, the Highway bridge crossing the South Fork, just before coming to the three houses and general store which comprise the town.

If, however, one will leave the Highway at this angle and follow a very rough road, which leads off up Bull Creek, they may soon enter the heart of the redwoods in all their grandeur.

It was here, near a little cabin, built of slabs of bark taken from the trees, that I met the man who told me these things and showed me the real beauty of what I had already looked at, but only half seen.

He was old and grey and barefooted, and it was mere luck that I ever found him at all. But, having come to the end of my path, I climbed up over the ridge and followed a little ravine down to where his tin dipper hung on the branch of an alder, then I traced his steps in the muddy trail on down to his cabin, expecting to find the "Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan" when, to my surprise, Jim Williams confronted me in his baggy overalls and flannel shirt, his grey beard very shaggy, and his hair stringing down into his eyes. In his hands he held a doughy pan which he scraped with an iron spoon.

"How do you do?" I said cheerily, but Jim Williams blinked his watery blue eyes and stared, and stared.

"Well I'll be durned, mam, ye hez one on me," he said at last. "I can't ever remember seeing' a woman in these parts since the times of squaws. But I'm right glad to see ye just the same, miss!"

He turned and entered the cabin, disposed of his pan, and brought me a rawhide-bottomed chair, which he placed against one of the towering trees.

"Where on earth air ye goin'?" he questioned and I felt that he was much concerned.

"I am afraid you will have to tell me, for I am next to lost now. I came up the Bull Creek path until it ran out, then I climbed over the ridge to the spring where I saw your tracks in the mud."

He looked sheepishly at his uncovered feet and made many hasty excuses, but I soon led him to the telling of his story:

"Ye see, lady, when I first hit this country nobody ever heard of a road or a railroad near here, and Sarah and I took up a piece of land down by the river and made a home. I hev set there nights with Sarah and heered the panthers scream till she was skeered stiff, but they is mighty skeerce these days. I hain't heered none for several years—not since before Sarah died.

"There was the ranch over on the ridge where some white men lived, an' the Indians come there one night and stole a big steer and brought it down here onto the creek, and had a big feed. Well, the boys came after the Indians and caught them, and since then they have called this here stream 'Bull Creek.'

"I knowed a Swede once that had just landed down the river and was helpin' round one of the loggin' camps when he couldn't even speak a word of English and he heered the fellows sayin' Bull Creek and he, thinkin' it to be a swear-word of some sort, learned it right away

and when they teased him some, about his Swede ways and sich, he ups and yells, 'Bull Creek! Bull Creek! at them with all his might, thinkin' he's a cussin'."

Here his hearty laugh rang through the trees.

"Don't you get very lonesome?" I asked at this juncture.

"Lonesome, girl! Lonesome! Why, miss, there never was a more homelike place in the world than this. Just look up at the pillars of my dwellin', them trees, older than history, miss, and more beautiful than marble. I don't never hope to go where I can't come out doors and, lookin' up, see the glory of the trees against the sky. My, goodness, lady, there never was no sweeter music than the wind a-whisperin' through their twisted tops, and when it's still there is a solemn quiet that is just like Sunday in the Bible. Oh, I couldn't live nowhere but here, miss; I'd die of lonesomeness.

"See here, I'm goin' to take you up through the opening yonder and let you get a peek at the country. It'll be worth your while, if you ain't too tired.

"Hear the creek down there in the hollow? Well, there's many a mess of speckled beauties I have pulled out of it. Sometimes when the big, white thundercaps pile up behind the Yolla Bollies, yonder, and the air is so sweltry it seems like you'd die if you didn't get a fresh breath pretty soon, I crawl down there and drop my hook over into the water, with a nice fat grasshopper on it—and I never knew it to fail landin' a big one. And in the winter, I'll tell you, then's the time to have your fun. The steelheads run up to that there big hole below the falls. Then they can't go no farther and you can just take your pick, miss. I most nigh live on them and smoke a lot besides.

"Now, if you'll turn and look over there you'll see my art gallery, miss. I ain't no eye fer pictures, ma'am, but a feller don't need no paint and paper pictures up here. Them there is the pictures God Almighty made Hi'self and they're good enough for me!"

I could not speak.

The Yolla Bollies rose against the sky and below them the timbered ridges sloped to the river where, snuggling near the railroad, I could barely discern a little town. There was a peace ineffable in the air and the beauty of the scene enveloped me.

The old man continued:

"I'll tell you, miss, I am hoping with all my might that the Lord'll take me before the day when they strip them hills for their worth of timber. 'Twant never meant that man should get so greedy. They ain't no money in the world that can buy the beauty of what you see right here, miss, but them that owns the timber ain't never seen a morning in the hills er they never could be happy, knowin' that soon their greed of money was goin' to deprive the world of one of its greatest works of art. I had a mind once to write a letter to that fellow at the head of the company and invite him up to spend a few days with us, thinkin' he'd learn something, maybe, but my sakes! How Sarah did scold and fume at me, sayin' as how it was a pretty out to ask that kind of company into a shack like ours. But I still think that if he'd come out right early some morning, and climb up here, and just sit still and hear the little, wild birds a-chirpin' in his trees and the sound of the little creek splashing down through the gorge, and look at the sun a-rising' over them there mighty trees, he'd call off his pack of loggers and save my picture for the sake of humanity.

"If you ain't too tired, lady, I'll show you my bed of ferns that would make a person wish that they could just sit lookin' at them forever. See that little flat-leaved fern here? Well, there was a man up here one time that gathered a whole armful of that and sent to his girl, tellin' her how pretty it had looked when he picked it and all, and I saw him once since and he said, 'Those ferns are the finest species of Mexican Ivy I ever saw. The florists in San Francisco will give me ten dollars a thousand for them. I have a small fortune in sight.' But I said to him kind of mild-like, 'Say, young fellow, did you ever think about how many of them it would take to make a thousand?' Well, I hain't never seen him since.

"Now, when I first came here there wasn't a fern on that bank and I brought

(Continued on Page 89.)



A Grizzly Monarch of the Forest

Mrs. Jupp and the Clairvoyant

By Marion R. Chapman

THERE are simple people living in New York in spite of its reputation—people who live and die in long coffin like flats who prior to their last earthly achievement attain something of the flat's narrow limited vision. They even pay their bills and wear three year old suits because of it. Mrs. Jupp was such.

Mrs. Jupp went mechanically about her morning duties. Simple people perform their duties mechanically. Life is real, life is earnest, was Mrs. Jupp's creed as she kissed Joseph goodbye. It being Monday, she then cleared the breakfast table of its dishes for Cora. Cora had temperament — a temperament of such permanence that after each Saturday night's social devotions, to say nothing of each Sunday's religious activities, she invariably displayed a langorous and optical defensive towards her Monday campaign. And just as invariably Mrs. Jupp met these occasions solemnly with a mechanical round of assistance. Days were easier to reconstruct than Coras.

This finished, Mrs. Jupp next aired her bedroom and having done up the almost life size hall of her apartment, entered the living room. Here she emptied Joseph's ash tray. She sighed. After this she put the room in order and dusted it.

Then she sat down to read the morning paper, for, as she had so often said, she owed it to herself to keep up in current affairs. So she read the head lines, and the deaths, and rose automatically, going to the phone to ascertain from a friend, whether the Mrs. Long who had just died in Oregon was related to her step-father's brother's wife who was born somewhere in the West—but here she forgot the name of the town. So she hung up disappointed and read the ads.

Having thus primed herself on the topics of the times, Mrs. Jupp turned back and re-entered her bedroom. Here she ceased being mechanical, for the hands of her clock pointed with decisive fingers towards the word hasten, in order that she might do her marketing, and be on time for the Woman's Medical Auxiliary. This was a serious day—more serious than she expected. Had she even anticipated any unusual experience she would have told Joseph. But had she told Joseph there would have been no experience.

Her engraved card would admit her as one of the selected guests of honor, and she would doubtless listen with her usual credulity to untold horrors, as well as surgical advancements, by women doctors so lately returned from the East. That indeed would be a solemn occasion and must not be met lightly.

Soberly she brought out her best hat and her three year old suit, brushed and donned them. Seriously she selected

from the dresser her plaid silk waist. Nearly complete, she brought forth her church gloves. She viewed herself in the mirror and missed something. To be sure! So she again opened the drawer at the bottom of the bureau, inserted her hand, fumbled around and looked up. Mrs. Jupp was perplexed.

Thinking of Joseph's thoroughness, she removed her coat and went into the same drawer much as a clam digs into the sand. She came up shortly for air, appearing unsettled. Then Mrs. Jupp dove again, removed all the contents this time with both hands, and slowly, and very mechanically, turned over each and all of her garments, opened a quartette of boxes, searched and picking up a faded baby boot turned it up side down, and peered into its blue depths, and stood upright. She then plumbed the secret depths of her work table, Joseph's handkerchief box and the darning bag, only to turn to the mirror a now worried and flushed face. There was no doubt of it, the pin was gone. Her sole ornament, the treasured diamond cluster pin, her one heirloom.

Joseph—what would he say?—he had warned her always about her carelessness. She wished she had listened to him. She put up her hand to the empty place where the pin rested on dressy occasions, and as she faced the mirror she caught in a flash back of her, Cora passing the door.

She slowly turned over in her mind, why Cora should be there at an hour, which usually she spent over the tubs. She would ask Cora about the pin. But how should Cora know when it was always hidden where Cora would never think of looking?

The little devil of generalities mocked her from the glass. They are always light fingered it seemed to say, like the voice of some unfriendly ghost. The poison of suspicion did its immediate work as a thousand germs. Cora? Never! Cora had been with Joseph and herself many years. Tried and trusted Cora was, no matter what her faults in other ways. Cora could never be—here Mrs. Jupp loyally brought her lips together with decision. Never for one instant could she doubt Cora. But Cora she doubted nevertheless from that moment on.

This was the first time in many years the flat wheels of her unrounded life had become clogged. She felt a distinct shock. Never had she had a worse one. Perhaps after all she was mistaken! She bent down once more and inspected the baby shoe and caught the time in the descent. Well, she pondered, she would be strong and not be completely upset, otherwise she would not enjoy her morning. Besides, she might find the pin, later, before Joseph got home. It would be such a blow to Joseph to find out about Cora. He would never believe it. He was fond of Cora. She had fried chicken, and beaten biscuits for Joseph for years and he would never allow—no she must dismiss such an idea. It was unchristian.

When Mrs. Jupp finally propelled herself into the street, on her way to the meeting, she was decidedly worried and showed it. Trying to forget both the shock and the loss, she settled herself inside the Auditorium, and tried to concentrate. She tried to listen conscientiously as the Mrs. Jupps do. But each glistening badge on a Khaki-covered breast, reminded her of a cluster of diamonds. She tried to focus her attentions on Dr. Somebody who was pleading for donations for her starving Serb babies. This Mrs. Jupp mechanically heard, but when a large woman rose in a sable coat, and pledged one thousand dollars, this reminded her again uncomfortably of her own trouble, for her pin was worth something.

And when across the aisle she recognized a well advertised club woman resplendent in imitation jewelry, she trembled and wondered what she should do. In fact her loss was now permeating her whole being, becoming an obsession. The shock about Cora had brought heavy circles under her placid eyes. She looked so ill, that meeting her neighbor on her return home, at the corner of her block, she was easily persuaded to relate her mournful news. She poured it out with relief. To her anguished mind her friend's reply sounded callous.

"But my dear, why worry? Of course it was Cora, you can't trust any of them. But listen—", and forthwith told Mrs.

Jupp a tale of such amazing mystifying penetration into the inner secrets of life, that Mrs. Jupp was at first unable to take it in.

"What? I don't think I understand," she slowly responded.

"She's perfectly wonderful. Yes, she's a clairvoyant I said. Lots of people go to her—men even—for advice. She'll tell you what to do—and just how to do it too. Everything she's told me has come true, except of course about losing that hundred dollars, and that came through those awful gamblers in Wall street". The friend grew more confidential, more enthusiastic. Aside from that wrong investment what marvellous things Mme. Mandora had done! Such marvellous things that finally Mrs. Jupp gasped:

"Why, I've never in all my life—"

"Well then it's time you did" supplemented the friend.

"But—Joseph?" Mrs. Jupp was weakening. In her simple way she had secretly—only once however—hankered after her friend's interest in "queer" things. Orthodoxy and Joseph's influence had up to now shut out, virtuously, everything in any way related to red corpuscles. This time she listened. It sounded almost evil, ungodly-devilish. But to the curious woman within—the inner Mrs. Jupp—it sounded, alluring.

"I don't dare. Suppose Joseph should find out," she finally found tongue. Her temptress was riding her hobby and applied the whip.

"Joseph needn't know. You leave it to me. There's only one thing—we'll have to be awfully careful, the police are so active now. Too bad she's so afraid of them. But she's simply marvellous—wait."

And Mrs. Jupp waited. Waited for the afternoon. Tremblingly she wondered about the police. Suppose! She shuddered. But if she could only find out. Undoubtedly it was her Christian duty, not only to spare Cora, but to save her. And her friend had assured her this was the best way. Thus Mrs. Jupp committed herself to what she hoped would be a perfectly respectable adventure, because if Joseph, or the police—. Mrs. Jupp's orthodoxy flowered. She indulged in a prayer which spiralled as the sparks fly upward, from behind closed but perturbed lips.

It was a dazed and almost inarticulate Mrs. Jupp who finally walked from the L. station in search of her given address. Walking with unsteady knee action, she became apprehensively aware that she was being followed. Steadily, stealthily the steps behind her quickened. Mrs. Jupp wanted to scream aloud. Why should any one follow her?

She had no jewelry, her alligator pocketbook was hidden in her hand. There were heavy steps behind her, nevertheless. Intuition then warned her. The police, that was it, it must be the police. She had been watched. Why of course, two policemen had sat opposite her in the Harlem train. Or—the steps were hastening now—or else—Joseph. Certainly it was Joseph. She ought to have known. He had come home unexpectedly, broken his glasses. Joseph was always breaking his glasses. And in some way Joseph had, he had found her out and was hurrying to protect her from the pitfalls of an evil city. Snatch her as a brand from the burning. It was so like Joseph.

Mrs. Jupp closed her eyes and waited. The steps stopped. She was prepared for the worst. Nothing happened. Then Mrs. Jupp bravely opened her eyes, and fixed them on a drab globular person with leering eye, who whined in a threatening way for money. Mrs. Jupp shook and gave him a nickle. She ought not encourage vice; this was just the kind of a person Joseph made a business of never seeing. But the man scuttled off like a degraded crab.

Reacting from her second shock, Mrs. Jupp at last reached her appointed rendezvous at the vestibule of a dingy uncertain flat in a side street, her confused mind probing for a name other than Jupp in case of discovery. She hoped there would be no scandal, although Joseph had often read of raids in the newspapers. Scandal or no scandal Cora must be saved, but whether from Joseph or the clairvoyant Mrs. Jupp could now have told at that precise moment.

Like the Dutch boy at the dyke Mrs.

Jupp stood with one finger on an unclean door knob awaiting her friend. A leaf whirling before an equinoctial gale was as nothing compared to the upheaval of Mrs. Jupp's spirit. She was pleasantly uncomfortable, v a g u e l y fascinated, strangely alarmed yet firmly determined to see the thing through.

Then her uncertain mental processes underwent another change. The friend arrived optimistically late. With practiced hand she imposed a cabalistic signal on a hidden button and the same dingy door yawned invisibly, shutting both ladies inside. As if drawn by an unseen magnet, Mrs. Jupp intoxicated by long prohibition, crossed the threshold of a new world, both terrifying and enchanting. The hypnotically scented world of Mme. Mandora, high priestess of a slovenly Bagdadded ill-smelling sanctum.

. . . .

Had Mrs. Jupp been in a state to observe she might have noticed that she at last sat in a cheap, sordid, dirty room. Food cooking nearby, and burning incense mingled their mystifying fumes with the dim glimmer of a half-turned-up kerosene lamp, shielded by a shade of jewelled glass of many colors. Behind a string curtain of taffy colored shells, suggestive of the sloughed off nails of fabled giants, her friend stood guard, in the interest of what she was pleased to call "Truth." Across the table from her Mme. Mandora herself sat in a heavy barrage of cigarette smoke and silence.

Mrs. Jupp waited numb with awe. Oriental beads of endless variety heaved in front of her like the waves of the sea. Madame, under them, stirred slightly in the throes of thought, and at last waved a hand before Mrs. Jupp with mystic intent to inspire confidence, or dispel too much atmosphere. Madame emanated an undisturbed calm. Her arms lay across the table before her. She sighed purposefully, took in several deep breaths, her eyelids fluttered and at last from beneath a mass of hennaed hair and pencilled brows she spoke:

"Friend, lay your hands in mine. I will carry you—you". She was silently obeyed. Another long pause ensued, in which from beneath apparently closed eyes, Madame appraised her sitter, swiftly—voice, hands, clothes, personality.

"Come to me Friend. You are in trouble. I will help you". Her accent was naive, "yes you are in some trouble."

"Oh," murmured Mrs. Jupp surprised out of herself, "yes I am."

"Something your husband—yes your husband does not know about." Mrs. Jupp moved forward to the edge of her chair.

"Oh," she said again, wondering how in the world anyone except herself could know.

"You must let me help you. Your husband is a good man, but he will not understand. You will understand all—yes all". Mrs. Jupp was her first customer of the day and Madame's elemental mind had not been sapped.

"I see—I see—" going slowly. "I see a place it is a home—but a dark place, O, so dark". Mrs. Jupp gasped softly:

"Why that's my apartment."

"A long dark hall. At the end of it I see a man smoking—a middle-aged man—"

"Joseph—" impulsively burst from Mrs. Jupp, "go on!"

"You are a great help to him, a faithful wife. I see water and ships but there will be no travel for you—not for some time. You like your home, you are helpful, dust, clean—wait Friend—there is a cloud over something—". Madame clutched at her bosom as if secretly oppressed. Mrs. Jupp rigid on the edge of her chair waited.

"Ye-es—he will pass out but—not soon" Madame's faun like ears were alert. "No—you will have a long life. But you need help—it is something—mone—no—wait Friend it is coming—I see a servant, an old fashioned servant—"

"Cora" murmured Mrs. Jupp. "Yes she's been with us for years." Mme. Mandora sighed.

"Ah—ah—you trust this—this Cora?"

"Well—ye—es Joseph thinks Cora is trustworthy."

"Ah—now I see more and more clearly" said Madame, "it's coming. You oughtn't to trust her too much. You've lost something—and want me to help you find it."

"Oh!" Then it was Cora. Mrs. Jupp grew uncomfortably hot. This was uncanny. She had heard the marvellous things her friend had said; but to sit opposite a human being, anyone like this, who could tell exactly what was troubling you—Mrs. Jupp groped for words. Joseph would call it immoral.

Mme. Mandora was sailing on smooth seas and was again at the helm:

"I see a dark hall. It is Mon—Mon, yes Friend a busy day. A lady fine but not rich is busy there. She is in the room. She is removing things to another room."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Jupp for the third time.

"There is another woman, a big woman very dark with bright eyes. She moves slowly down towards—"

"That's Cora—just the way she walks", murmured Mrs. Jupp.

Madame made a pass over her own eyes, and again placed her hand on her gasping bosom, as if to ward off an attack of apoplexy. Her eyelids fluttered violently. She appeared to be suffering;

"The big dark woman is passing down the hall. She has stopped." Madame paused. Intuition was her faithful slave.

"She has stopped. Now she is standing before a door—it is an open door. She has entered. She is tempted—". At the word tempted Mrs. Jupp groaned audibly.

"She hesitates—now she has entered. She is walking across the room. In that room is—is a bureau. It is made of wood with a mirror. The big dark woman is bending over, opening a drawer. Now she is opening another—" Mme. Mandora paused.

"This big dark woman is bending over the lower drawer, she has opened it. Now is taking something out—"

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Jupp, "I cannot believe Cora took it", and unconsciously she put up her hand to the place at her throat where the pin should rest.

Madame relaxed. She relaxed her shoulders and her accent.

"The dark woman is walking away. She smiles. Now she is singing hymns. She will bear much watching—"

"What shall I do—what would you advise?" Mrs. Jupp's jaw had dropped.

Madame Mandora plumbed her magic depths this time with slow deliberation;

(Continued on Page 87.)

THE HOWL OF COYOTES

By Emmet Pendleton

Afar I hear coyotes call,
And break the stillness of the night,
Where vastness' reign is magical:
Afar I hear coyotes call,
Yet their wild cries do not appall.
It is my land. I feel no fright.
Afar I hear coyotes call,
And break the stillness of the night.

I love their howl as night-hours fall
On greasewood flat and rocky height,
Not changed since God's voice did install:
I love their howl as night-hours fall,
For home, my home, is in it all,
And all is well, and all is right:
I love their howl as night-hours fall
On greasewood flat and rocky height.

Girl Homesteader's Ordeal

The Story of Her First Year in the Solitudes

By Gladys Belvie Whitaker

MY FIRST real adventure was the building of my house. The sun beat down, a hundred degrees in the shade—and there was no shade.

The sound of my hammer registered a tattoo on the still air, as one by one the shingles were laid on the sheathing of the new shack. Fifty more taps and I could easily be on the ground. The roof was nearly finished. There was a sliding sound, and the box of nails went over the edge. Then a sudden gust caught up the bunch of shingles and sent them flying down the ravine. Reaching hastily for them, the hammer slipped from my grasp. Provoking, but of no matter—the cabin was done.

My back ached, my knees were sore. My hands were brown and rough. Clad in overalls, scout shoes, and a slouch hat; from the beginning I had followed my brother-in-law, who had done the actual framing of the structure. And now, as I climbed down, the sense of possession came strongly—that sense of ownership which is so much a part of us. It was all mine—I owned a house and land. And here shall be told how it all came about.

At the age of twenty-one, I realized that a high school girl does not get a living by divine right. She wears clothes and eats. I had a talent for sketching and painting, but no money; also I had a keen aversion to housework. Most girls of my age seek a married career; it is called a career nowadays, I believe. But there were few eligibles, or non-eligibles near my home. The hired man was ubiquitous; he came and went with the seasons, and although useful, he did not fill my ideal of a career. My golden idea came in the traditional manner—it flashed: A homestead! That was it; I would live on a homestead, spending my time sketching and painting, and evolve mysteriously out of something not yet planned, means for a course in art. It was all beautifully vague and tensely attractive.

The time came to act. I heard of lands to be taken up in Kern County, California; and jumped at the chance.

The claims lay fifteen miles, as the



"A Bellow of Pain, Rage and Fright"

crow flies, beyond Lost Hills. The town is twenty miles off the railroad; and provisions, mail, everything usable, is brought in on automobile trucks. My homestead lies in the shadow of high ridges, sixteen miles west. There is no sham about being in "lonesome land." Twelve miles from the ranch is the big oil field, the Standard Parallel.

In my claim there are two hundred and eighty acres, which is all I could find joined together. It is a cattle country. Several of the big companies run their cattle over the district. Countless thousands of stock track and retrack the plains and hill range. The cattlemen rent the pasture from the homesteaders, though most of the companies own big blocks of land. These people are kindly and courteous to us, but they do not want us. Our little fences get in the way of the round-ups. I soon rented my holding at fifteen cents an acre; thus a year's rent amounted to forty-three dollars. Not enough to live on, but it buys the condensed milk and bacon, which is a help. Even artists have milk and bacon to consider in their lives.

The shack stands just off the top of a small hill which slopes suddenly into a deep ravine at the back. It is twelve, by fourteen, by eight, and has made small difference in the landscape. However it is a tangible something in an endless space of sun and wind. The boards were hauled thirty-five miles across a blistering plain, were nailed together, made into a home and so a new atmosphere came to the hilltop. The light shines at night, and lights are beautiful in "lonesome land." Along one side is a big screened window, the shutters of which, hinged at the top, can be raised to admit light and air in abundance, and lowered to keep out the storm rains of winter. The door opens to the north.

My nearest neighbor lives a mile away, down on the plains, but in sight. At night their light shines encouragingly through the soft blackness. A girl alone on her claim needs all the encouragement she can absorb, even from lights; especially when she is thirty-five miles from a railroad, and a hundred from her mother and friends. She feels awfully small. And this is a good place to discuss the men of the country, and the problems involved thereby. There is no problem; the men are gentlemen, and such shy diffident gentlemen to. It is safe to say that not a rancher, or cattleman, or cowboy ever rides nearer than one hundred yards to my door, unless accompanied by wife or little daughter. The single ones sense that they might cause a lone girl embarrassment by coming too near, so they ride slowly by, occasionally casting a curious glance at the house. If they thought a girl homesteader needed help, every one of them would kill off his horse to be in time.

The day after my house was finished, I hung curtains, put up cupboards, shelves, and draped the rude furniture; making things look as cozy as possible. There were a few books, pictures for the wall, an easel in one corner, a rug on the floor. My two-burner oil-stove and cook table stood by the wide open east windows; my bed with its blue and white checkered spread, in the opposite corner. A blanket-pasture, so there was little work to do; no plowing or fencing the first year. So came the task of living from day to day. Whole weeks I dwelt on the hilltop, the only moving objects in sight,—a dot here, a string of dots there, a bunch of dots further out; these were cattle drifting to water or to fresh feeding places. When grazing by my cabin, they would stare at me in wild-eyed astonishment. They know what men on horseback are; the memories of them are none too nice from a cow's point of view but seldom have they seen the top part of a horse get down and walk on two legs of its own. When their curiosity brought them too close, a wild yell and dash would send them galloping down the ravine as if the evil one pursued them.

The moderate June heat passed, and came the scorching July days, the days which ripen the fruits and crops of the irrigated lands far from the range country. In this month I had an adventure. It had been a busy day in the shack, and the sun had dropped to the rim of the mountain almost too soon. Glancing out I sighted Beauty, my little black mare, at the end of her long chain, staring inquiringly at me. She needed water and the tanks were two miles away. I sad-

dled hurriedly, and we set out bravely for the watering place, for after the sun sinks darkness comes quickly in "lonesome land." The half light of evening deepened. At the tanks, the cattle frightened, floundered into the gloom before us; and from a rock, two balls of fire gleamed malevolently. Nevertheless, Beauty drank her fill with deep satisfaction. It was really dark now. I could not see the mare beneath me as we paced homeward. Suddenly she stepped off the trail down the side of a steep ravine; the saddle gave way as she scrambled nervously. The next instant I was spilled, saddle, water jug and all. Beauty stepped gingerly off. Unhurt, I sprang to my feet terrified, but

We went on, over ceaseless hills, and sudden descents into deep ravines, which seemed to go endlessly down; until I feared we were wandering into the wildest, most inaccessible part of California's wilderness. Then suddenly topping a raise, there was the shack with my light in the window. I kissed Beauty's soft nose in fervent gratitude but she jerked her head away impatiently, feeling that sentiment is a poor substitute for good grass. So I lighted a lantern and staked her.

Endless days of sketching and painting followed. The slightest variation in the daily routine caused intense delight. One day, four antelope sped along the ridge



"The Fall Rodeo Was On"

the heavenly creature stopped; apparently, she also felt the loneliness of the night in that wild country. I spoke quietly and she let me put the saddle on securely, though I trembled so that I could hardly tighten the cinches. On we went, but now I guided her with less decision. There was a cow trail to follow for half a mile, then a ravine to descend, and then a path up over a hill would bring me to my own road. It seemed a long way. There were other trails to cross; trails made by homesteaders who had "proved up" and scattered to the ends of the earth years ago. Why didn't we come to the shack!

"Beauty, take me home," I cried helplessly, "I'm lost," and let the reins drop on her neck.

across the ravine, keeping in sight for half a mile. That was an event. Sometimes a passing rider of the plains, broke the monotony of distant moving dots. When night comes, the coo of wild doves is suddenly stilled; across the hills comes the frantic calling of a cow for her calf, and the plaintive answer in return. Or the silence is shattered by a long-drawn howl and frenzied yapping; a lone coyote, voicing his age old cry.

At times the loneliness of the plains becomes unbearable, and even encroached upon my sleep. Then I would wake suddenly, sob hysterically until too exhausted to cry more, and fall asleep again. When the bright sunshine came, it made me wonder what my fears had been. Cer-

tainly nothing tangible—just loneliness.

Always there were the daily trips to the tanks, morning and evening for water. These tanks were filled from a spring far up in the canyon from which the pipes were laid. The waste water ran into long troughs where thousands of cattle drank. Beauty drank hers on the spot, and carried mine home in two gallon pails hooked over the saddle horn.

Wash day comes on the claim, just as it does in other places; and I usually went to the tanks. A burning sun warmed the water, and while my washing soaked, I did a sketch or two. After the work was finished, Beauty, with me and the clothes atop, ambled home.

Water, of course, is a precious substance in the plains country. Each drop I used did duty to the last, and then gave life to a few cactus plants outside my door. The cactus struggled bravely for a while, and the fittest of them even put forth a little fat green slab, which flourish, and bid fair to become a sturdy plant. But one morning the little fat slab was gone and with it a semi-circular piece of the plant. A cow had eaten it that night.

The life proved too lonely for successful art work, and after a few weeks, the easel and brushes were left to gather dust in a corner of the cabin. I visited the neighbors, craving companionship terribly. My friends at home kept me supplied with books and magazines. Several times the cattle people took me on automobile trips with their wives and daughters, and these were enjoyable days.

So time passed, and when the autumn haze hung over the hills, a new life came to the plains. Far out, in every direction, rose clouds of dust. Distant yells floated on the wind. The fall rodeo was on. Several hundred riders gathered the straying dots into huge compact herds, driving them steadily in one direction.

A cattleman's wife had invited me to the scene of the branding, and constituted herself a chaperon. So Beauty and I ambled along the gleaming white trail, through a fairy-land of big distances and strong color. As we neared the cow camp, I saw low rambling buildings, a few chuck-wagons scattered about, from distant outfits, and the red patch on the plains, which was a vast herd of cattle.

The sun burned down through a haze of smoke and acrid dust, that rose from the branding corral. The fires gleamed dimly in thick murk. Now and then an iron was lifted, smoking hot. A fearful blast of pain and fright filled the air for an instant. There was a smell of burnt hide. Then a wild-eyed animal scrambled madly away to a far corner of the corral, and stood trembling from the awful experience.

A swarthy man, tending a fire, stared out at me through the smoke. His face was blackened, his eyes reddened and painful. His lips were cracked with alkali dust and heat, but he smiled genially at me, and stirred the fire. The effect was rather horrible, for it seemed all grime and teeth.

One by one the cattle were driven into the narrow passage that led up to the 'squeeze' and forced on by a prod in the hands of a cowboy. Each in turn was caught and rendered helpless in its merciless clutch; marked and turned loose; each with a bellow of pain, rage and fright.

All through the long hot morning it continued, on into the endless, scorching afternoon. And then—the sun sank to the rim of the earth, and cast a tender violet light over the tortured plains. The heat, the pungent odor of smoke and burning hair, the blast of pain, the struggle of men and animals; all the noise and torture was forgotten, and the hills slept.

Riding to the ranch house through the soft blackness, I watched the stars gather brightness. To the creaking of saddle leather, and jingle of bridle chain, I sang. Why, I hardly know. Nothing I had seen that day would tend to make a lonely girl happy. Perhaps I felt then, more strongly than ever before, that goals cannot be achieved without great struggle and that reward is as warming, and softening, and thrilling, as the end of a day in "Lonesome Land."

Trails and Roads

Essay on the Advantages of Calm Observation

By Prof. W. T. Clarke

Professor Agricultural Extension, University of California

MAN has never been content to "stay put." He is ever searching for new fields of endeavor, new lands to explore and subdue. Like Jason and the Argonauts he is ever searching for the Golden Fleece. He is a trail maker, a road builder that his passion for the rainbows foot may be satisfied. Whether the roadway to be opened up is to a clearer understanding of some subject or a way to some unexplored country, there must be the trail finder and maker, the pioneer. The news suddenly finds its way over the world that gold, magic gold, is to be found in California's stream beds. Immediately a Kit Carson, a Buffalo Bill appears to blaze the trail and lead the eager gold seekers to the rich stream beds. The pathfinders work is worth while, it is necessary if in the end we are to have a highway broad and smooth that we in our time may pass in ease and comfort over the way that at first was so difficult. Yes, trail making and road building are tasks that man delights in and no wonder for the charm of the unexpected is present and who can tell what great adventure awaits over the brow of yonder rise in the land? We have our taste in trails and roads. Some insist that the way, to be a success, must follow the mathematical rule that the shortest distance between two points is to be measured on a straight line. They declare no deviation from this rule is to be considered and so we have the highway that just suits the modern passion for speed and more speed. Some, still utilitarian in their views, would allow deviation from the straight line so that intermediate points could be easily reached—practically an amplification of the original idea.

I number among my acquaintances a man to whom speed in traversing the country is a passion. I asked him what road in his experience best pleased him. He spoke enthusiastically of a bit of road thirty miles long, perfectly straight, in the plains and therefore nearly level, without tree, house or barn to obstruct the view.

"Why, he remarked, "you can hit it up to fifty or sixty miles an hour and no 'speed cop' can get you for there is no chance for concealment in the whole thirty miles."

Each one to his taste. As for me, the trail that twists and turns deviating from the straight line to avoid even slight obstructions is the one that charms. The road that in its bends offers the charm of speculation as to just what of adventure awaits us beyond the turn is the road that I seek. What if more time is consumed in passing over such a road than would be if it were straight? We have had the charm of the unexpected, we have had a chance to commune with nature, we have been able to invite our souls to a closer union with the beautiful in our surroundings. The men who pioneered the trails and roads of yesterday were, no doubt, lovers of the lovely in God's universe for their pathways were seldom straight away from point to point. Why the negro who in boasting of a certain farm said there was a road on it "so crooked that if a man was to start out some morning for a walk over it, he would be sure to meet himself coming back," had the right idea.

Impractical, non-utilitarian, do you say? Remember that the "beautiful is as useful as the useful" and allow a little to the imagination. We have "all the time there is" so why not allow some of it to be spent in seeing calmly the charms of the road? The investigator, the searcher after scientific truths, has no straight, broad, smooth road laid out for him to follow. Often he has had no trail to fol-

low but must blaze his own rough road. He has all the delights of expectancy to lead him on in his search. At any moment success may be his or he may merely blaze a trail that in time others may follow and continue until the desired goal is reached. In any case his work has been worth while and we owe him a debt of gratitude for what he has done. Dim trails, obscure roads, precede the more open and obvious highways. They are interesting in their possibilities, necessary to better development. The raucous shriek of the brazen siren is not heard upon them. We may, in peace, stroll along them and absorb the beauties they have to offer.

There is a road I walk over quite frequently. It leads from the tan bark camps above my stopping place, the cabin lot on the Noyo River, to the nearest railroad station and postoffice a little over a mile below. This road is a converted logging railway road bed now used for wagon freighting tan bark to the railroad. I sometimes wonder if we are to draw any inference from that word, converted. The generally accepted meaning of the word is a turning away from sinful paths to a better life. The road when rails lay upon it was used to transport logs. Now that the rails are gone it serves the needs of horse-drawn vehicles in transporting bark. It seems to me that the conversion is incomplete. The difference of degree does not indicate a complete conversion. This road has only seven turns between the cabin lot and the postoffice and is of a uniform grade—no sudden ups and downs to excite ones curiosity—still I find it interesting. Beyond the second turn across a converted (I still use the word) railroad bridge is a tie makers camp. All the people in this camp are Italians and I wonder as I approach it if the baby girl is going to be out and greet me with her cordial "Hola."

Temporary though the camp is, they have their little vegetable garden and poultry yard. The Italians working in groups in the woods maintain the idea of home and home surroundings more than people of any other nationality, so the family life is in evidence. After exchanging the compliments of the day with the baby and being barked at in a perfunctory way by the dogs I move on to the next turn. Just beyond this turn I get a view of the house being built on the "Dream Ranche". The absorbing question is are the carpenters at work? I soon see they are and so my human curiosity is satisfied. At one of the turns I come to the deserted buildings of a one-time loggers camp. Wrecks now, with staring open spaces where once the windows were. In their time they harboured crews of loggers and woodsmen, hard workers and hearty, violent in their labor, violent in their play. Now they are empty, their purpose served, their former occupants gone and nature at work gradually obliterating them. And so each turn offers some different subject of conjecture and thought. Trivial, you say? The greatest of numbers is made up of units and life as a whole is the sum of many small incidents and so in our walk down the road we have been living.

Whether it be the roadways of traffic or the paths of scientific work and discovery the underlying principle is the same. Are we proud of the achievements of civilization? This is justified if we note that the apparent achievement of today is the sum total of many small items of many yesterdays. The trail perchance becomes the rough road and this in turn may someday be the broad, smooth highway. The dimly perceived fact in science or art of yesterday is the accepted knowledge of today.

A STRANGER CAME:

By Charles Horace Meiers.

And lo! a comrade entered through my door
And lit a fire upon my hearth, to pour
A warmth of healing to my wounded heart,
Then went away—but never did depart.

A Forest Fire-Watcher

By Charles H. Shinn

This is the tale of old Marcel Blaize, forest man, whose greatest life experience was to live alone for months on Spanish Peak.

He was an American, of old French ancestry, who, like John Muir, had been through college—and had herded sheep. He knew many books and many men; his ancestors had lived on a little farm in the Vosges, while his own wandering spirit had taken him as an explorer into Tibet and the Selkirks.

A casual observer would have said that old Blaize, the Sierra prospector, was an impossible choice for a fire-outlook man. But one day, thinking it over, the forest officer to whom this responsibility came, saw in Blaize the flame-spirit of immortal France.

Thus it began: This forest officer sat, like one of the old Hebrew prophets, "under a juniper tree," and looked forth upon a tumbled wilderness, north, south and west; behind him, towards the east, he had the main Divide of the Sierras, from which rose Mounts Conness, Hilgard, Lyell, and their companions. Above them the coming sunrise shone through the glorious space in which as yet no aviator had ever hastened, for this was sixteen years ago.

The forest officer thought of the coming years of growth; he saw with clearness how civilization would take stronghold, would fill all these Sierras with busy people and with new industries. He saw how the ancient shake-makers would pass into oblivion; how shingle-mills, paper-mills, match-factories and other sorts of waste-saving machineries would come into use. He saw how the humorous turbulence of sheep-men, and cowboys would be tempered and subdued by the presence of thousands of dwellers—in tents and cabins—people, renting single acres from Uncle Sam, and by other thousands of tired teachers, worn-out business men, invalids, tourists.

"It is coming," he said to himself, "And in order to help it along, we must have a fire-outlook up on Spanish Peak this summer. That means a temporary camp in the meadow at its base. The rangers shall run a telephone line to the top, and build a cabin there."

He rode up the Peak, picked the route for a trail and the cabin, and started back towards the foothills, thinking over men who might make good as fire outlooks on that lonely height.

Then he remembered vivid, soul-flashing little old Marcel Blaize.

"He has conquered himself, and finds contentment everywhere. Perhaps he will see this thing the way that I do." Thereafter the forest officer rode some fifty miles, found Blaize, sat beside him on a granite hill.

"Do you want to help us save these forests from fires in the name of our America and for all those who come after us?"

"Yes! It is great work!" the old Frenchman replied.

By the first of June that year Blaize was settled and spent hours on hours sweeping every bit of country for fifty miles with his powerful binocular.

Before long it was evident that he had the John Muir kind of minute knowledge of the region; what shallow people called loneliness did not exist for him. While he was a methodical and efficient man, he was at bottom a poet, a nature-lover, a shy, quiet philosopher, as closely observant as Fabre, as profoundly religious as Pascal. Therefore, he soon became the lone and responsible fire-guard of the whole vast region below, always in closest relationship with the work. In every crisis the message he sent to headquarters and to fire-fighters were full of knowledge and mastery of the situation. His final: "Dead smoke now; fire's beat," always rang like a joy-shout.

Between Marcel Blaize and the forest officer who had tried the experiment of putting this old sheepherder and prospec-

tor in so responsible a place, there grew up that summer a very close friendship and comprehension, for both of them glowed alike with loyalty to large ideals; both held their lives and all which they were or had, or could possibly do, at the service of the Forest. They often talked over the telephone late at night when most of the world was asleep, and planned out more perfect use of maps, compass, notebooks, fire records, swifter methods of fire-fighting, better fire-prevention systems.

Said the forest officer once to his helpmate wife; "Old Marcel has a far-reaching genius, and is the broadest sort of a self-taught man. A talk with him inspires one. I want to try him out in talks to farmers, cattlemen, teachers, and city-dwellers."

"He will be nervous and go to pieces," she replied.

"Not if it is for the Forest and the Sierras; when he sees that, he will forget self and be as eloquent as a Father Hyacinthe."

But this was not to be, for one night, late that autumn, when the fire outlook work was almost through for the season, the forest officer received a call from Spanish Peak.

"I have some things to tell you," said old Marcel Blaize. "They are of immediate importance, and I will tell you why later."

Then he outlined so keen, true and all-embracing a system of public education about the whole forest fire subject, that it amazed the listening officer who, ten years later as he watched the growth of fire-fighting methods of American Forests, felt more and more this old mountaineer's prescience.

Suddenly he stopped. "That is not all," he said, "But I am at the end of talk. The glove, dear master and friend —the glove that I have worn for sixty-five years—the glove is worn out. I have been so happy up here, and never was lonely one second."

He paused for breath. Then came: "Let the rangers come up from Dinkey tomorrow. I am lying on my table by the telephone. Let them bury this old glove near the crest of our Peak, towards the sunrise. There was a quarter-acre of lightning-set burn there. I put it out and reported. Was some scorched; saved the young Monticola pines and the junipers. I raised a little cairn of granite on the place I chose."

Again he paused. "Tell them to bring down all my books and papers for you. I have—no pain. Not now. There has been much, but it has never hindered the work. My fathers have usually gone this way. No one could have made it different. This outlook has lengthened my life."

Another pause, still longer. Then he whispered: "Ask them to put two pieces of granite as a cross over this old Forest Guard. It was my mother's faith, and now I feel that she is very near me."

Once more very slowly came the voice: "Goodbye now, dear friend, more than master. We shall meet again in some place, far or near, I think, in some more than Amazonian forest and there work

(Continued from Page 89)

CONTENT.

By Roland Goodchild.

Mine is the song of the Voice of the Open, the hymn of the birds, and the buzz of the bees;
Mine is the freedom of mountain and valley, of white-foaming rivers and peaks rising high;
Mine is the life of the gypsy, the vagabond, wandering, roaming wherever I please;
Mine is the joy of the forest primeval, the vastness of Nature, the Sea, and the Sky.

Where Blonds Are Kings

The Romance of Philippon Garbai the Favored

By Leon Pelissier

PHILLIPON GARBAI.

IN the Orthe country, blonds are rare and also are much appreciated. And when a blond has the added magnificence of possessing curly hair, it is needless to say that he can do what he pleases with his tender compatriots. If that country ever chose a king, the chances would greatly favor a monarch possessed of curly blond locks.

The head of Philippon Garbai, presented these two admirable peculiarities. His parents knew that he must reach a high station in life and they were not destined to disappointment. At twenty-three years their Philippon, who did not possess a radish, espoused Lucine Ladumiey who owned a mill.

But the grandeurs failed to turn the head of the lucky young man. He remained the same modest young man as before, and delightfully familiar with everybody. And in the Orthe country, the quality of familiarity is supreme. To say of a man; "He is familiar" is to adjudge him worthy of all flattery.

Philippon Garbai did not change his former habits, in the least, though he had espoused the belle Lucine, and was almost qualified to be classed as a bond-holder. Every Sunday morning as had been his custom from infancy, he bathed in the goose pond near the gate of his place. He did not disdain to use the mill-stream, in full view of all passers and to wash and plume himself like one of the blackbirds around there. While he was performing his toilet and combing his incomparable locks he kept up a running fire of pleasantries with such of his comrades as happened to pass.

"Isn't he gay!" exclaimed with enthusiasm his father-in-law, Ladumiey, while watching him through the window of the kitchen. "Don't you think so my daughter. Gool-fellowship in person has been brought into our house by that Philippon"

"Yes papa!" confirmed Lucine in going to place her best Sunday kiss on the fine head of her husband.

* * * *

The morning of August 4, having to join his company, Philippon as usual performed his toilet beside the mill-stream. The birds sang not. Neither did any countryman launch the least chanson on the air. For three days before a sonnerie of bells had announced the suspension of all the joys.

"I shall return", said Philippon to his weeping wife.

Millions of conscripts, had said the same thing in the past three days to wives, mothers, daughters and sisters.

Philippon Garbai was killed at the battle of Charleroi.

Few soldiers were so mourned. All the world loved him. His widow wished to die of sorrow in 1915.

And in 1916, the rumor ran that she was about to remarry.

"That rumor seemed exact. The jolly female millers in the Orthe country are not crabbed persons. The wheel of a mill turns and the head is able to turn also.

Lucine had then thirty-two years. Her father was old. Who would take care of the mill stones. A woman has not authority over the men millers. Her children —there were three youngsters—brunettes alas—they were not of the age of reason. Evidently it was necessary that there should be a new man in the mill near Lucine.

The new gallant called himself Monsieur Gerard. He was a man of fine character, and in the line of making a fortune as the owner of a factory in the Gironde. In ten years he would have a

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million. As to his personal appearance, he was neither blonde nor curly. No! But his hair was chestnut of a sufficiently rare tint, and odorous of the perfume of lilac, such as calls the bees to a hedge in full flower.

* * * *

Each Sunday, M. Gerard left his manufactory of the Gironde and came to make his court to the handsome widow of the mill.

One day, when there was a high wind and the suitor was conducting his suit agreeably around the widow, the two noticed that a small object fell from the eaves of the mill as from the sky. It lay on the ground before them.

"Tiens!" exclaimed the new gallant, "it is a bird's nest".

"Ah!—a nest?" said the young widow.

"Yes—The nest of a linnet—I know—See how well made it is."

Monsieur Gerard had picked up the nest and presented it to his fiancee.

"Oh yes—It is well made," agreed Lucine.

And it being an occasion favorable to the interchange of marks of tenderness between the lovers—love is very ingenious to provoke such joys—Lucine and Gerard regarded the nest with extraordinary attention. They studied and detailed all the materials of which it was composed. They made a thousand charming observations on the subject.

"It is admirably made!" repeated the suitor. "Every detail of it from base to edge."

"How"—exclaimed the widow. "How can a bird plan and execute such works? it has no implements to aid it."

"No, but it has a beak."

"And its feet."

"And its love," added the happy Gerard. "One is able to perform miracles by love."

Lucine kissed his forehead, as if to say that he knew how to say the pretty things. She ceased to examine the nest, but she had not observed enough. M. Gerard had more accurate vision.

"Tiens!" he exclaimed. "See the hair."

"A hair?" repeated Lucine astonished.

"Yes! A hair—blond and curled. Sapristi, but it is curly!"

"Curly?"

Lucine seized the nest. The hair was fine and curly—in color like a thread of gold.

The sight of it made the widow pallid.

"These birds—" continued Gerard and he went on to tell how they obtain material for their nests. He had seen them pick strands of wool from the backs of sheep, and filch a flax from a spinner's distaff. Yes—some observant and industrious linnet must have found a hair from somebody's head.

Lucine grew paler. Her eyes had a wild look as she thought of the things of other times. Amongst the recollections was that of her fine young husband making his toilet on the bank of the millstream. It was there that some bird had found a hair from the head of her Philippon. The little bird had found the hair of gold and wished to associate it with its amour. Oh Philippon! And he was dead! Nothing of him remained any more upon the earth save that hair. His wife had forgotten him! But a bird had retained a souvenir!

Of a sudden Lucine kissed the nest and ran towards the mill without a word, as if pursued by the shades of the departed.

"Lucine! Lucine!" cried Gerard." "Lucine! Lucine! what is the matter?

He followed her. He arrived behind her at the door of the mill. But the door closed against him.

The belle Lucine has not remarried. The linnet's nest remains suspended beneath the benetier on the wall of her chamber. It is the first thing she sees in the morning and the last at night. The people of the mill whisper that it is before that nest she makes her prayers.

Little by little she will grow old and her hair will whiten but the blond hair which rests near her will never change.

That which is dead alone remains eternal.



There is hardly a big concern in the country where this "Y and E" system of filing is not in use. Everywhere some department manager or some individual, if not the concern itself, has found that this system gives

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Useful Achievements of a Noted Topographer

By Rev. Franklin Rhoda

A. D. WILSON, the topographer who died in Oakland, California on February 21st, 1920, was one whose life history is most intimately associated with the opening up of the resources of the Great West.

He was born in Sparta, Illinois, September 17, 1844. His mother, a widow with two boys, in 1850 was married to Frederick Rhoda, and for a wedding journey crossed the plains to Oregon with an ox team.

This strenuous trip was the beginning of the training of the future explorer. His first opportunity to attend school came after his family reached California. He showed a special proficiency in all lines of mathematics, and completed a full college course.

Through the kind offices of Ross E. Browne, who is still living in Oakland, California, Wilson, in 1867 became attached to the Geological Survey of California.

His last work was the survey of the boundary line between Utah and Colorado, after the failure of the first expedition sent out for that purpose. This was in some respects the most difficult of the mesas and impassable canyons.

Wilson not only did excellent work but invented improvements in methods and instruments for such work. He was a map maker rather than a writer, though some very interesting articles and reports from his pen are scattered through the U. S. Survey publications.

In 1872 he was instrumental in exposing the great "Arizona Diamond Swindle." He and his party had been engaged in work in Southern Wyoming. Arriving in San Francisco late in the fall, he found the air electric with rumors of a great diamond find in Arizona. From various hints given forth, Wilson suspected that "Arizona" was a blind, and that the diamond location was in Wyoming. In a little while Wilson concluded he could find the place, and prepared for a trip thither.

Clarence King, his official superior, gave his sanction to the expedition and accompanied it. Wilson guided the party unerringly through snow and bitter cold to the very spot. A careful examination showed the diamonds to have been planted there.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. King hastened back to San Francisco. A syndicate had bought the "mine" for $600,000 and had issued $10,000,000 in stock. The great diamond bubble was punctured and a colossal swindle of world-wide scope was nipped in the bud. It was afterward learned that the promoters had purchased $40.000 worth of diamonds in London to be used as "salt."

In 1877 Wilson was engaged by the American Committee on the Survey of Palestine, to co-operate with the English Survey on the west bank of the Jordan, but the war between Russia and Turkey interfered.

In 1895 Mr. Wilson married Miss Amelia E. Stephens, daughter of Captain Levi Stephens, a well-known and highly honored resident of San Francisco. The union was an ideal one and their home a happy spot.

For the past twenty-five years Mr. Wilson lived a retired life in Oakland, engaged in the banking business. He was highly respected by all those that came in contact with him.

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Stories From The Files

Ferdinand Ewer's Weird Spiritualistic Phantasy

By Ella Sterling Mighels

OF ALL that brilliant coterie of writers of the early "Fifties" in California, none was more gifted than Ferdinand Ewer. He was a contemporary of Edward A. Pollock, John Phoenix, Stephen Massett, John Swett, Frank Soule, John S. Hittell and Caxton Rhodes —all famous in the literary annals of the Golden State.

Sixty-seven years ago when the cult of Spiritualism was at its height, Editor Ewer published in the Pioneer Magazine a fantasy on human communication with the dead, which excited intense interest in the United States, and even stimulated investigation in Europe. Many similar articles have since been published but that by Ferdinand Ewer had the unique distinction of being original. He presented a narrative purporting to be a revelation of a dying man's sensations on entering the Valley of the Shadow, and in passing the primary stage of the infinite and eternal.

Ewer was the leader in the field of wonder stories which seem to flower so naturally in the California climate, and in which, subsequently Ambrose Bierce, William C. Morrow, W. H. H. Rhodes (Caxton) and Duncan Milne achieved such distinction.

Aside from being the author of a famous mystery story, Ferdinand Ewer was himself something of a mystery.

From filling an Unitarian pulpit, he became an Episcopalian and then passed into Atheism. He returned to Trinitarianism and became a clergyman in 1857. It was under his pastorate that Grace Church on California and Stockton Street was built. He accepted a call to the rectorship of Christ Church, New York with a salary of $12,000 a year. From that position he withdrew and established St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, where he introduced the highest of High Church ceremonials. He died in 1885 at the age of 59, having retained his faith in mysticism.

The funeral rites performed over him were like a medieval ceremony. The altar was a blaze of light, and the casket was surrounded by candles of great height. The dead clergyman was robed in all the eucharistic vestments with a medal of the Convocation resting on his breast.

Again is a wave of mysticism sweeping the earth. It is a consequence of the world war with its direful effects. Sir Oliver Lodge and others are claiming that they have the proofs of existence beyond. It is an endless theme. Never has anybody surpassed Ewer's revelations of the future world though in later years he admitted that it was entirely an effort of his imagination.

Could it be possible that in the writing of this phantasy of his, he sub-consciously did peer into and perceive the unknown, lift the veil from the realms of what befalls in After-Death, consciously or unconsciously?

This question arises in considering this remarkable man and his chosen career, after having written this tale.

As a literary conception of great originality, it remains unsurpassed in flight of fancy, in pathos, in delicacy, in sublimity.

And it marks the beginning of our California Literature in September, 1854. It is to be regretted that consideration of space compels a condensation of the phantasy.

According to Ewer's narrative, he had been asked to see a stranger who was dying of tuberculosis in a house near Buena Vista cemetery, now the site of the San Francisco City Hall. The stranger appealed to him to look after his little eight year old daughter, and being a spiritualistic medium, the conversation turned on the question of the spirits of the dead

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communicating with the living. Ewer declared himself as skeptical. A small table was then drawn near the bed of the dying man who proceeded to demonstrate, in the presence of Ewer, a doctor, another man and the invalid's child.

The sick man lay like dead, but his fingers holding a pencil moved as if by supernatural influence, while the shadow of Eternity swept over his face.

Though the doctor motioned that the end had come, the apparently lifeless hand continued to write. It described how the dead one was passing into a new existence:

"I seem hovering—I know not where. No one is around me—I hear nothing—I am solitary and alone. And am I to live thus? Is the spirit theory untrue? Oh, the fearfulness of an eternal, existence alone—Can I live thus forever? Oh, for annihilation! for anything but this solitude! Why can I not peer through this gloom? Am I lost for my final end? Lost to the green earth—lost to my little child Janie—lost to the sweet harmony of companionship? The past gone—the future a blank?"

The hand of the dead man rose from the little table on which the writing had been done and grasped the hand of Ewer. The latter under the odic influence continued the revelations. The dead man told of passing from the appalling darkness, to light and new consciousness.

"Are you in the midst of spirits?" asked the living writer. The answer was:

"Not as you understand it but as a rose-unto-her-leaves—as music to the consciousness of man—the dimly understood converse always going on between the elements—the cascade and the rocks, the forest and the sunbeams—so do the hosts of intelligences around me hold communion with each other."

"All have lived and shall live forever. You are as immortal in the past as you shall be in the future. Infinity at the beginning must lead to Infinity always—no beginning or end but the endless circle. I will explain in the coming night—Adieu"!

On the following night the dead man performed the miracle of continuing his writing by proxy, Ewer holding the lifeless hand, until suddenly the corpse, permeated by the odic fluid, rose in bed and articulated for a few seconds. Nothing valuable was revealed of the world beyond. The mystic recitals declared that departed souls differed as on earth—they are not released from their labors—they are no happier than in their mundane sphere.

About all that Ewer's daring phantasy proved was that there is nothing new under the sun. His philosophy was much the same as old Greek philosophers expounded in their mystic speculations thousands of years ago. The present-day mystics are repeating ideas that Ferdinand Ewer expressed sixty-seven years ago.



THE EUCALYPTUS.

By Harry Pressfield.

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Bearing a royal grace as one of Pharaoh's daughters;
Strong as ever gladiator stood victor in his place;
Quivering as gypsy maid dancing with castanets.

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THE VANISHING MEN.

"The Vanishing Men," by Richard Washburn Child (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York) is a novel of love, mystery and intrigue, revolving around a beautiful woman whom three men want to marry. The three men vanish mysteriously, one after the other: and the horror of their disappearance casts its shadow over the entire story. As one might imagine, the situation made possible by such a plot is fruitful in entertainment and thrills.

CONSERVATION READER.

This volume, by Harold W. Fairbanks, is a textbook on natural conservation. The author describes, in a manner readily intelligible to school children, the tragedy that is being enacted by the waste of our forests and other natural resources; he explains in a way that makes simple the scientific aspects of the subject, the formation of the soil, the effect of water courses and of vegetation, the devastation wrought by forest fires, and the wanton folly of the ruthless destruction of wild life.

The book is a plea—and one that is effective and well worth hearing,—for a greater care for the natural blessings bestowed upon us lavishly, but not without limit. The author's explanations are aided by many excellent photographs.

The volume is published by the World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

In his recent volume, "South Sea Foam," A. Safroni-Middleton gives an entertaining account of his life in the South Sea Islands.

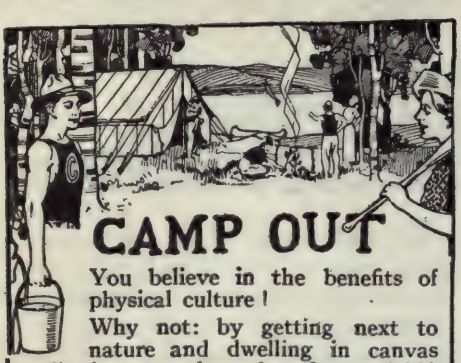
He knew Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa, and tells an amusing tale of an adventure which they shared in common. He has roamed the islands of the South Seas as sailor and vagabond fiddler, and what he doesn't know about the natives and their ways isn't worth knowing. He has penetrated to villages far in the interior of the islands, far removed from the eyes of the casual visitor, and won the hearts of the villagers by fiddling to them the varied tunes of his repertory. He has consorted with chieftains and chieftainesses, gone on treasure hunts with strange outcasts of civilized lands, helped a daring Lothario to elope with a lovely Polynesian lady and somehow managed to preserve a whole skin through all this tangle of adventure.

There are sketches of island poets, island vagabonds, island scoundrels. And there are lovely maidens galore, flower-decked, with burning eyes and delightful ways, who now and then almost tempt the author to settle down into the married state and forego his roving life. In fact, one lovely princess, after an evening of dancing and song, binds him to her by solemn native rites which make him her husband—quite unbeknownst to him. When he is told that these rites make it incumbent upon him to spend the rest of his life in a South Sea village as a mighty chieftain, he is thrown into a panic and takes French leave at the earliest possible opportunity. And once more he goes to roaming and, fiddle in hand, visits island after island and village after village, still a carefree, footloose bachelor.

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This is a romance that takes us to the China Seas, and brings us through a series of adventures in which piracy and murder have prominent parts. The heroine, a girl living luxuriously in California, sails with her aunt for the Orient, and in the course of the voyage gets enough thrills to last for a lifetime. The author, Frederick F. Moore, is thoroughly acquainted with the China seas.

D. Appleton & Company, New York, are the publishers of the book.



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Mrs. Jupp and the Clairvoyant

(Continued from Page 66.)

"Wait. It is always safe to wait—this woman is familiar with the missing—jewel?"

"O, yes Cora knows my pin as well as I do."

"Do not despair—you will find it—watch, watch, things will come right—but remember to watch her and wait. That's all Friend today." Mme. Mandora flung back her head, sighed again and again, wrung her hands as if to dry them, and opened her eyes and her palm.

"Whatever you like Dearie, to give me. I never ask, we're not allowed, but of course—I think I helped you some. Sure I help everybody. They always pay accordin' to what they wanter find out. Did I help you Dearie? I'm glad, so you'll come again."

Mrs. Jupp's friend had suggested two dollars, but from the thankfulness for her help from which she might now proceed without harrowing her own soul and Joseph's temper, Mrs. Jupp gratefully dug up a five dollar bill, which she could ill afford and placed it in Madame's tightly closing fingers. Mme. Mandora's smile alone was worth it. It was a benediction and put the finishing touch to her day's thrilling if unheard of adventure.

Mrs. Jupp went home in as dazed a state as she had come, like a woman who had fallen overboard and been rescued at the last moment. Her trance was as sincere, if not as rudimentary, as that of the Madame's. What she said concerning her illuminating experience in the psychic world to her friend is of no matter. What did matter was, Cora, the pin, and Joseph.

Whether to tell Joseph? Not once in all her life had she deceived him—not once dissembled. How to begin the thing—what would he say? Would Joseph conceive it possible for any one especially a woman to read, or perceive so clearly ahead? It was certainly marvellous. Mme. Mandora was marvellous, everything was marvellous. Of course it was easy now to see how one could get the habit of going to her for advice. Even easier than going to Joseph. Mrs. Jupp sighed.

It was Cora, just as she had suspected, poor ignorant Cora. She must have needed money. She would watch her and wait; but in the meantime work on Cora's sentimentality until she recovered the pin, and then give her another chance. That was the Christian way.

During dinner she watched Cora covertly while listening to Joseph. She would tell Joseph, explain everything after dinner. But after dinner, by the time courage had embraced speech, Joseph was mechanically snoring on the green-leather sofa. Mrs. Jupp went dutifully to bed. But not to sleep. By dawn she had decided to tell Joseph all—yes, all in the morning. She realized she was deceiving him and it was her duty to be frank.

Morning came and before she knew it she had kissed Joseph goodbye as usual. By ten o'clock, Cora and the pin and Christian diplomacy had rewound themselves up in a tight tangle waiting to be unraveled, when Mrs. Jupp received a telegram. She read it and looked at the clock. She called Cora. Cora came grumbling, rubbing an ample breast. It was a sign she explained that "somebody's sleeping in or out of the house."

That of course was Mrs. Jupp. She must catch the 11:10 train. It was her mother again and she must hurry. They had sent for her. She hoped not to be gone more than a few days. She eyed Cora. Cora for once did not meet her gaze. Mrs. Jupp wanted to speak now but time was pressing. And Mme. Mandora had advised her to wait and watch. A few days could not matter. She would wait until her return and then she and Joseph together would find out—Here Mrs. Jupp paused. She could not seem to recall where Mme. Mandora had said definitely that the pin would be found. Well, she must hurry now, and when she returned the whole sad business would be settled.

Mrs. Jupp reached Springdale on time and walked mechanically to her old home. Finding that her personal care was really necessary, she went up to her old girlhood room, where so many of her things still remained as they always had, and as she slowly prepared herself for an indefinite stay her own trouble vanished. She



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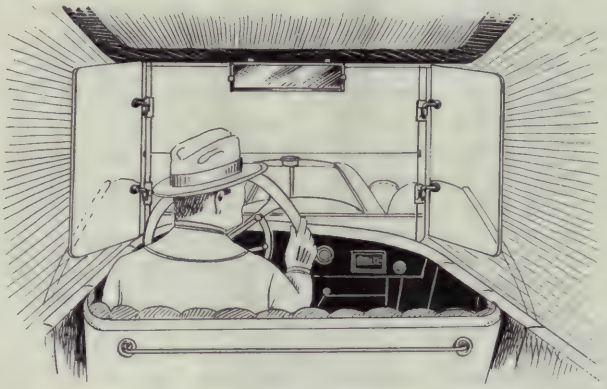
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removed her street suit and hung it in the closet. Her hat went neatly on the shelf, and out of the closet's darkest corner she brought the old gown she always kept for emergencies.

Mechanically she put it on—and unmechanically she jumped. Blood spurted from her hand. She had pricked it. And she had pricked it on her lost pin. Mrs. Jupp drew forth the missing cluster from inside the sleeve, viewed it solemnly, put her head against the door—and thought of Joseph.

She remembered two weeks ago—the first time she had been sent for. She had come hurriedly to her mother's and put the pin in a new hiding place, profiting by Joseph's advice about her carelessness.

Somehow Mrs. Jupp has never told Joseph. In her slow way one Monday, while dusting, she concluded there was something, she did not know exactly what, but something amiss in that afternoon's clairvoyant vision concerning Cora.

A Forest Fire-Watcher

(Continued from Page 74.)

together. Do not mourn; I am absolutely at peace, and I myself am all alive. It is but another experience. Men call it the Great Adventure. . . It is but one . . . more. Still greater are . . . still to come . . . beyond this . . . Now I am leaving . . . you . . and . . our . . forest."

The forest officer went himself with the men from Dinkey, but by what haste and relays of horses need not be told here. All was done as the old forester desired, and his scanty supplies were spread on the rock-top, so that the wild things he had loved and fed might have a last feast.

They wrapped brave old Blaize in his blanket, and doing this, found deep, scarcely -healed burns on limbs and body, obtained while saving his little mountain pines. "God bless him", the forest officer said. "When he reported he merely remarked: 'Put it out easily; had a glorious time' ".

A year or two after all this, when some rangers made their camp in a place above which Spanish Peak rose, one of them, a haphazard, gossipy man (who was soon asked to leave the Forest Service), said with a grin: "That's where that old sheepherder, Blaize died all alone, isn't it? Of all the beastly, low-down jobs in a Forest, that fire-outlook one is the worst. Enough to drive a man plumb crazy".

The other rangers drew long breaths, looked at him with unmitigated disapproval.

Said Little Jimmie at last: "You couldn't go crazy there or anywhere else!"

"Why not?" the other demanded, not liking the tone nor the remark.

"Because . . . well, think it over awhile! Old Blaize was as good a man as ever trod shoeleather in these mountains. You will be thrashed like sin if you ever make such a remark again in these mountains. I helped lay him in his grave, away up there. That's his monument—that Peak."

In The Heart of Our Redwoods

(Continued from Page 60.)

a little root of those five-fingered ferns up and started and see what has come of it. The sun never shines full onto this bank and they stay that way all the year round.

"Well, miss, I expect if you want to get back down to camp before night you'd better be hittin' the trail."

I walked slowly back toward camp through the late afternoon. Where the trail crosses the creek I sat on a large boulder, looking up through the trees. As I sat in their dim depths I thought of the many suns that had risen over them; of the many songs the wind had whispered through their massive tops; of the many creatures of the wood that had found shelter in their friendly realm. A great love welled in my heart for the forests of redwoods.

Far away I heard the whistles of a logging camp and the wind in the branches of those mighty trees above me seemed to cry out against the fate of their falling. In my heart I felt the pity of it all. What it had taken Nature thousands of years to perfect, men valued only in terms of worldly wealth, wrecking in one short lifetime the beauty of centuries of building, the handiwork of the Creator.

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The Yoke

(Continued from Page 46.)

"Eliza! Eliza!" he remonstrated.

The woman cried out fiercely:

"I've always told you something awful would happen to us. I've always said we'd have to pay the price. I've been willing, Tom." Her voice was trailing, now, and there was despair in it; but she would not stop despite his soothing words. "No! No!" she cried, and flung her arms wide. "Anything may come upon me." She raised her empty arms to Heaven. "O, God, just this once, have mercy! Have mercy today, and so will we have mercy! Spare my baby! I will pay the price, but not this, not this!" She flung herself upon her husband, quivering in her anguish.

Tom put his arm about her and almost carried her to the house. He settled her in the big chair by the shaded window, then went to the cabinet and brought her a cordial.

"Now," he said, after she had taken the last drop. "You stay right here, and I'll bring Baby back to you in a jiffy." Then he bolted for the gate. He could not trust Tip to bring Baby in from the desert; Tip's instinct drove him to herding sheep, prairie dogs or anything on four legs. Tom went by way of the pool, and shrinkingly bent over to look into the clear, deep water. Thank God, she was not there!

Tom sprang erect. Tip was outside barking and yapping. Tom raced for the gate.

A monstrous creature of horns and hoofs and hair hurled itself upon the gate. A legion of goats and such animals—goats of the desert was massed behind the leader;—a gray mat above the desert floor, black horns shining here and there —a stench to reach the sky.

Tip leaped, a golden streak in the sunshine, yapping, nipping, striving with all his dog-knowledge to turn them from the Oasis. But goats were not sheep, as Tom realized. He knew it to be a stampede for water. The gate held. He drew the ropes tighter about the giant cactus and backed against the gate. He stood braced firmly, running over in his mind all the places in which Baby might be hidden. The hideous thought that she might have been in the way of the creatures at his back, turned him raving mad. He swung about, grasped a bar and fearfully searched that awful mat for a scrap of red, searched the hoofs of the leader as he stood high against the gate. Tom shook the gate, he yelled at the animals frantic with thirst. The whole pack rose as a battering-ram. The giant cactus groaned, snapped; the gate toppled and crashed down. Tom was underneath.

. . . .

When Tom recovered consciousness he was lying on his own bed, his frame racked by pain, his arms and right leg seemingly paralyzed. As his eyes opened, he looked into the face of the small preacher to whom he had been so inhuman. The preacher had turned back on his journey, having been informed by a shepherd the next water-hole was dry.

"Fortunately no bones are broken" said the little man, examining the physical wreck. "His right leg seems badly sprained but—nothing dangerous—A few weeks will make him all right I think."

Tom groaned with physical agony and the thought of lying so long in bed. Eliza was beside him at once.

"Tom dear—Tom dear—what can I do for you" cried the wife, smoothing his hair from his hot forehead with a lingering loving touch. Eliza had never treated him like that before.

"If it hadn't been for the preacher you might have lost your life Tom," she whispered "without his help I never could have got you out from under the gate and the big cactus tree—and"—

"The baby—our baby?" moaned the injured man.

"All right—She was fast asleep in Tip's kennel."

"Tell the preacher—he can—help—himself—all he wants—at the—spring."

"The goats haven't left a drop—and the figs and every thing green has been eaten."

"The well—will fill—fill up again—it never failed—me—yet, Eliza."

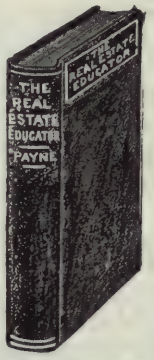
"It's already filling up" said the preacher who had been out to see."

"And figs—will grow next—year just—the—same" gasped the contrite rancher.

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He made an effort to turn towards the preacher.

"Your—little—boy—looks—sick?"

"The doctor says change of climate is all can save him." The father's eyes dimmed and he turned away his head.

"There's plenty—of climate—here—You stay—with us—the boy—will be—strong—in—no time." He bent near to the preacher. "'Twould be—a—favor" he said in a low tone, and the words came stumblingly, but with intense sincerity. "The—fullness—of the—earth—is the Lord's."

Vaulting Ambition

(Continued from Page 34.)

us spoke. We went slowly around the room reviewing each of the paintings that had grown so dear to me. Then she broke the silence to explain the exuberance of joy which seemed to overflow her soul and leave her face.

"Tomorrow," her words were a wonderful whisper, and a strange, fervent light in her eyes showed the tears of joy, "tomorrow three of my paintings go on exhibit at the village drug store!"

Consecration

(Continued from Page 47.)

hat, as if to go, the old keeper took a lantern from the wall, and motioning for me to follow, led me out doors and up a path between the graves. The dog trailed at my heels. Over rock by-paths, for a considerable distance, I followed the limping form. Now and then a stone, unseen in the dim light almost sent me stumbling to my knees. Suddenly the light from the lantern splashed the rusted, iron door of a tomb, which the old keeper, without any fumbling, unlocked and pulled open with a grating sound. Then we stepped in and stood before a crypt, and this is what was chiseled in the stone:—

"Amelia, the betrothed of Henry

Died March 15, 1860"

Beneath this inscription, was another one, carved evidently, by a rough hand:

Henry, the betrothed of Amelia

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The Black Opal

(Continued from Page 51)

houette, against its brightness. . . . And somewhere a night bird was singing to its mate—the call of love to love.

She wished the two young things, waiting there in the shadow, to enjoy it as she did, with every sense attuned to the magic, the mystery, the delight of this magical, mystical night. She wished to take them into her arms and bless them. Instead of which she said, matter-of-factly:

"What time will we reach the city?"

"Not before twelve, perhaps later," Jack replied, looking at his watch.

"Let's hurry!" breathed Charlotte.

The country road unrolled beneath the wheels of the automobile with the smoothness of white tape. Aunt Fiske hummed contentedly, her voice drowned by the roar of the car:

"And were I monarch of the globe. . . .
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen."

Holding desperately to the rumble-seat —the car was exceeding all speed-limits— she sang on to the very end. The automobile took a jolting short-cut over a less traveled road. No longer singing, since to sing would be to risk biting off the end of her tongue, Aunt Fiske drew impressionistic mental pictures of a cottage, set in a garden of yellow daffodils, June roses, and tall, pink hollyhocks.

"They must have hyacinths, too," she told herself; and smiled happily into the darkness. "Blue hyacinths."

An hour later, as they were passing through a small town, the car lurched to a stop.

"Stripped her gears, I'll bet a hundred!" Benton exclaimed.

"It's going to rain — it **is** raining!" Charlotte declared. "There's a house at the end of that lane. Look! I see a light. Shall we give them a chance to refuse us admission?"

Promptly Aunt Fiske reefed her petticoats, and stood up.

"It's only a shower, I dare say. Ah! I see you have a flash-light, Jack. They can't do more than refuse to let us in out of the wet. Come on!"

They stumbled along the rough road to the rougher lane, overgrown with briers and tangled grasses.

"The dears!" whispered Aunt Fiske to herself, noting the man's tender care for the maid. "She's just as tall as his heart," she further confided to the same intimate, as she abstractedly splashed through puddles left by a previous shower. "Of all the spooky places!" she exclaimed, aloud.

Benton's loud knock brought shuffling feet to the door of the little house. A round, red face, fringed by gray hair, smiled in the opening. In a voice roughened by wind and weather, the gray-haired man boomed:

"Evenin' ! Be you lookin' for th' parson? You took th' wrong turn. Lots of folks does—"

"Parson!" cried Benton.

"Parson!" chimed Aunt Fiske and Charlotte, like a Greek chorus.

"Walk in! It's fixin' to rain black cats. Th' parson's at Carson's; but ol' Carson ain't goin to pass out this time. I left him 'bout half a hour ago, an' he was swearin' most nat'ral—"

"A **parson,** did you say?" Jack reiterated, unmindful of the invitation to enter. "Let me at him! Charlotte—will you?"

"I will," said Charlotte, without the slightest hesitation. "But this man has kindly asked us to come in. Aunt Fiske and I are standing in a particularly damp puddle."

"Dear Charlotte, and you too, Aunt Fiske, when I have a sudden rush of joy to the head I'm not responsible. But— the parson! Will you direct me, my friend? And when I've found him, and have routed the marriage license clerk from his bed, and have chartered an automobile to take us to the city— By the way, is there an automobile for hire in this man's town? All right! When I've done all these things, we'll have a wedding in your kitchen, or in your hall, or on your doorstep."

(To be continued.)

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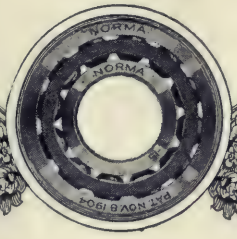
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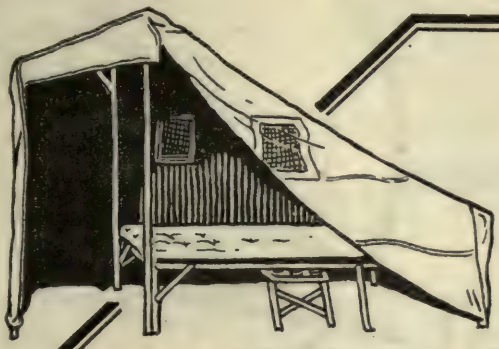
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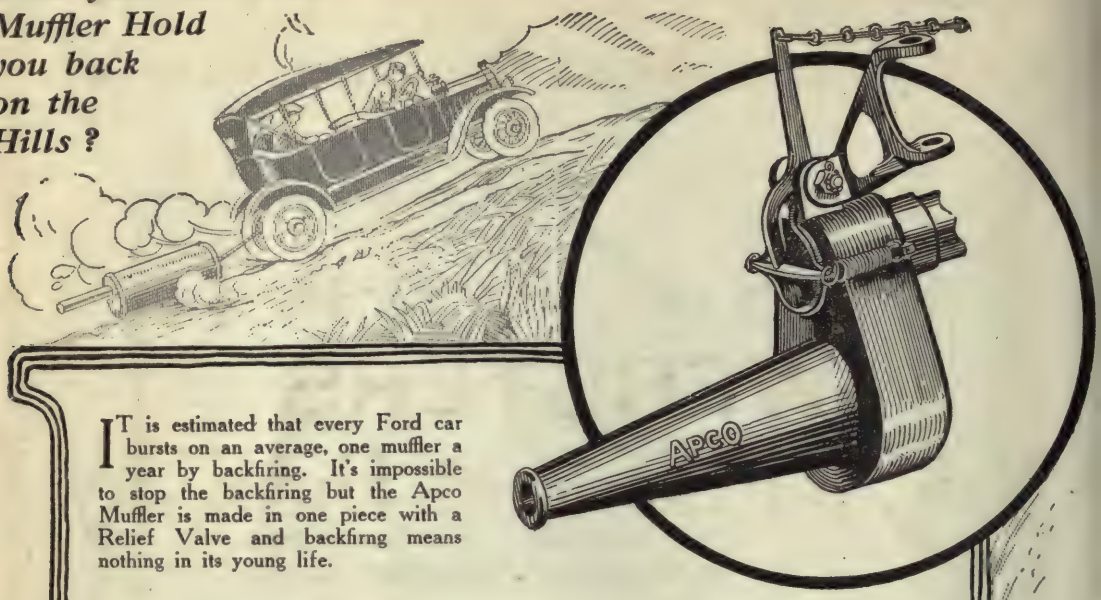
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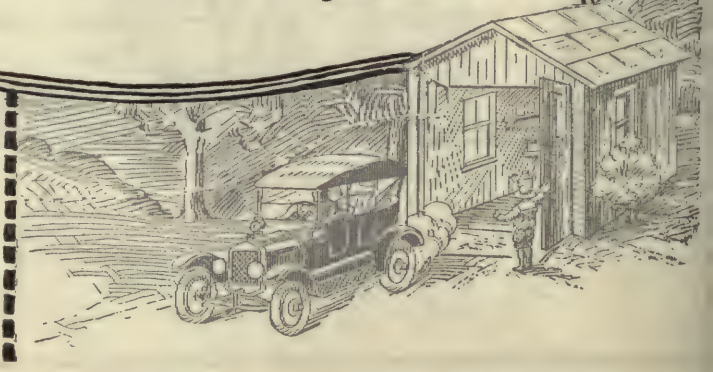
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Overland Monthly

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

B. G. BARNETT, Publisher. *THOMAS E. FLYNN, Managing Editor*

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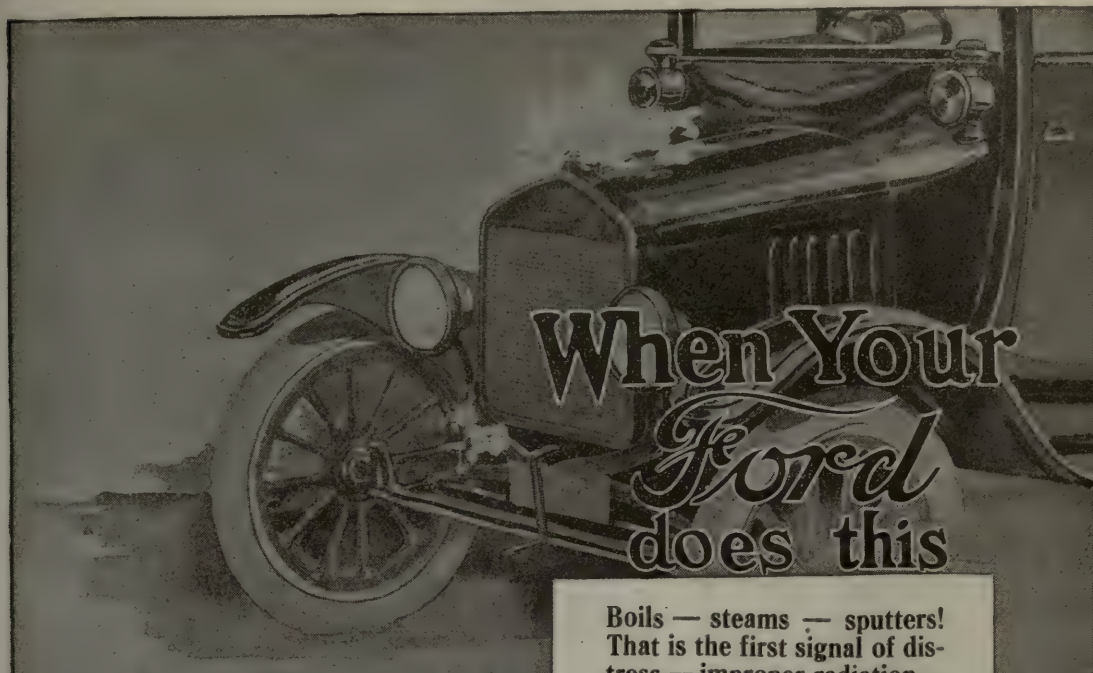
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OVERLAND MONTHLY
Founded 1868 Bret Harte
San Francisco

VOL. LXXV AUGUST, 1920 No 2.

Making Democracy Safe for Crime

By Thomas E. Flynn

THE judicial scandals continue to agitate all honest citizens in San Francisco. Seldom has an English-speaking community seen anything in official life, more disgraceful than the effort to cloak the rascalities of the San Francisco police court. That the State government at Sacramento should be allowed to smother investigation is more than an impeachment of the civic spirit of San Francisco. It is an impeachment of the honesty and patriotism of the entire State of California—a blot upon the reputation of the commonwealth which should be speedily effaced.

What classes of settlers would seek a community where public charges of dishonesty in courts of justice, presented by a regularly-drawn grand jury, could be smothered by an edict of the attorney-general's office, in spite of the insistent demand of the Bar Association of the city?

Would not the attorney-general's procedure be tantamount to an invitation to the outlaws of crookdom—the thieves and murderers of the highway and the home—the confidence sharks, the political parasites, the bank-wreckers, the professional embezzlers, the despoilers of widows and orphans—all the wolves, hawks and buzzards of the underworld—to flock to the community where justice might profiteer with false weights in her scales and escape exposure?

When honest and prudent settlers, who hope to live within the laws, and rear families that will become in their turn decent fathers and mothers, desire to find a congenial community, they do not select one where courts are notoriously corrupt, municipal government dominated by small-town politics, and taxation a crushing load for the small property-owner.

It is not desired to convey, in this article, the inference that all, or any of these things characterize the great city of San Francisco. The intention is to discuss the ill-judged proceedings of the State government at Sacramento, as represented by the attorney-general's office, in preventing full investigation of the police courts of San Francisco. To show up all the derelictions of those unsavory tribunals would be a task of Herculean magnitude, if not an utter impossibility. Such is the thought of many citizens. At least some attempt at investigation, worthy of the name, should be made. A smoke cloud of legal technicalities should not be interposed for the benefit of the accused officials. Least of all should it be thrown across the vision of indignant citizens by the State government, which in its interference with judicial scandals in a municipality, is stretching its authority, promoting centralization of government, and furnishing material for revolutionary Bolsheviks.

No question can be raised of the

formality of the charges against the accused police judges in San Francisco. The charges were published to the world by a grand jury, regularly drawn, and armed with authority to inquire into all branches of the public service, as conducted within the municipality of San Francisco.

The foreman of that grand jury has charged and reiterated that certain police courts are corrupt. He has thereby changed street gossip into conviction. The public believes in its innermost soul that there are impure men on the bench. A new angle of the scandal has been exposed as the public thinks that offenders will escape the pillory of public opinion by the action of the State attorney-general in dismissing the cases against besmirched jurists.

Imagine what such public belief imports to San Francisco, and the entire State of California. The citizens of the metropolis of the State should not forget that only a few years ago there was a "graft prosecution" in San Francisco. It attracted the attention of the Nation, and incidentally made one of the special assistants of the district attorney a presidential possibility, by his energetic efforts to send several leading citizens to jail.

The effectiveness of that energetic house cleaning, will be doubted by the Nation, when the news shall have spread abroad, that San Francisco is suffering from another plague of debilitated morale, with the State attorney general and the San Francisco Bar Association at outs on the principle of exposing official rascality.

So far, the investigation of the police courts, has seemed to a layman a veritable travesty. Instead of placing the accused judges on trial, the sword of justice was leveled at a saloon man who made political bossism and bond-brokerage profitable side-lines for his groggery. The principal witness against the thrifty boss was a police court practitioner who according to his own statement was an expert in bribery. His practice was so large that he needed a dozen assistants in his legal establishment. He was as outspoken of his alleged knavery, as if he boasted a record of spotless virtue. His accusations against the accused bond-broker and boss, were flatly contradicted by the defendant. What one side swore were true facts, the other averred with equal positiveness, were lies. The reputation of the principal witness was made much of. "Would any decent citizen believe him if he swore on a stack of Bibles as high as a sky-scraper?" "Certainly not," declared the witnesses for the political boss. So the prosecution of that phase of the judicial scandal ended without unpleasant consequences to the politically influential defendant. In the editorial words of that conservative and influential newspaper, the San Francisco Chronicle, the trial ended in a Scotch verdict of "not proven."

Because of that termination of a side-issue of the scandal, the attorney-general, who had been called into the prosecution when he should have been kept well aloof from it, has decreed that nothing more shall take place in the courts to cause the accused police judges uneasiness. Contemplated prosecutions shall be dropped. But most unfortunately for the attorney-general and the State government which he is supposed to represent, the San Francisco Bar Association has given him battle.

Except upon the theory that California has been removed from the United States and annexed to Mexico, it is hard to see how the attorney general can fly in the face of public opinion, as represented by the Bar Association. The president of that body is a lawyer of first class standing. He once filled the position of Superior Court judge with credit. He has maintained a high position in his profession and in the social circles of San Francisco. If the Supreme Court were asked to pick out a thoroughly reputable lawyer for chairman of the Bar Association it could not select a worthier citizen and lawyer.

This man, Judge Sullivan, demands that the intended trials of the accused judges be not quashed. He disavows any sinister purpose in his demands. None is suspected. It is accepted as beyond question, that Judge Sullivan aims only at purification of the courts. What could be more needed?

Who will attempt to champion our existing court system? Is it not in the

mouths of everybody that the criminal records show an extraordinary laxity in the prosecution of malefactors. Reports of desperate crimes are so common in newspapers that murder seems to have become a popular pastime. Protection of life and property seem to be no longer a return for the taxpayers that pay the municipal bills. The more police judges we appoint, and the higher we raise the pay of policemen, the wider the immunity which desperate felons appear to enjoy. But all this is superfluous, as the recent grand jury has set it forth in its specific statements, in which the undesirable condition of the police courts are described.

If we had the proper spirit in the judiciary, the accused police judges would at once have demanded full investigation. There could be no fight over publicity. The mayor of the city, who is paid for supervision of the official conduct of the municipality, would have demanded that the inquiry be undertaken and the accused judges be suspended until the truth or falsity of the charges were determined.

What public harm can be done by the open investigation of departments indicated as derelict or dishonest by a grand jury? What is the grand jury for, when its reports are shelved, and prosecutions of accused officials stopped by order of a State officer in Sacramento? What does the charter of a great city amount to?

The State government's contemptuous defiance of public opinion in San Francisco, can only make the road of the criminal smoother. It seems to be an utterly unjustifiable and autocratic exercise of technical power by the attorney-general, to have stopped the open trials of police judges, though requested by the Bar Association to permit their continuance.

Unless we take the judiciary out of politics we shall continue to go from bad to worse. The courts are the foundations of government, and anybody who undermines them is a dangerous enemy of the commonwealth.

Judges, on whom the security of the State depends, should be appointed, not elected. Above all, police judges should be removed from the sinister influence of the criminal vote of large cities.

THE RAVAGES OF TIME

By Eli L. Huggins.

The monuments of human pride and power,
Engulfed by ocean wave or desert sand
And crushed by Time's inexorable hand,
Built for eternity, last but an hour,
Where are the hanging gardens and the towers
Of Babylon? The marbles pure and grand
That stood like gods on the Egean strand?
Fallen and crumbled, so shall perish ours.

Time slays or withers all on which we dote.
His stern remorseless touches ne'er relent;
Destroying temple, marble and cement,
Then why should I repine because my coat
Is threadbare on the seams with three years' wear,
Out at the elbows and beyond repair?

Award of Prizes

Winners in the Overland Monthly's Selected Verse Competition

The New Poetry in Scant Favor with the Many Competitors.

By George Douglas

PROMISE in haste and repent at leisure. I have had three months in which to repent the promise to serve as arbiter in The Overland Monthly's Selected Verse Competition.

As last I can sympathize with the woman who takes a week to choose a new hat. Also I can understand why some astute milliners put only one hat in their windows. A good quotation standing by itself seems final; set among scores of others equally good and only the author of one of them would dare to say which is the best.

It seems such a simple thing to select from selections. One felt sure that at least a dozen of one's own favorite quotations would be submitted. How very easy to decide a matter already decided by one's own preferences! As Scott says, somewhere in Ivanhoe: "The trial moves rapidly on when the judge has determined his verdict beforehand." But in this case it dragged—not one of the judge's favorites was presented in court.

In this there is nothing surprising. So boundless is the bounty of poetry that a thousand anthologists might make entirely different selections if called upon to mention the six best lines in the language. There is no such thing as individual familiarity with all the treasures of our poetry.

But if the task was difficult it was also pleasant. There was joy as well as gratification of curiosity in reading what others thought the best in verse.

In the first place let me say that the selections submitted were of a remarkably high order of excellence. Only a very few competitors had pinned their faith to manifestly inferior work. The vast majority had a taste for poetic art in its finest forms, while one noted with keen satisfaction that a very large number showed a preference for poetry with a spiritual quality. They were not limited by considerations of verbal beauty, nor even intellectual power, but were impressed more by the higher force of noble inspiration. They most admired what appealed to them as the most ideal, and the ideal, no matter what form it takes, has within it something of the spiritual.

There were devotees of beauty as there were also worshippers at the shrine of sentiment, but mere sentimentality was conspicuous by its absence.

The competition was specially interesting as showing whether the new poetry had yielded many lines that were regarded as favorites. It has been said that we read the new verse but do not remember it, which is but another way of saying that we read but do not re-read it. The contest confirmed this opinion. Contemporary bards were quoted, but they were of the new poets who write mainly in the old verse forms. Nearly all the authors were familiar: Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whitman, Burns, Wordsworth, Stevenson, Alfred Noyes, Sara Teasdale, Joyce Kilmer, George Sterling—these are but some of the poets quoted more than once.

Most pleasing thing of all was the circumstance that very little of the work submitted gave the impression of being taken from a published book of familiar quotations. The scrap book was evident, but Bartlett and his tribe seemed to find no favor.

Another gratifying feature was the fact that many competitors misquoted their author—a proof that they were quoting from memory and not from a book. As Chesterton remarks: "Misquotation is proof not of a bad but a good memory." We misquote from memory—not from the printed page.

In making the final selection it was the

quotations and not the authors that decided the matter. In putting lines from Longfellow above lines from Shakespeare the judges were not pronouncing upon the rival merits of the poets. A superior selection from an inferior poet may show more merit than an inferior quotation from a superior poet. Awards follow:

First Prize—Twenty Dollars

Lines from Longfellow's "Evangeline," submitted by Dorothy M. Miller, 179 Oak Street, San Francisco.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth, returns again to the fountain.

Second Prize—Fifteen Dollars

Lines from James Russell Lowell, submitted by Annis Knowles, 1924 Woolsey Street, Berkeley, Calif.

Then to side with truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause brings fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue, of the faith they had denied.

Third Prize—Ten Dollars

Lines from Sara Teasdale, submitted by Ethel H. Dobson, 624 Oxford Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace,
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

Fourth Prize—Five Dollars

Lines from Tennyson, submitted by Marion Pryne, 55 South El Molino Avenue, Pasadena, Calif.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends, up from the under world,
And sad as that which reddens over one,
That sinks with all we love, below the verge,
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Twenty Honorable Mention—Each a Year's Subscription to the Overland Monthly

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By an error in the mechanical department of the Overland, last month, the name of Charles Horace Meiers was placed over the verse, "A Stranger Came," instead of that of the real author, F. M. Pierce. Poems by both writers happened to be on the same galley of type and—the printer erred. In justice to two much-valued contributors we hasten to explain, and apologize.

No Easy Task

The Judges' Side of the Overland's Poetry Competition.

By Stanton Coblentz

[Mr. Stanton Coblentz, who consented to act with the editors of the Overland Monthly in judging the selections submitted in the Selected Verse Competition, has distinguished himself as a writer of verse. His contributions appear in numerous publications, including the Overland Monthly, New York Life and the New York Times, the most carefully edited newspaper of the metropolis. He has filled important positions on the principal journals of California. Mr. Coblentz holds a Master of Arts degree from the University of California.]

AT LAST the awards in the Overland Monthly's Selected Verse Competition can be announced. The work of the judges was by no means an easy task. Had the quality of the selections submitted been chiefly poor, the elimination of those unworthy of consideration might have been rapid; but the standard was far from low. The uniformity of merit, and the great number of competitors, made it extremely difficult to agree on the selection of winners. It is gratifying to state that the high standard of the verses submitted was a convincing testimonial of the literary taste of the Overland's readers.

In one way, a poetry contest is the most difficult thing in the world to decide. For poetry cannot be judged with mathematical precision, nor can it be marked, after the manner of butter or soap, as 97% or 96% pure. The ultimate judgment of poetry is a matter of individual opinion; beyond certain elementary essentials, upon which all (except the free versifiers) are agreed, there is no absolute criterion of poetic excellence. One may prefer Tennyson; another, Shelley; each may have good reasons for his choice, and the most discerning critic may be unable to say with certainty that one is right and the other wrong. And so, in the Overland's poetry contest, some preferred Byron, and some Browning; some Longfellow, and some Lowell; some quoted didactic passages, and some selected passages of extreme sentimentalism. All may have had good reasons for their choice and have been well able to support their views; yet it so happened that the judges, being no more than human, could not have the same standards of poetic appreciation as all the contributors, and therefore were compelled to favor those selections which seemed to them the best.

A majority of the contributions were by standard authors. Shakespeare, Tennyson and Longfellow were represented most frequently; Browning, Burns, and Emerson ran them a close second. The judges were surprised to discover that Pope, perhaps the most quotable of the poets, was favored scarcely at all, and that our American poets were represented more often than the British. This pride in American literature was interesting. Scarcely any attention was paid to contemporary poets, and most of those quoted were newspaper poets rather than creators of literature.

In making their awards, the judges tried to give the preference to those selections which not only were beautiful and expressive, but which were not too commonly known. In the latter respect, however, they found themselves confronted by almost insuperable obstacles, since most of the quotations were from celebrated passages, and those which were not celebrated, were too often inferior. And so at least most of the prizes were awarded for contributions from the better known poets.

All differences of opinion, which the judges found difficult of reconciliation, were submitted to Mr. George Douglas, the well-known literary critic, whose experience and great fund of knowledge were found of invaluable aid. Acting as final arbiter, with absolute power, he set the seal of his approval on the list of awards which was finally agreed upon by the judges.

The hardest task, of course, was to decide on the winner of the first prize. The successful competitor had been considered, from the first, as worthy of a prize. Which prize was the question.

Scroggs' Bible

His Victims Paid the Professor Back in His Own Coin.

By Jack West

"THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH," mused Jimmy, as he gazed into the crystal depths of the great bowl which the sophomores had re-named, "The Freshman's Bath Tub," probably due to the fact that so many freshmen had unwillingly bathed therein.

"You're right," said the Spider in a high, piping voice, "only—only"—he waited expectantly for the answer.

"He's wrong," broke in Fat's coarse voice.

"Now, boys, you mustn't mock the Professor," warned Skinny, shaking his finger in a serious mimic of Professor Scroggs himself.

Just then a window was slyly raised in recitation room number six of Wheaton Hall and whose voice should they hear but Scroggs' who was talking to one of his classes in psychology. It was a thin, piping, feminine voice, for all the world like the Spider's.

"He's right, fellow-students, only—only"—

"He's wrong," chorused the class wearily. Old Archimedes Galileo Scroggs expected it that way and they never disappointed him. The class knew the answer well. It was always the same. He would ask some catchy question with two or more possible answers and then whichever way it was answered "was right, only— only—wrong." He droned the "only" out, as if to make the pupil appear the more foolish.

There wasn't a phychology student in the college but who would have willingly given his right hand to prove Archimedes' principle false just once.

* * *

On Agricultural Hill stood a great cylindrical vat which had been scaled off in cubic feet, inches and tenths of inches on the inner surface. During the early days of the college, it had been used for measuring rainfall.

At midnight, twenty pairs of silent but eager hands removed it to the Fountain of Youth and partly filled it with water. Then each of the conspirators applied burnt cork to his face until, as the Spider expressed it, they "looked and felt like a troop of young devils." Lastly, each donned a mask.

* * *

Archimedes Galileo Scroggs never locked his chamber door.

"What is the matter?" quavered Scroggs, as ten clumsy hands seized him simultaneously.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh," whispered the Spider, "not a word or we'll cut your throat," and he brandished a wicked looking knife.

"Gentlemen, this is an outrage," began Scroggs, as he tried to shake off the hands that held him fast.

"I see it must be your throat," hissed the Spider venomously, and Scroggs caught his breath as the cold knife touched his Adam's apple.

"No—no—I'll promise silence," he whispered weakly.

Ten pairs of ready hands and shoeless feet bore Professor Scroggs to the Fountain of Youth. Once there, they tied his hands and feet securely, amid many self-smothered protestations.

"Fellow students—young men"— began Scroggs, "you shall every one suffer for this night. I, Archimedes Scroggs, will have you all up before the Council of Administration of the College."

"Shut-up," warned the Spider, in his ear, "do you want to drown? Be sensible and we won't kill you." The Spider then mounted a dry-goods box provided for that purpose.

"Gentleman," he began, "we are met tonight for the worthy purpose of disproving Archimedes' principle."

Professor Scroggs groaned and tried to wriggle out of his bonds, but they held fast.

"I know you, young man," he cried aloud, "I know your voice. You shall suffer— blub—blub"—

At a signal from the Spider they had quickly plunged him into the Fountain at the shallow edge. His head bobbed up, spitting and sputtering.

"Now, if you'll be quiet, Mr. Scroggs, I'll administer the oath of office with my new pocket testament. Repeat after me, sir:

"'I, Professor Archimedes Galileo Scroggs—with my right hand on God's Holy Word—do hereby promise of my own free will—that I will NEVER seek revenge—upon any of the students—who kindly disapprove Archimedes' principle before me—on the night of May 3rd, 1919, so help me God.'"

Professor Scroggs, still sputtering and coughing, meekly took the oath.

"Sign here, to a statement of this same oath," said the Spider, producing a fountain pen and a flash-light, and untying Scroggs' right hand.

"This is black-mail, young man," began Scroggs.

"Sign here," broke in the Spider sternly, indicating the line.

Scroggs signed without further argument, his hand trembling from the chilly bath he had just taken. The Spider carefully deposited the pledge in his vest picket and then turned the flash-light upon the interior of the tub.

"All right, men, the water in the tub now reads four point nine. Just immerse Professor Scroggs and we shall see how much he actually displaces."

"Hold your breath for a few seconds, sir. Under he goes, gentlemen—water level is now seven point eight, a displacement of two and nine-tenths cubic feet. Did you hear that, Professor, two point nine cubic feet? How much do you weigh, professor?"

Scroggs groaned as he tried to shake the water from his long hair.

"I weigh one hundred seventy-five, dressed as I now am," he coughed.

"I thought so," replied the Spider. "Gentlemen, he displaces two and nine-tenths cubic feet of water weighing sixty-two and four-tenths pounds to the cubic foot, or a total of one hundred eighty and nine-tenths pounds of water. Since he weighs but one hundred and seventy-five pounds, when immersed in the water he is buoyed up by a force nearly six pounds greater than his own weight. According to Archimedes' Principle, he should float, gentlemen. Toss him into the middle of the Fountain and we shall see."

"No—no no—no," protested Scroggs. "This is an outrage. Fellow students, I appeal for help—help!"

Splash! In he went. Being tied so well, he sank quickly beneath the surface, yelling and struggling as best he could. They rescued him at once. Some member of the faculty might now appear at any moment. They pulled him to the shallow water where he cringed, chilled and thoroughly terrified, supported by Fat and Jimmy. The Spider was again on the dry-goods box.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Archimedes proved that a body immersed in a liquid is buoyed up by a force equal to the weight of the water displaced. Was he right, I ask you?"

There was no reply and the Spider waited the usual five seconds.

"Mr. Scroggs, sir, I put the question to you. Was Archimedes right?"

"Yes—yes"— replied Scroggs weakly, "that is, I—er, I'm not so sure."

"The fact is, Mr. Scroggs, Archimedes was right, only—only"—

There was a short silence. The Spider looked from Scroggs to the deep water.

"He was—wrong," faltered Scroggs, sadly.

* * *

In a prominent place on the walls of the Spider's apartments hangs a faded and water stained package of cigarettes with the seal unbroken. Upon being asked the cause therefor, the Spider will mutter two words (unless you happen to be a particular friend) and leave you to guess the rest: "Scroggs' Bible."

Who Did It?

By Arthur L. Dahl

"MORNING PAPER, Mr. Brice? All about the big robbery," and the diminutive newsboy fairly shoved the flaming headlines before the eyes of the tall, slender man who had alighted from his motor at the entrance to a down-town office building.

"Give me all three, Jimmy," responded the quiet voice of his patron, as he exchanged a coin for the papers. Disappearing within the building the man was soon whisked to the twelfth floor, where he let himself into an office the door of which bore the non-committal words: "John Brice." Tossing aside his hat and coat, he seated himself before a huge roll-top desk and gave his undivided attention to the papers.

The headlines told of one of the most mysterious robberies in the history of San Francisco. Money and jewels had been stolen from the safe of William White, a wealthy merchant, under conditions that seemed impossible.

The robbery occurred between six and eight o'clock in the evening at a time when many of White's employees were still at work. It was the holiday season when business was at its height, and the office force was obliged to work overtime. The safe was located in Mr. White's private office, entrance to which could be secured only through a room occupied by a number of employees, and to which the general public had no access. The head accountant, who had not left his desk during the hours mentioned, was positive that no one had entered the private office except Mr. White and his secretary. All of the employees were old and trusted men, and their every movement was easily accounted for.

Mr. White, and his secretary, went out to dinner together shortly after six, and at that time the valuables were intact in the safe, Mr. White having personally deposited the collections therein and turned the combination. Upon their return to the office shortly before eight, the safe door was found to be unlocked. Every article of value in the safe had disappeared, including some of Mrs. White's most costly jewels, temporarily deposited there for safe-keeping.

Brice read the accounts of the robbery in the different papers, all of which closed with the announcement that a reward of $10,000 had been offered for the apprehension of the thief.

"Another chapter to the same old story," soliloquized the man to himself. "I begin to see how it is done," and he turned to a drawer of his desk from which he extracted a bunch of clippings. These he read very carefully.

"Six robberies within as many months, and not one of them solved by the police." Summoning one of his assistants, Brice instructed him to secure each day from the police records a complete state-

ment of every theft reported to the department, no matter how insignificant. Aside from these instructions, the detective made no definite move toward following these instructions. He felt it was to be a waiting game, with very slender clews, and he intended to play it alone.

As the reports were brought to him daily he scrutinized them carefully, but none arrested his attention until one day, about six weeks after the White robbery, his eye lingered over a paragraph which told of the theft of several small articles from the home of a prominent banker. According to the report, the thief had been frightened away before he could secure jewels of great value which were near at hand. His loot consisted of a few toilet articles and a silver picture frame containing a photograph of Mr. Goodhew, the husband of the woman whose boudoir had been entered.

"A clew at last!" exclaimed the detective as he finished reading the report. Descending to his waiting motor, Brice hurried to the bonding house of Goodhew & Company, where his card gained him instant admission to the private office of its president.

Mr. Goodhew stood very high in the business life of San Francisco, his firm handling many of the largest bond issues on the Coast. Owing to an accident suffered many years before, he walked with difficulty, and was seen but seldom by the general public. He went to and from his home in a closed motor, rarely visited the clubs of which he was a member, and rather shunned coming into contact with people. His was the brain to plan work to be carried out by others, and consequently few knew him intimately, except his business associates and family friends.

When Brice entered, he saw seated at a broad, flat desk, a man of medium height, slightly gray hair and well-trimmed beard. A pair of fine dark eyes looked out in a questioning, though not unfriendly manner. Taking the proffered chair, Brice lost no time in stating the nature of his visit.

"Mr. Goodhew," he said, "I have just read the police report of the theft of some of your wife's articles. Though it seemed to them that the thief was frightened away before he could locate the valuables which were within easy reach, I am convinced that he got just what he went after. Moreover, I believe his visit to your house was merely part of a plan to rob you again later, and if my conjecture is true, your loss then will not be an insignificant one. My interest in this affair, apart from a desire to spare you a loss, is to capture a thief who has recently committed a number of crimes in this city and for whose arrest large rewards are outstanding."

"And what is your plan?" quietly asked Mr. Goodhew, as the detective paused for a moment in his recital.

"It is this: With your permission I should like to have the run of your establishment for such length of time as may be necessary. I am familiar enough with bookkeeping to play the part of an assistant accountant. This work would keep me near the vault, which is quite important. My own men will give me all the outside assistance necessary, and I should like no one to know what has passed between us."

"It shall be as you say," responded Mr. Goodhew.

"By the way, Mr. Goodhew, is there any particular time during the month when you have on hand a larger amount of money than usual?"

"It depends largely upon the particular bond issue which we are selling. For instance: We expect a great demand for some municipal bonds which will be offered next week, at which time we shall doubtless have a large amount of cash to store in our vaults."

When Mr. Goodhew reached his office the next morning, he found awaiting him a somewhat bent, mild-mannered old man who appeared to have always occupied a position of refined servility. He asked to be introduced to the employes as Chris Heidel and to be treated as one of them.

The advent of a new clerk was taken as a mere incident of the business, and Chris Heidel settled down into a model subordinate who did whatever he was told to do in a quiet competent way. Little attention was paid to him by his associates, but he, without showing any out-

ward signs of attention, watched keenly all that transpired around him. In this way more than a week passed, and the day fixed for the sale of the municipal bonds arrived. The crowds were greater than expected, and all day long they thronged before the railing eager to exchange their earnings for the engraved bonds. From his desk the detective watched the thronging public, and the conviction grew in his mind that today he must be all ears and eyes.

About four in the afternoon Mr. Goodhew summoned him to his office to say that he had just received an urgent telephone call to come home, that his wife had met with an accident and his presence was needed at once. Mr. and Mrs. Goodhew were known to be exceedingly devoted to each other, and in speaking of the occurrence the broker could not conceal his anxiety and was for rushing off at once. The detective, however, requested him to wait for a moment while he called up his home. In a minute he was talking directly to Mrs. Goodhew. She reported her health to be excellent and disclaimed any knowledge of a call being made for her husband to come home. To better assure Mr. Goodhew, Brice gave him the receiver and when the conversation was ended, he said in a decisive voice:

"Mr. Goodhew, the game is growing warm, and in order for us to catch our man we must seem to play in his hands. It will be necessary for you to obey the summons to leave your office, and to stay away until I call you. Suppose you go to the Pacific Club and remain there until I phone you. Then leave the rest to me."

Dropping his decisive air for the docile demeanor of the humble accountant, Brice returned to his desk and a few minutes later Mr. Goodhew left his office. Shortly after his departure, the bent, limping form of the broker was again seen to enter the door and walk slowly to his own office. Almost immediately thereafter he reappeared in the outer office and limped toward the vault, disappearing within its dark confines. The clerk, whose duty it was to watch the vault looked up as he saw some one approaching, but recognizing his employer, resumed work.

But a strange transformation took place in the humble Chris Heidel, for no sooner had the limping figure disappeared within the vault than his own form straightened up and walking quickly toward the vault he took his position near the door just outside the line of vision of one coming out.

So quietly did he move that he attracted very little attention. He did not have long to wait, for within a few minutes the broker again appeared in the light and turned to go toward his office. Instead, he looked into the barrel of a revolver and was brought upright by the sharp command: "Hold up your hands!"

The startled clerks looked on in amazement for a moment before they could collect their wits, and then a murmur of anger and menace broke out among them, for they thought they were witnessing the hold-up of their own employer. Had not a couple of men rushed forward from among the crowd of bond buyers, the detective might have had difficulty in holding his prisoner and protecting his own life.

"Here, boys," the detective cried, addressing the two men who pressed forward to his aid, "handcuff this man." Then turning to the murmuring employees, he tore the wig from his head and explained who he was. His next move was to call up the club and ask Mr. Goodhew to return.

When the broker appeared and confronted his bogus counterpart he could scarcely believe his eyes, so clever was the fellow's disguise. The prisoner had already been searched and his pockets were found to contain bank notes of large denominations taken from the vault. A call had also been made for the police wagon, which arrived closely upon the heels of Mr. Goodhew. Brice had dispatched one of his own men to the telephone office in an attempt to locate the point from which the message to Mr. Goodhew had come.

While the police were in the midst of their examination of the prisoner at the station house, Brice's assistant returned to report that through over-confidence the man had called from his own apartment on Knob Hill. A hasty search of his

rooms revealed enough plunder to connect the prisoner with all of the previous robberies. All of the White jewels were recovered, no effort having been made to dispose of them in San Francisco.

"But how in the world did you evolve the theory which enabled you to catch the fellow?" asked Goodhew, when he and the detective were alone again in his office.

"It was this way," replied Brice. "In reading over the newspaper accounts of the various robberies, I was struck by the fact that in each instance the man robbed was the last person seen to have entered his office. From this I reasoned that all of the robberies had been committed by the one thief impersonating the owner. Feeling sure that the thief would utilize every means to perfect his disguise, I examined the police reports of petty robberies and found that in many cases the very wearing apparel of the robbed men had been previously taken from their homes. In this case, the fellow stole your photograph to enable him to study your face before working out his disguise. With this clew, the rest was easy."

"It's all very wonderful, Mr. Brice," replied Goodhew, admiringly. "And I want to say that my house will duplicate the reward offered by Mr. White, for you have rendered us an inestimable service in preventing this robbery, which otherwise would undoubtedly have been successful.

BUT STILL—

By Milo Baker.

We traveled 'round this world together, Bill and me;
We've been 'bout every place, an' sailed 'bout every sea.
Sober or drunk, when flush or broke, good luck or bad;
Bill was a friend to me, the best friend what I had.
In scrapes old Bill would stick by me until the end;
For all his faults, I never asked a better friend.
Until——he cheated me at cards.

We'd just come back from whalin' up near Behring Soun'
And so our roll was big when we reached Frisco Town.
We hit a gamblin' joint, to play a game or two—
Bill he lost a bit but that was noth' noo.
Now once I drew four tens, beside a lonely "Jack";
This card I couldn't use; so threw it in the stack.
The bids went clear around and all was bettin' high,
Four tens is hard to beat—I raised 'em to the sky.
There was a cool four thousand on the board that night,
And I was down-right sure I'd rake 'em in alright;
When Bill he shows four "Jacks" and that takes tens, you know,
How could he have four "Jacks" when I had let one go?
Old Bill——had cheated me at cards!

I made no row, but took my hat and went away;
And I ain't seen nor heard of Bill up to this day.
So that's the rhyme of how my best friend did me dirt;
And how my faith in men was cut as with a quirt.
When now and then I think of Bill: it makes me sad,
Because you see, he was the best friend what I had.
But still——he cheated me at cards.

Educated Pessimists

They Rail at Political Conditions, Yet Fail to Do Their Civic Duty.

By Sarah Williamson

WHEN the newspapers are presenting so many different political views these days, readers of the last of the "Jean Cristophe" books, must recall what Oliver said, when asked if he did not use his rights as an elector:

> Why should I take part in a comedy which I know to be futile? Vote? For whom should I vote? I don't see any reason for choosing between two candidates, both of whom are unknown to me, while I have only too much reason to expect that, directly the election is over, they will both be false to their professions of faith. Keep an eye on them? Remind them of their duty? It would take up the whole of my life, with no result. I have neither time, nor strength, nor the rhetorical weapons, nor sufficient lack of scruple, nor is my heart steeled against all the disgust that action brings. Much better to keep clear of it all. I am quite ready to submit to the evil. But at least I won't subscribe to it.

Oliver lived in France. But there are many Americans who look upon politics and elections much as he did. Perhaps that is why politics is the kind of game it is..

Notwithstanding all her political convulsions, France is not nearer to governmental perfection than the English-speaking countries, that complain of many imperfections. The French orators of the Reign of Terror, denounced royalty and adopted as their motto, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," but their actions belied their professions. Force was their real lever of human betterment. One after another their political factions went to the guillotine, around which the peasant women sat knitting, and between stitches counted the heads of the decapitated statesmen, as they fell into the basket.

Those bloodthirsty old patriots of France, publicly, and with elaborate ceremonies, worshipped Reason and paid a Parisian actress to impersonate the goddess. With all that outward show of ideal patriotism, as exemplified by the democratic protestations of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," the next shuffle of the political pack of cards made the king of clubs the trump. Napoleon, the personification of ruthless force, mounted a throne of imperial autocracy and made all France an armed camp.

Now, after all those years of strife and endless change, France is no nearer to Eutopia. The tax collecter is the busiest man in the nominal republic. The horde of taxeaters is not smaller than in the days of King Louis XIV, the "Grand Monarch," with all his mistresses and royal extravagances. In a book addressed to the intelligent and educated, a clever Frenchman expresses the prevailing pessimism of his class: "Vote! For whom should I vote!" Etc., etc.

The same sentiment has spread amongst the educated in America. It is indefensible. Pessimism of that sort may become a national danger. If the educated neglect their civic duties, most assuredly the ignorant and dangerous classes will assume the direction of misgovernment.

If the white race should lose heart, the colored races would quickly relieve us of the white man's self-assumed burden. Civilized man should remember that it has taken him more than a million years to reach his present stage of political imperfection. What he seems to lack, now, is rational education and hope, that, having put ignorance and superstition behind him, he may reach a much higher plane. Let us remember the admonition:

> 'Tis not in mortals to command success
> But we'll do more Sempronius,
> We'll deserve it.

Europe's Starving Millions

Splendid Philanthropy of the American Jewish Relief Committee

Good Samaritans Are Generous in Aid of the Benevolent Nonsectarian Work.

By B. G. Barnett



Chapin in the St. Louis Star

THE GIGANTIC TASK of relieving sufferers from the world war, which has been set for itself by the American Jewish Relief Committee, is one to excite amazement as well as admiration.

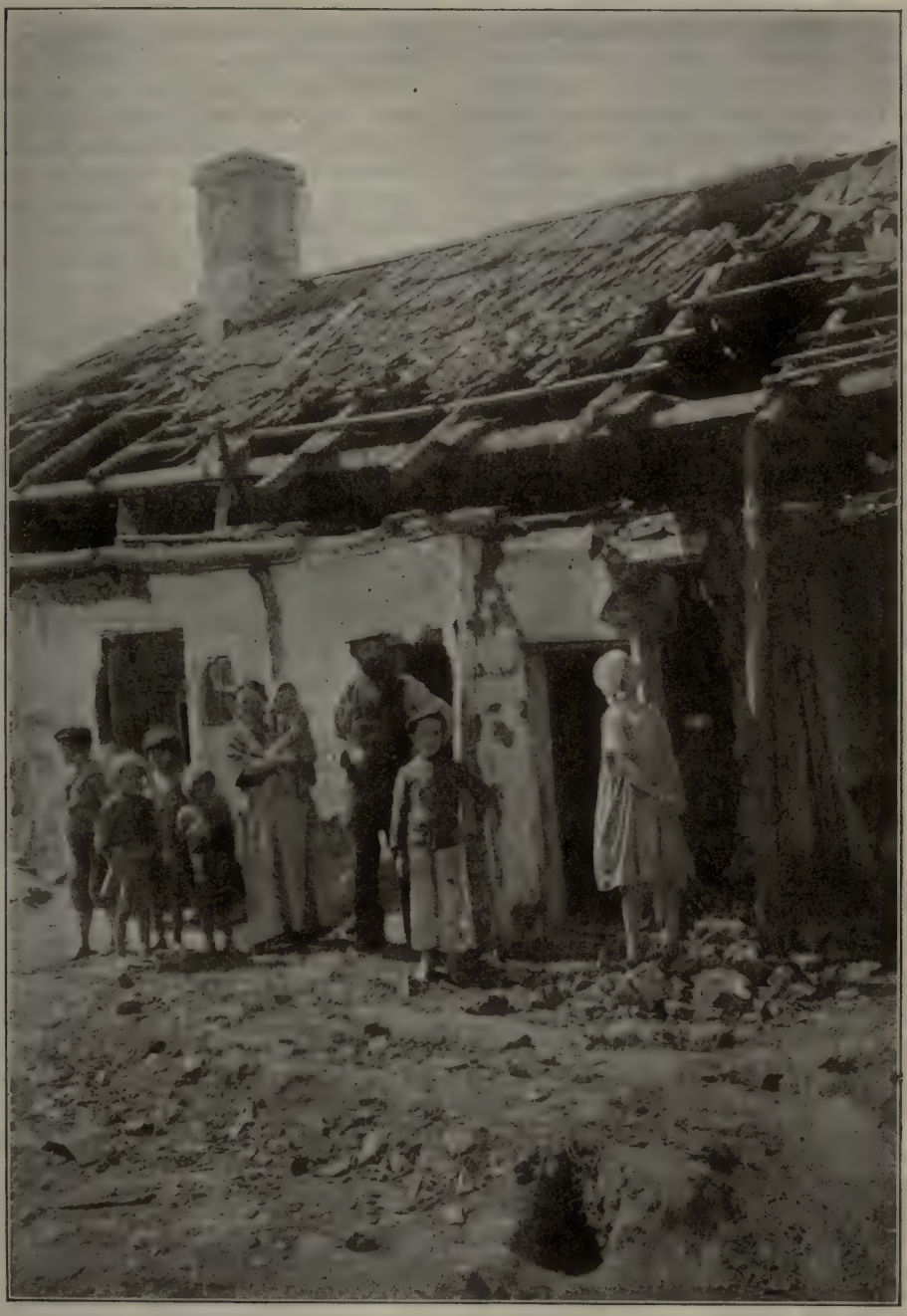
This philanthropic undertaking is nonsectarian and of the millions already raised and applied, about 50 per cent has come from non-Jewish sources. It is expected that a relief fund of $35,000,000 will be obtained.

That sum may appear large, but to those who know the extent of the field to be covered, and the dire distress of the starving populations the anticipated relief fund appears pitifully small. The expenditures, however, are being made with such a thorough knowledge of the charitable requirements of every distressed section that the money will go as far as possible in ameliorating the woes of suffering humanity.

The systematic and effective manner in which the Jewish people have organized the gigantic plans of assistance for despairing multitudes in Europe, reveals the genius of their race for financial enterprise on a large scale. Numbers of non-Jewish American public men in the Eastern States, and newspapers by the hundred, have united in praise of the benevolent work being done, by the American Jewish Relief Committee. The public of the Atlantic seaboard is better acquainted with the great operations than the people of the Pacific Coast, but the relief campaign has now reached the extreme West, and our people here will have facts brought to their attention that should be studied by benevolent citizens everywhere, regardless of all considerations save those of humanity.

The national headquarters of the American Jewish Relief Committee are in New York, with Henry H. Rosenfelt, National Director in charge, associated with many other noted financiers and philanthropists including Jacob H. Schiff, Felix M. Warburg, Louis Marshall, Nathan and Oscar Straus and Julius Rosenwald. Out of his own great fortune Julius Rosenwald started the Jewish war sufferers' relief fund with a princely contribution of one million dollars.

In the business world he is identified with the enormous mail-order house of Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, and in the sphere of benevolent enterprise with the building of schools for the negro children of the South, the establishment of Y. M. C. A. houses for colored people in several cities, the endowment of a medical department of the Chicago University, the establishment of dental clinics in Chicago public schools, and the popularization of art knowledge amongst those who have least opportunities to attain it. In his busy and successful life he has accomplished much that entitles him to



Homeless Jewish Family of Nine Persons in Poland.

public approbation, and in no field of activity more than in the breaking down of the old outworn barriers of creed and race. Mr. Rosenwald has shown that while he has not forgotten the people of his own blood, he realizes that the narrowness of sect, which has brought the world so much suffering, should no longer limit the boundaries of benevolence. With a man of such breadth of vision, as national head of the American Jewish Relief committee, the work of the organization has necessarily assumed a non-sectarian character. Never before has the United States seen such national unity of purpose, displayed even in a project of benevolence. Let us hope that the example of brotherly co-operation in the accomplishment of human uplift may have many imitators in the coming years.

Commendations of its philanthropic purpose have reached the American Jewish Relief Committee from citizens eminent in every important community in America. In the successful campaign conducted in St. Louis, B. F. Bush, president of the Missouri Pacific Railway rendered valuable service. He took part in the organization of the field force, and in a letter to a prominent business man of St. Louis, who accepted the post of team captain he wrote:

> Permit me to express my high appreciation of your willingness to serve as a team captain in the Jewish War Relief Campaign. I am sure you will register real success. There are hundreds of St. Louis business men who, during the period of the war, had occasion to solicit the Jews of St. Louis for patriotic and charitable causes. They will undoubtedly be glad of the chance to show their appreciation of Jewish liberality and public spirit. This is based on my own personal experience.
>
> Not only did I find our Jewish neighbors, poor as well as rich, willing to help practically to the last man in the various war drives, but often they expressed regret that they could not do more.
>
> It is no more than a square deal for us now to take hold in the same spirit they showed throughout the period of the war. They did not stop with giving their money either. The average of exemptions from military service, requested by Jews, was smaller than it was for the whole mass of citizens.
>
> While it is only natural that starvation and suffering among the Jewish populations of Central and Eastern Europe should appeal powerfully to the sympathy of American Jews, the actual responsibility is just as much ours as theirs. These Jewish civilian populations are peace loving and industrious. Their frightful losses in the war arose out of the fact that they—like the Belgians—happened to live in the path of armies advancing to get at the lands beyond. Their sufferings are part of the price of our victory, and we ought to help them in the same spirit as we do our own wounded.
>
> The Relief Committee does not ask impossibilities of a community, already somewhat worn out with war drives and war appeals. If those appealed to will only respond in the same way our Jewish neighbors responded when we called on them, we shall be more than satisfied.

The response in St. Louis was most gratifying and so it has been in many of the large cities east of the Pacific Coast. The broad and generous spirit evinced by the president of the Missouri Pacific Railway has been emulated wherever an appeal was made.

It is impossible for residents of America in its affluence and material prosperity to realize how terrible are the miseries that war sufferers in Europe have been compelled to endure. Only a faint idea of the appalling reality can be gained from pictures, like those which are reproduced in these pages. The destruction of homes can be illustrated, but the portrayal of the mental sufferings of the homeless, torn up by the roots, as it were, and flung on the roadside to starve is impossible. Only the relief commissioners who went abroad to study conditions have an accurate conception of them.

The countries in which the plight of the homeless and starving Jews was found to be most lamentable were Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Roumania, Servia, Galicia, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, and Siberia. In the Polish town of Vilna the Jewish population was found to have

been cut down from 90,000 to 50,000 by typhus, and other diseases resultant from starvation. So frightful has been the struggle of the afflicted population to sustain life, that mothers have openly prayed for the death of their wretched children, rather than witness the prolonged sufferings of the little ones.

War, and pestilence which follows war, have left homeless and hungry orphaned children to roam the streets and the task of saving these victims, in the numerous places ravaged by great armies, cannot



Orphaned Children in the Streets.

be estimated in the money cost. The millions of dollars that have been spent have done much to avert famine and lessen death in the afflicted communities of Central and Eastern Europe, but an enormous amount of relief has yet to be extended.

It is hard to realize, that before the armistice of the great world war was signed, there were six millions of sufferers in Europe, either destitute and starving, or at least in dire need of philanthropic aid. Those multitudes have been increased to eleven millions, of which 20 per cent are not Jews. What a colossal scheme of relief is needed to alleviate such unparalleled misery!

The American Jewish Relief Committee is now conducting its benevolent work in California through the Pacific Coast Division, of which Moses A. Gunst, prominent in philanthropy as in business, is chairman, and Earl W. Hodges, director of all the States west of the Mississippi, is the tireless and highly efficient executive.

The late Isaias W. Hellman, the banker, and his son, whose useful career was so prematurely terminated, were earnest advocates of the Western campaign of relief. Had not death invaded their home, they would be found amongst the foremost workers for the philanthropic project. But a host of other volunteers, whose names are a guarantee of worthiness to their townsmen, still remain. In the long list are found the names of Mortimer Fleishhacker, Herbert Fleishhacker, Judge M. C. Sloss, Sigmund Stern, Alfred and Milton Esberg, Grover Magnin. Earnest assistance is also given by the leading Jewish clergymen, Doctors Martin Meyer, Jacob Nieto, Herman Lissauer, and H. Rosenwasser. To say that the best that is in San Francisco, professionally, commercially, socially and patriotically, will be associated with this relief project is to understate rather than overstate the case.

To present the financial aspect of the proposition, it is necessary to say that Northern California—or more accurately speaking, the territory north of Santa Barbara is asked to contribute the sum of $500,000 to the great relief fund, and it would be a new record in California generosity if the donations should not far exceed the amount expected.

In the great cities of the East, where the liberality of contributors to the relief fund has been tested, the non-Jewish citizens have shown no less interest and generosity, than their Jewish neighbors. All have regarded the philanthropic project as so broad in its scope, and noble in its purpose that it could only be viewed as a world movement for the betterment of suffering humanity, beyond all sectarian bias and meriting but universal approbation and assistance.

Wilson's Discovery of Europe

Interesting Sidelights on Secret European Diplomacy.

By Harvey Brougham

OF THE MANY BOOKS being issued about the diplomatic invasion of Europe by America, "The Peace Conference, Day by Day," is attracting most attention. The author is Charles T. Thompson, who has deemed it advisable to print an introductory letter by Col. E. M. House, as if he regarded that gallant Texas diplomat as an important and permanent figure in American history. The sub-title of Mr. Thompson's book is "A Presidential Pilgrimage, Leading to the Discovery of Europe."

Literature of the Peace Conference is more likely to be read, carefully, twenty years hence. As an eminent critic in New York has somewhat sarcastically remarked, that the public is "fed up" on the long reports sent out while the American president was measuring wits against the leading diplomats and autocrats of fictitious European Democracy.

It is very evident, from Mr. Thompson's book that President Wilson took his Fourteen Points seriously, and equally evident that the European and Oriental diplomats held a totally different idea of the American code of altruism.

Several interesting revelations are made in Mr. Thompson's work. For instance, he declares it to have been an open secret that Dantzig was not given to the Poles, as demanded by Wilson, because Lloyd George would not sign the Peace Treaty if Dantzig should be yielded.

The Treaty article on the "Freedom of the Seas" gave the British most concern. Lord Northcliffe and Lloyd George joined their forces to convince the president that the seas were quite safe in the custody of the British. President Wilson was as elusive as the phrase "freedom of the seas" itself. He admitted that the British people were forced "to consider grave problems which the war has brought about," and he said that the United States fully understands the special international questions which "arise from the fact of Britain's peculiar position as an island empire."

The encounters of President Wilson with Clemenceau are not fully set down, but they were many and violent.

One of the many lively passages was that between Wilson and Orlando over Fiume. The Italians, who had made Wilson their idol, suddenly frothed at the mouth. The President had appealed to the Italian people, and the Italian people, imagining that the safety of democracy depended on their having all they wanted, made an enthusiastic response. Orlando was indignant. Mr. Thompson gives this version of a passage of arms between the president and Orlando. The version, however, is taken from the French:

"Sir, you have appealed over the head of the Italian government to the Italian people," said Orlando. "It is my duty to go before the representatives of the Italian people, the parliament, and say to them, 'Choose between Wilson or me.'"

"That is your right," replied the president, quietly.

And Orlando went off. It is remarkable that notwithstanding the battles between the president and the delegates they each parted with common respect and no signs of rancor. It must be admitted, though, that when the indiscreet question was asked, "How would the members of the conference feel if the American delegation should withdraw?" an English voice was heard to exclaim with all the frankness of that nation, "We should all breathe freely!"

One fails to find in Mr. Thompson's record of the Peace Conference anything to indicate that the post-bellum pow-wows of democracy are essentially different from the old-time division of plunder by the royalties of Europe. The fatter the bird to be carved, the more voracious the company waiting around the table.

Circumstantial Evidence

One Time That the Sheriff Looked Very Foolish

By Lilian Hall Crowley

MINA WATKINS sat in the sheriff's office, weeping copiously. The sheriff, big-eyed and worried, sat opposite the stricken young woman.

Such a story as Mina was telling was a strange one to hear about the quiet little town of Bosley.

"Mr. Smith," said Mina, "I know you ain't going to believe me unless I prove what I'm telling you, but I'm going to prove it as soon as I'm through with my story."

"I thought you liked Mr. Mason, Mina. Hasn't he been good to you and to Sam, too?" asked the sheriff.

"Yes, I have been working for him nigh onto four months and I never saw anything wrong until lately. Me and Sam has been keeping company ever since I went to work there and if I do say it, Sam was the best chauffeur in this world and he's been that faithful to Mr. Mason. Always looking after his interests; working hard and never wasting a thing. Which ain't at all like some of them. Mr. Mason was always cold-like, but I never heard him say anything cross before, although everybody knows what a terrible temper he has."

"Yes," put in Mr. Smith, "I remember when he was so terrible mad at Jim Slithers when Jim told him that story about Mrs. Hunter. Mr. Mason beat him within an inch of his life and it took all the men in the bank to get him offen the critter. Jim deserved it but it ain't just the way for a bank president to act.

"Come to think of it, he's always been queer, too. He paid five thousand dollars for a picture of two people standing by a boat, and they say he pays a hundred dollars apiece for some little black and white pictures—etchings, he calls them. I wouldn't wonder if you did know something wrong, Mina."

By this time Mina had wiped away her tears and had control of her voice. She started on:

"One night I heard loud voices in the library and I went through the hall to see who was there, because I thought Mr. Mason had gone to his club. Well, I was just struck dumb when I saw Mr. Mason standing up and shaking his first at Sam. Sam was sitting in a chair all bent over and had his face covered with his hands. I couldn't move I was so scared. I heard Mr. Mason say:

" 'This is the last time, Sam! Do as I say or it will be all up with you!'

"Sam groaned: 'All right, Mr. Mason, I'll do it! I promise to God, I'll do it!' Then Mr. Mason seemed to calm down and Sam took his hands off his face and I never see such suffering in all my life. I slipped back to the kitchen.

"You see, Mr. Smith, Sam and me was as good as engaged. One afternoon he come into the kitchen, when I was making apple fritters, and he says kinda sad-like: 'Mina, you know how you stand with me. I've got something right serious to tell you if everything goes well.'

" 'All right, Sam,' I says, 'you know I'd trust you to kingdom come.'

"Well, when I got back to the kitchen, after hearing that row, I just sat and sat. Sam slept in the garage and I heard him go out the side door. He didn't come near the kitchen, although he must have known I was there on account of the light. Sam kept his light on a long time, 'cause I could see from my bedroom window.

"He didn't show up next day and when I asked Mr. Mason where was Sam he looked at me queer-like and said Sam had gone to Omaha on business. 'He won't be back for some time,' he said. And now it's nearly three weeks and Mr.

Mason ain't said a word—and the worst is coming, Mr. Smith!"

Mina began rocking herself back and forth and her sobs almost choked her. The sheriff put his hand on the arm of the suffering girl and soothed her with: "There, now! There, now! Hurry and tell it, then I can help you."

Mina wiped her eyes and began again.

"Last night I couldn't sleep for thinking of Sam. I could smell the roses that grow below my window, so I got out of bed to be nearer to them—they're kinda soothin'-like," she smiled apologetically. "It wasn't moonlight but I could see everything on the grounds very plain. Then—who should come sneaking along but Mr. Mason; he was dragging a shovel and carrying something, all covered up with a cloth, in his hands.

"He walked to the largest lilac bush—the one opposite the dining-room windows and laid down the—Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Come now," said the sheriff, "I can't wait much longer. I'm getting nervous myself."

"Then he dug a hole and when he lifted the cloth from—it was Sam's head!"

"What!"

"I told you you wouldn't believe me but I'll take you to the place. Mr. Mason lifted the head and put it—just as it was—in the hole and then covered it up careful with the dirt and put back the sod on top just as before. Then I fainted on the floor and I don't know how long I lay there. I didn't go down to breakfast and I suppose Mr. Mason went to the bank—and I came here as soon as I could get dressed."

"Do you think Mr. Mason killed Sam?" asked the sheriff incredulously.

"Yes, yes!" sobbed Mina, "ain't he got an awful temper, and didn't they quarrel, and didn't Sam disappear? He's buried the body in some other part of the garden and I saw him bury Sam's dear head!"

"Does Mr. Mason come home at noon, Mina?"

"Yes, always. He's started now," said she, looking at the clock.

"I'll go with you and arrest him."

They were in the house a few moments before Mr. Mason's arrival. They waited in the spacious hall which was hung with the paintings that had bewildered his fellow-townsmen. As soon as the prosperous old bachelor had closed the door the sheriff went up to him and taking his arm, said:

"Mr. Mason, I'm sorry, but I must arrest you for the murder of Sam Hastings!"

"Great Scott!" said the banker. "How's this?" turning from one to the other of his accusers questioningly.

"You've killed Sam in one of your wicked tempers, you wicked man, you!" exclaimed Mina. "I know where you've buried his head!"

"Yes," said the sheriff, "Mina saw you last night—out by the lilac bush."

Comprehension dawned on Mr. Mason. "Come," he said, "I'll show you!"

"Wait," said the sheriff, "I'll have to handcuff you first."

Mr. Mason held out his hands and the handcuffs were adjusted. The sheriff opened the front door and Mr. Mason led the way. "Get the shovel out of the basement," he ordered Mina.

When she returned he nodded to the sheriff to dig. About two feet down the shovel struck something solid. The sheriff got down on his hands and knees and removed the loose soil. He gingerly took the head in his hands and lifted it out of the hole. Its weight surprised him.

"Look at it well," admonished Mr. Mason.

"Why, it isn't Sam's head—it's brass or copper, or something!"

Mina gave a shriek and threw herself on it. "It ain't Sam! It ain't Sam!"

"Take these fool handcuffs off," dryly ordered the banker, "and I will explain."

He stooped down and replaced the head in the ground and covered all carefully. Taking the shovel he led the way to the house, the others following as in a dream.

The banker went to the library, lighted a cigar, seated himself in an easy chair and then began his story to the two who looked more like culprits than accusers. They squirmed under his sarcasm.

"About that head, now—you flatter

Sam, as that is a bronze bust of Victor Hugo. Ever hear of him? No, of course not. I ordered it from the artist when I was in Paris last winter. It came the other day. You may not know, either of you," he blew a few rings of smoke, "that a certain chemicalization takes place when bronze is buried in the ground."

His accusers shook their heads.

"It is true, nevertheless, and Monsieur Rau told me to bury the bust for a short time and then take it to a cold room for the same length of time and then into a hot room; all this would give the bronze a beautiful tone. This I am trying to do and I buried it at night because no one would understand if told about it and in order that thieves would not steal my costly bronze."

"But Sam, where has he been these last three weeks?" demanded Mina.

"Sam is coming home this evening and I intended that he should tell you himself but as you have hastened matters and I feel particularly communicative, I will tell you.

"Sam has been a periodical drinker—notice that I say has been—but he has done well ever since he met you, Mina. When he felt the old thirst coming on he came to me for help, as usual. I knew that he had been leaning too much on me for moral support and I told him that this would be the last time, that he must make a man of himself before he married. I was quite severe with him. Then I sent him to Omaha to take the drink cure and told him he was not to come back until he was cured.

"I have a letter in which he says he is coming home tonight and that he is sure that, with Mina's love to strengthen him, he has taken his last drink. That's all!"

The sheriff backed out of the door and Mina fell at Mr. Mason's feet and poured out a heart of thankfulness with pleas for forgiveness.

TO ONE AWAY

By Carl W. Wahrer.

I miss you every day, your look, your smile,
That little smile that flutters so my heart,
The music of your voice and all the while
A longing that no language can impart.
The hush of expectation in the air,
Footsteps beside me and a faint perfume,
A presence seated in the empty chair,
The ghost of beauty in the silent room;
People accost me but I hardly know
One from another or the things they say,
I scarcely notice if they come or go,
My thoughts are following you and far away;
Only at dull day's close when hushed and still,
Night brings the hour when we were used to meet,
In the half light when fancies have their will,
Lovely as in lost days and ever sweet,
You come back smiling to my arms again,
Dearer than any dream can quite recall,
And all the waiting hours are not in vain,
And you have never been away at all.

The Alley's Vampire

A Moonlight Romance Staged in Palidinni's Back Yard.

By Carleton W. Kendall

THE YELLOW MOON stole over the Berkeley hills and cast its soft, mellow light on the shimmering waters of the bay, as Bob-tailed Kitty raised her melodious voice in a rhapsody of love.

"Me-ow," she called amorously across the Palidinni's disreputable back-yard.

Then sleeking into the shadow of a half-overturned ash can, she awaited the arrival of One-eyed Dick, whose great bulk and single glinting eye had long been her secret maidenly sorrow.

The beat of her heart quickened, as his answering call sounded far down the alley. In maidenly modesty, she crouched lower in the shadow of the ash-can and watched the irregular top of the Palidinni's back yard fence. Breathless with excitement, and kneading the dirt before her from sheer nervousness, she spasmodically lashed her tail from side to side. It was her first night-time flirtation.

"Would he come?" she asked herself.

The very thought of it sent a new thrill down her spine. All afternoon she had been working laboriously over her toilet —rubbing her fur with first one paw and then the other until its glossy sheen was reflected back to her from the Palidinni's tin wash boiler. Now, the great moment had arrived. Would her charms be sufficient to win for her this idol of her dreams?

In a soprano voice, vibrant with love, she called again.

The answer was nearer this time.

She trembled as she recognized his fearless bass.

He was coming—One-eyed Dick, the catch of the season, the envy of every feline in the alley. She knew by heart the story of his daring exploits. She could recite, verbatim, the tale of his famous fight with Terrible Tom. She remembered every detail of his bold entry into the butcher's on the corner and his unparalleled escape with a huge pork chop. How often on dreary winter days, she had watched him as he slinked past her window and had been seized with joyous cataplexy as he shot her a side-long glance from his manly, yellow eye. Often during the spring time, she had lain awake nights and listened with green-eyed jealousy while he sang his love lyrics to the older and more forward of the alley's mouse-catching population.

Never before had she dared to dream of having him for her own. Never before had she dared to steal forth under the Palidinni's basement door and tell him of her love. Every hair on her back quivered as she waited.

Anxiously her dilated eyes scanned the fence-top.

"Me-ow," she cooed softly once more in notes tremulous with passion.

"Ahr-r-r-r" sounded from the other side of the fence; and in a moment more his magnificent physique was silhouetted against the moonlight.

Bob-tailed Kitty stopped her kneading of the earth, crouched lower and watched him with a fluttering heart. Her virgin modesty forbade her uttering another sound. She could only peep at him from the darkness, while the love-thrill gripped her soul and transported it into a galaxy of celestial joy.

For a second, he balanced himself on the fence-top. Then, with tail erect and his glossy black coat gleaming in the moonlight, he gazed passionately into the yard. From his eye shot forth all the ardent love-light she had hoped for.

But to Bob-tailed Kitty's surprise, he gazed beyond her to a patch of shadow beneath the Palidinni's rickety back varanda. She turned; there, nonchalantly smoothing her fur, sat Maltese Sal, the alley's vampire.

Prefers Poetry to Politics

Richest Bachelor of the West and His Fine California Villa.

By Henry Meade Bland

THE VILLA MONTALVO margins the east slope of the Santa Cruz range of mountains. Speaking strictly geographically, it is bounded on the north by the "healing waters of Saratoga," on the east by the "gardens of the Santa Clara Valley," on the south by Los Gatos, "Gem City of the Santa Clara foothills," on the west by the ferns and "Sequoia Sempervirons of the blue Coast Range."

Montalvo itself is naturally wooded with truly Western trees. Here grow the sempiternal redwoods, live-oaks, tan-oaks, madrona, buckeye, white-oak, the medicinal cascara; and, perhaps the most romantic of all, the toyon, the western Christmas berry.

The spirit of Villa Montalvo has been created by that Californian of Californians, James D. Phelan, who, a naturally poetic soul, loving quiet contemplation with friends, chose this garden-land to ease and air, with the quiet and gentle, a life generally bustling with stern realities.

Even the closer friends of Senator Phelan do not know that, when a young man, he planned to devote himself exclusively to poetry. He was scarcely under way in his new adventure when his father died, and the management of a huge estate devolved upon the son, thus putting an end to literary dreaming. His hunger for things romantic and beautiful, however, was not stilled; but rather burned quietly till he determined to satisfy it in heightening the natural beauties of Montalvo.

In building his ideal retreat, which was to be his country home, he chose "Montalvo" because in the early eras of Pacific Coast exploration the imaginative Ordonez de Montalvo, an author of old Spain, had seen a vision of rolling hills along a far shore "West of the Indies," which flamed with broad stretches of red



Front Portico of Villa Montalvo.

poppies. He called the country California, which, we may imagine, after the manner of the original user of the name, signified "The Land of Fire;" for are not our hills covered with stretches of fiery poppies.

Montalvo was a Spaniard of the early sixteenth century. He wrote a continuation of the famous romances known as "Amadis di Gaul," and entitled his book "The Deeds of Esplandian, Son of Armadis of Gaul." It was published as early as 1510. The story was very attractive, and went through five editions. It contained the word California printed for the first time.

This fabled country was an island of exquisite beauty, rich in gold, and yielding priceless gems. It was ruled over by Amazons. They had a queen of striking appearance, bold and fearless. The island was wonderfully fertile, and Montalvo said it lay on the borders of Eden.

This description from the ancient Spaniard touched the imagination of Mr. Phelan; and, in honor of this poetic writer, he built his country home, and grew his wonderful garden naming the whole "Villa Montalvo."

The name is recorded in the patio on a sculptured brass fountain, in the following musical language:

KNOW
ORDONEZ DE MONTALVO'S
FAME
DID HE NOT SEE
IN FANTASY
OUR CALIFORNIA GROW
OUT OF OLD SPAIN
CONFERRED HER NAME
FORETOLD
HER GOLD
A PARADISE
FOR EAGER EYES
HIS DREAM CAME TRUE
FOR ME AND YOU

The making of Villa Montalvo has been a labor of love. Step by step, under his own eye, and following his vision of what a corner in Montalvo's California paradise should be, the stately walls and corridors of the Villa have been wrought.

The building mirrors the reposeful spirit of romantic Italy. The broad, tile-floored, Ionic-columned, portico in front, with its marble balustrade reflects the Italy of Boccacio and Dante. Many of the exquisite and interesting decorations and furnishings were brought direct from the old world. Indeed Senator Phelan, like a true son of California, searched every book and art-piece he could find, to bring out the threads of relationship between California and the Old World.

The buildings are touched also with the architectural atmosphere of old Spain,—from the low-tiled roof and over-hanging casements to the exquisite, vine-grown, sunlit, open patio reminiscent of the Spanish mission.

Centers of interest are well-defined at Montalvo. There is the pergola. There is the broad veranda, with inviting easy chairs, overlooking the wide fruit-forested stretches of the valley, across the hills to the white-domed Mount Hamilton: there are the sun-kissed patio, the casino; the full, rich library; the swimming pool, with clear limpid water reflecting the azure of the skies; and there is the open-air theatre with audience-space of green lawn sloping up and back to the fringe of the forest where one may lie in the shade of the sempervirons and listen to pageant or story.

You may wander back up the hill past the well-appointed reservoir, and, in a moment, be hidden in a winding trail verged by fern, flower, oak, and alder. If you take the path and circle the acres of lawn in front of the east entrance you are lost in a maze of miniature lakes covered with pond lilies and fed by springs and dripping streamlets through mossed rocks and clumps of ferns, while cool shade invites you to watch for the nymph or faun which the fanciful author dreamed of in the "Deeds of the Esplandian." Then there are the many-colored macaws homing in the patio, that gaze at you with such curious interest; and last there is the deer-paddock, where the mother-deer, gentle as a pet rabbit, cares for her two spotted fawns.

This is the delectable land to which the esthetic senator retreats for the pure joy of living. To the shaded quietude he brings his host of friends bidding them to possess their souls and be at peace.

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Under The Yellow Flag

How Tahiti's Population Was Decimated by Epidemic

By J. B. Thomas

SINCE the natives settled their differences with France many years ago, there has been but little to disturb the peaceful coming and going of the days and seasons in Tahiti, that beautiful gem of the Pacific lying three thousand six hundred miles southwest of San Francisco.

Its history, prior to the coming of the discoverer, Wallis, in the closing years of the eighteenth century—followed soon by the English missionaries, is one of savage warfare and rites such as one would expect of a people who know no God of love—only gods which demanded frequent human sacrifices. These sacrifices were offered on the "Maraes," or great mounds of stone, which are still seen throughout the island. The Tahitians were, however, never cannibals.

The French came and took over the group of islands as a colony. Its commerce increased. Its copra and vanilla were carried, first in sailing vessels, then by steamships, to the American and European markets. Its pearls and pearl-shell became a source of income of no small magnitude. Tahiti was prosperous, lazy, sleepy, and content.

The world-war came. In September of the first year of the conflict, two German warships bombarded Papeete, the capital city, destroying a large part of the business district. But three persons were killed, the people fleeing to the cover of the woods outside the town. The vessels did not come into the harbor, and it is thought that their commander believed the passage to be mined.

The town was rebuilt in a manner more substantial than before the bombardment, leaving no traces of the uncalled for attack, and therefore we three tourists found here a place much like the pre-war Tahiti, when we arrived in the spring of the year of the war—spring when we left California, but Autumn when we reached the South Seas a short time later.

Take a brief look at Tahiti as we approach her shores. There are her high peaks covered with vegetation almost to their tops, which rise over seven thousand feet above sea level. Along the shores is level ground, in width varying from the mere road between cliff and sea to a mile or more. At intervals, fertile valleys extend into the interior. Everywhere are the cocoanuts. Where planted and cared for are bananas, vanilla, pineapples, and other fruits. Many varieties of shade trees abound—most of them evergreen. From a few yards to a mile from the island is the natural breakwater, or reef, which furnishes safe harbor. Into the harbor, nature has provided passages at scores of places around the island. Over there, only ten miles distant, loom the peaks of Moorea—another Tahiti, though smaller.

The departure, from time to time, of a score or two of "Tahiti boys" for the front, or the return of the survivors after years of service—these and the rare visits of transports to or from Australia or New Zealand, furnish the only diversion.

In lieu of a newspaper, the Government distributes a daily "radio"—a few paragraphs of news received during the night hours. The wireless station was constructed at the opening of the war.

In October came the first news of the epidemic. The New Zealand papers—received every few weeks at Tahiti—stated that seventy-five of a shipload of colonial troops on their way to France had died of Spanish influenza. Little did we think that this was our first inkling of a pestilence that was to extend around the the world.

Within the week following the news of the armistice with Germany, and before

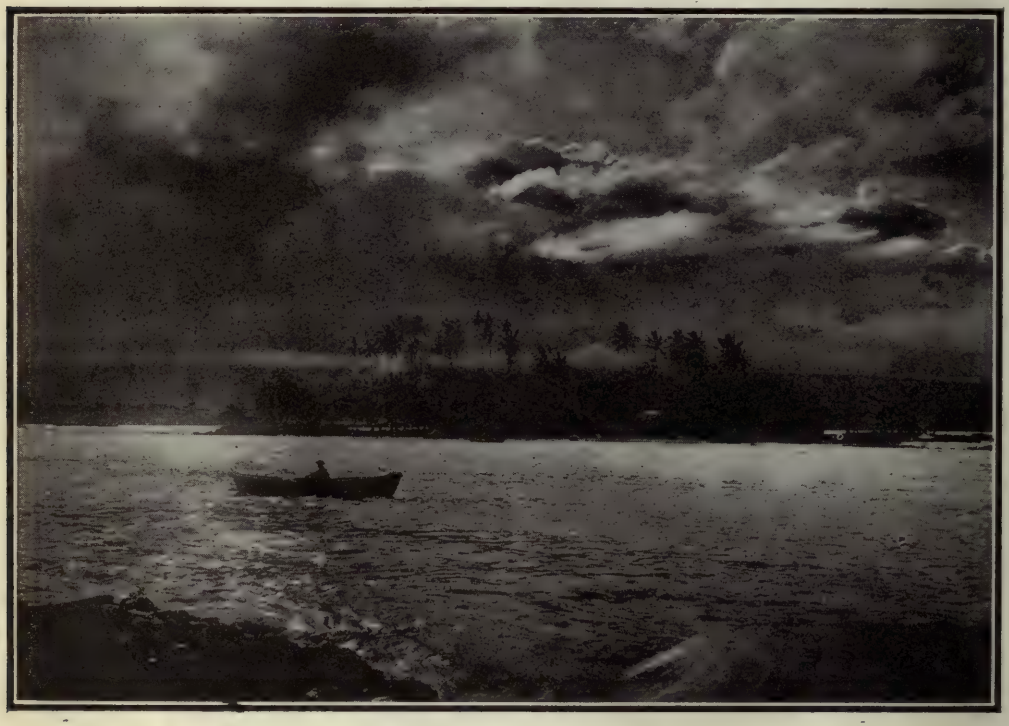
all the program of celebration had been carried out, came a steamer from San Francisco, but she brought no mail for this port, as she was not a passenger boat and not under charter to convey mail. She brought news of the epidemic in California, and, having no letters, we immediately interviewed the captain and got hold of newspapers. Our fears were quieted of the deadliness of the disease we should not have been so easily set at rest.

A victory service was held at each of the three churches that week, and on Saturday a banquet in celebration of the Allies' triumph was held at the old barracks. In this same building a few days later, a temporary hospital was opened for native victims of the epidemic.

The events leading up to the complete prostration of the town and island followed on swiftly and terriblly.

On the day of the banquet rumor spread that a number of natives had contracted the influenza, yet no one anticipated the fatal nature of the ailment and little attention was given to the matter, but from that day on, it became more and more apparent that Tahiti was doomed to pass through the most terrible times in her history. Here and there a white person was taken ill. Among the first to die was the proprietress of the Tiare hotel. Anyone who has visited the island, or has known anything of it, has heard of "Lovina's," which is the only name by which the hotel is referred to, though the name Tiare (flower) appears at the gate. It is an appropriate name, as the building (a bungalow surrounded by porches on which all the meals are served) is set in a beautiful garden.

Within a week, nearly every home contained victims of the plague. One of the large stores was able to keep open during the epidemic, but every other place of business or amusement was closed for about two weeks.



Moonlight Scene Off Tahiti.

The natives have always fallen easy victims to any epidemic brought to the islands. In times past, measles took heavy toll. The influenza carried off natives by scores, every day for weeks. On one of the first days of the epidemic, a business man, in going around with others on a



A Glimpse of Paradise, Tahiti

trip of inspection, recognized several of his employees dead among a dozen native victims who were left unburied, as none of their friends was able to look after them. Dozens increased to scores and hundreds as a day's total of fatal cases. Trucks, rushing through the streets, carrying loads of dead wrapped only in mats, became an almost hourly occurrence.

What was done to control the epidemic? Some of us attended a meeting at the office of the colonial doctor, and found there the doctor, the mayor, the bishop of the Roman Catholic church, some of the Mormon missionaries, and a few Americans, including Mr. Layton, the United States consul. Mr. Layton's wife was very ill, and he had also at the consulate, Dr. Williams (American dentist and vice-consul for Great Britain) and Mrs. Williams, both stricken by the epidemic. Though thus handicapped, Mr. Layton was very energetic in the work of relief.

At this meeting the town was districted, each of us being assigned to certain streets. We called on the people, and, where they were not being cared for properly, we left the medicine secured from the hospital, with directions in the native language as to use of same. We also gave orders on the stores for condensed milk. Later on, the citizens, among whom Americans were especially active, distributed great quantities of food throughout the islands. This was paid for by donations of individuals, Chinese merchants among them, and on the order of the mayor. Only the best things are said of the work of the mayor throughout the whole campaign of relief.

On the theory that certain cases could be better cared for in a hospital, Lieutenant McCreery, a New Zealander who was in Tahiti for the benefit of his health, fitted up beds in the old barracks, where he, with the assistance of several Americans, cared for upward of two hundred natives. The government physician visited the place at intervals. That the sick natives benefited greatly by the energetic, unselfish work of Lieutenant McCreery and his aides, is beyond question. An ambulance was fitted up on a small truck. When it came down the street flying the Red Cross flags, it gave new hope. This flag meant much to those of us who knew what the Red Cross signifies, and it came to mean much to the natives as well. Though not directed by the Red Cross society, the work of relief was nevertheless worthy of praise.

The clergy, including the head of the French Protestant Chapel, as well as the head of the native Protestant organization, were indefatigable in their efforts to relieve the sick.

By a strange trick of fate, there came, at almost the outbreak of the epidemic, a series of earthquakes, something almost unknown in Tahiti. No damage was done to property by the quakes, yet their frequent occurrence alarmed the natives, if not Californians. Coming almost hourly for a few days, they then subsided gradually. Our hotel proprietor did not abate uneasiness by stating that such shocks occurred at intervals for a few months prior to the awful catastrophe of Saint Pierre. He, a native of Martinique, had left that Island not long before the destruction of its capital by the eruption of Mont Pelee.

On the mountainside at Papeete is the lookout station where, from dawn to dark, Patrick Burns watched for passing vessels. Thither we had often strolled and, sitting on the veranda of the station, talked with Patrick in a mixture of English and the native. To hear him describe, and see him explain in pantomime, the incidents of the German bombardment of Papeete was a treat never to be forgotten.

He fell ill of the "flu," and no more signals were raised to tell that a steamer or schooner of this or that nationality was now sighted in the North or South, or now had entered the passage. Indeed, ships were few and no one thought much of their coming or going, except us stranded Americans who vainly hoped for news of some steamer (passenger or cargo) bound for San Francisco. With us, this was a topic of daily, even hourly, conversation.

One day, when it seemed that the epidemic had about spent its fury, it occurred to some official to raise a yellow flag where we had so often turned our eyes



The Falls of Tautaue, Tahiti.



Beautiful Lake Vaihiria, Tahiti's Only Sheet of Inland Water.

to look for news of the sighting of a ship. Then was our woe complete, for surely no ship would approach us while the quarantine flag flew there!

Weeks passed, and it was at last announced that the epidemic was over. In the odd English of the French and Tahitians, "It was finished."

Then came from New Zealand the cargo steamer "Navua." She carried wool and hides for San Francisco, and had not for some time been used as a passenger ship, though built for that purpose. While all her cabins and state rooms were full of freight and mail sacks,

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The City of Romance

The Episode of the Green Dragon.

By
J. E. Hasty

NOW and again we hear a great hue and cry that Romance has been destroyed in the rising flood of Commercialism. Fine old gentlemen, they of the old school who remember as well as if it were only yesterday when Robert Louis Stevenson was wont to drop in the Bank Exchange for a half hour's chat over a glass of wine—these gentlemen, I say, will tell you with something akin to a sob that "San Francisco isn't what it used to be before the fire." Coffee Dan's, China Town, the Coast, the Latin Quarter, all the old land marks of the days of Romance have fallen into the sordid hands of money-grubbing profiteers. The good old days are past. What nonsense! "The good old days are past," has been the slogan since Adam's time. Romance still exists. There is a little Chinese shop just off Grant avenue—Ah, that's a story for you!

Gregory Gardner was a man to whom sufficient money and twenty-four hours of leisure per day had introduced a variety of experiences. In consequence thereof, by the time he had reached the thirty mark, he had reconciled himself to the fact that Life had a tendency to repeat itself. It was from sheer ennui, no doubt, that he strayed into the little Chinese curio store late one December afternoon. Why he selected that particular shop is a question. Certainly it bore no distinguishing characteristics from any other shop along Grant avenue. There was the usual display of Chinese lanterns, ivory carvings, and vases in the window. Inside, a slant-eyed Oriental, who looked a thousand years old and was probably thirty-five, presided over the conglomeration of bamboo tables, grinning idols, tea sets, tapestries, and various other paraphernalia of Chinese origin. Gardner paused in front of a section of the counter upon which rested a display of carvings.

"How much for that?" he asked, pointing to a dragon cut out of a soft, jade-green stone.

The wily Chinese gave it a dextrous touch which showed it to the best advantage before replying.

"It worth ten dollars, sir. Don't you think that is very cheap?"

"Twice too much," Gardner objected, "I'll give you five."

The clerk shook his head, smiling blandly. "Ten dollar."

"Make it eight," Gardner persisted.

This time the clerk laughed outright. His oblique eyes almost closed, his yellow cheeks puckered like frosted persimmons. With deliberation he placed the dragon back among the other carvings. "Ten dollar."

"Well, confound your impudence," Gardner laughed. "Here's your ten, let me have it."

He counted out the sum—a bill and five silver dollars—and laid it on the edge of the counter. When he looked up, the clerk was staring at the dragon in a curious manner, his lower jaw hanging open, his skin taking on a dull green color in the dim, afternoon sunlight that filtered through the crowded window.

"Here's your money," Gardner repeated.

The clerk started from his reverie, instinctively extending one thin hand for the money, his fingers shaking as he counted it.

"I send it to you?"

"No, I'll take it with me," Gardner informed him.

Again the clerk stopped to stare at the carving, his skin appearing a somewhat duller shade of green; but he made no effort to hand over the dragon. Gardner waited impatiently, tapping his fingers on the counter.

"My dragon, please."

With an evident effort the clerk pushed the money from him. "No, please, I not sell the dragon today."

"Why not?"

"It—it velly bad day to sell dragons."

"Rubbish!" Gardner snorted "You've already sold it to me. Hand it over or I'll call the police."

With the mention of the word, "police," the clerk collapsed. Perhaps he had had past experiences with the police which he did not care to have repeated; perhaps there was a little room over the shop which would not bear investigation. At any rate he again picked up the dragon and made for the curtained door at the rear of the shop.

"Here!" Gardner called sharply, "never mind wrapping it up. I'll take is just the way it is."

The clerk returned and gave over the dragon with a reluctance he could not conceal. "Velly bad luck," he observed with perfect gravity, "velly bad luck."

"Oh, I guess not," Gardner remarked cheerfully. "Anyway, I'm the one that's taking the chance." He tucked the dragon under his arm and walked calmly out of the shop, the clerk staring after him.

Back in his rooms, Gardner studied the dragon minutely; but he was unable to discover any peculiarity except superior workmanship. As far as appearances were concerned, it was a mere Chinese toy. With a sigh of disappointment, he gave up the riddle and began the more important task of dressing for dinner.

He was not, however, to be allowed to dismiss the matter from his mind. The following morning a telephone call from the hotel office interrupted his breakfast:

"A gentleman in the lobby to see you, sir."

"Who is he?" Gardner inquired.

"Smith, Professor Ezekiel Smith. He says you don't know him but he wants to see you on a matter of great importance."

"Show him up," Gardner replied.

A few moments later a bell boy knocked at his door and stood aside as Gardner admitted his visitor, a thin, little figure of a man in a long black coat that flapped about his slender legs as he moved. One hand clutched a soft, black felt hat; the other toyed nervously with a white shoe-string tie that had a tendency to slip to one side of his not over-clean collar. His mild blue eyes behind the thick lenses seemed fixed in a perpetual timid stare.

"Have I the honor of addressing Mister Gregory Gardner?" he began in a halting manner.

Gardner bowed and pushed forward a chair. "Will you sit down?"

The professor took it; and resting his hat on knee, turned a mild face toward Gardner, but his eyes immediately fixed themselves upon the dragon which Gardner had placed on top of the book shelves behind him.

"I see you appreciate a good carving, Mister Gardner. Your dragon, may I see it?"

"Why, yes," Gardner said, reaching for the toy. "I think it rather neat myself."

The professor studied the dragon carefully and placed it on the table before he spoke again. "Frankly, Mister Gardner, I came to see you about this very dragon."

"I'm afraid you're mistaken about that," Gardner replied. "I bought this dragon only yesterday at a little shop in China Town. You evidently have the wrong dragon."

The professor shook his head, smiling. "No, Mister Gardner, this is the one."

Gardner regarded him attentively. Undoubtedly the man was a little demented. "You're a collector of carvings?" he suggested.

The professor laughed nervously. "No, Mister Gardner, I'm only a teacher. I

never collected anything in my life but my salary, and sometimes not even that."

"Then I don't quite understand. What is it you want to find out about the dragon?"

"Pardon me, Mister Gardner, but I have come to buy it."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," Gardner replied flatly, "but I have no intention of selling it. It affords me too much amusement."

The professor stared at him questioningly. "I—I don't know what you mean by amusement, sir, but I'm extremely sorry you will not sell. Doubtless it is a small matter to you, but to me it is of great importance. I would be willing to give you double what you paid for it."

"I don't wish to part with it."

"Even for fifty dollars?" He eyed Gardner eagerly.

"No."

"One hundred dollars then? I am a poor man, Mister Gardner, but"—

Gardner shook his head. "I told you I didn't wish to"—

"Two hundred dollars! Surely you will sell it for two hundred dollars."

Gardner was amused at his persistency. "No, you haven't yet named my price. Still, I might be induced to part with the dragon for a very much smaller sum than the last you named upon one condition."

"What is the condition?"

"That you tell me why you are so anxious to possess the dragon."

The professor slowly turned his hat around on his knee. "I regret it extremely, Mister Gardner, but that is impossible."

"And I regret it extremely that I can't sell it."

The professor considered for a moment. "Is there anything else that would induce you to change your mind?"

Gardner nodded in the negative. "Nothing."

With a wistful smile, the professor arose. "I cannot entirely give up hope, Mister Gardner," he said. "Perhaps I might comply with your terms if I only had time to think it over."

"Take all the time you want. I'm not likely to sell it to anyone else."

"Then I may have the privilege of calling on you again, say tonight?"

"If you come early, yes."

"Nine o'clock?"

"Excellent."

"You may expect me at that time, Mister Gardner, and good-bye."

They shook hands and the little professor shuffled to the door. After he had gone, Gardner again examined the dragon. The morning sunlight streaming across it caused its tiny red eyes to gleam with an unholy light. The dragon did possess a curious fascination. As he gazed at it, Gardner would have sworn it winked at him. Bosh! he told himself, the thing was beginning to get on his nerves. His dragon was no different from any other dragon, and the China Town shops were full of them. Professor Smith was a little bit queer, that was all. Tonight he would give the dragon to the poor fellow and have an end to it. And yet, was the Chinese clerk who sold him the dragon queer, too? It was not a very probable coincidence. The more he thought of it, the more perplexing the affair became. He was in the act of putting the dragon in its place on the book shelves when an idea occurred to him. Slipping into his coat, he left the room, taking the dragon with him. In the lobby he stopped long enough to see the dragon locked in the hotel safe until his return. Then he walked briskly in the direction of China Town.

Professor Smith was punctual to the minute. It was precisely nine o'clock when he presented himself, timid and courteous as usual.

"Mister Gardner," he commenced, glancing up at the dragon, "I have decided to offer you three hundred dollars for the dragon, a price, which you must know, is far more than a man of my means can afford to pay—even if the dragon is an heirloom."

"An heirloom," Gardner replied, "why, it can't be over ten years old now; and how did it happen to be in a Chinese curio store. Your story doesn't ring true."

"Be that as it may, Mister Gardner, I am here to offer you three hundred dollars."

Gardner arose, lit a cigarette, and

walked to the window without replying. The professor fidgeted restively in his chair. "You will not sell?" he inquired plaintively.

"No," Gardner said bluntly, without turning around. "You know the condition I have made. Nothing will make me change my mind."

"Perhaps this will."

A sudden change in the man's tone caused Gardner to wheel sharply. He found himself gazing into the business end of a wicked looking revolver.

A startling metamorphosis had taken place. The plaintive note in the professor's voice was gone; the mild blue eyes were now the blueness of steel; the once trembling hand held the revolver with perfect steadiness. "Now, Gregory Gardner," he commanded, "you'll do as I say, and do it quickly if you know what's good for you. Put the dragon on the table."

Gardner, nonplussed, removed the dragon from the book shelves and placed it in the centre of the table.

"There's a poker at the side of your fire place. Get it; but don't come too near me. Stand by the table."

Again Gardner obeyed.

"Now, my curious friend, I am going to show you why I wanted your pretty toy. Hit the dragon with your poker."

"Do what?" Gardner asked.

"Hit the dragon with your poker. Can't you understand plain English, man? Hit it! Break it!"

Gardner did as he was directed. The dragon broke into a dozen pieces. The sight seemed to delight the professor. "Good work," he chuckled. "Now lay down the poker and stand on the other side of the room."

Still keeping Gardner covered with his weapon, the professor moved to the table and began searching among the scattered fragments of the dragon. Whatever he sought was evidently missing, for the expression of utter disappointment that came on his face was too apparent to go unnoticed. "That dragon!" he snarled, "where did you get it?"

"In China Town," Gardner replied. "Why?"

The professor disregarded the question and continued to search frantically among the bits of green stone. "It must be here," he muttered to himself. "It must be here. There wasn't another one with the same mark. I marked it myself. It's here or else—or else I've been double-crossed by the Chink. No, he wouldn't dare to do it. It must have been the right one."

"Anything wrong with my dragon?" Gardner asked innocently.

"Oh, damn you and your dragon!" the professor shrieked, wild with rage. "While I've been wasting my time here that Chinaman has been making his getaway. Oh, if I could only get hands on him. I'd"—

"My dear fellow," Gardner suggested soothingly, "perhaps if you'd explain"—

"Explain!" the professor shouted, "I've lost enough time as it is. You sit down in that chair. Quick, now!"

Gardner hesitated, shrugged his shoulders with an air of complete bewilderment, and seated himself in the chair. With a skill that showed practice, the professor quickly bound him, using a silken rope borrowed from the portieres. At the door he paused to turn out the lights.

"You needn't disturb yourself to phone for a bell boy to show me out," he said ironically, "I'll find the way myself."

The door of the apartment closed softly behind him.

It took some time for Gardner to work himself free. When he had succeeded, he turned on the lights and brushed the remains of what had been the green dragon on to the floor. Then opening a drawer in the table he took out another green dragon, apparently identical in every detail with the one he had just broken.

"If the professor had observed closely," he chuckled to himself, "he would have discovered that the dragon I smashed for him was not the one he examined this morning, thanks to the fact that I found a duplicate for him in China Town this afternoon. Now we'll see"—

He had placed the dragon on the table. Now he struck it a sharp, quick blow with the poker. It splintered into pieces. Among them, gleaming iridescent in the

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The Hermit of Lanai

A Greater Love Hath No Man for the Woman of His Choice

By James Hanson

EVERYTHING had gone wrong! I had expected, when sent from the States, to be employed in the Company's office at Honolulu. Instead I was marooned on the diminutive island of Lanai—scarce ten miles in breadth—in charge of a motley gang of rum-soaked vanilla-bean pickers who knew not even the definition of the word "work." The air was obsessed with the sickly-sweet odors of tropical flora. The scorching sun made my head ache; and the more I thought of taking a dip at Waikiki, with a certain Marian Young, or holding four kings at the Outrigger club, the more my head ached. That was my first day on Lanai, and I was to remain there—I knew not how long.

After a half-eaten dinner in a cockroach-infested mess-room, I strolled seaward along a wild-pig trail. My thoughts were filled with gloomy, disjoined reminiscences and I was lonesome. And to make matters worse, some Kanaka, with a guitar, was beginning a chant. Not many notes had been struck before I hesitated to tread, lest the sound of my footsteps drown out his harmony in my receptive mind.

His voice was adapted to the pathos of that weird Hawaiian melody. It sprang into being, soft and mellow-sounding as a mother's croon to her slumbering babe—seemingly to sob in the singer's throat as it blended with the silken, rythmic vibrations of his accompaniment. And then it rose on the crest of the crescendo with a sudden, uncontrollable outburst of feeling as if intended for some Omnipotent in the Infinite, until at last, tenderly sweet, it melted away into the dusky haze of oblivion.

I was rooted to the spot in hypnotic fascination for some moments after the song had ceased. Who was this mysterious singer of seductive song which seemed to call me, as the music of the Pied Piper charmed the children. In spite of a sprained ankle I stumbled through the tangled masses of aromatic ferns and waxen-leaved creepers with agility. Again it coursed through my brain—the pathetic solemnity of that chant.

In the limpid twilight I glimpsed a tiny valley draped with a soft and purple down like a vaporous amethyst. Beneath a hau tree, before a palm-thatched hut, sat a man in likeness to The Thinker; and on his lap his guitar.

He started suddenly at my approach and turned full to me a pair of haunting eyes, and a face that was furrowed with youthful age. I was about to beg his pardon for intruding upon him, so un-

ceremoniously, when I found myself, in speechless surprise, shaking hands with a school acquaintance of but a few years previous—Kimo Kanalie.

After the banalities of a pleasantly renewed friendship, Kanalie cleared his throat and fastened his gaze upon some indistinct object in the semi-darkness, then began his tale in response to my queries.

"King Hokalau was my sire. He possessed, in the interior of Maui, a vast expanse of land. All that where now stands the Johnson Sugar Plantations, the ranches of the Irvines; the Babels; and beyond to the town of Wailuku, was our domain.

"When my father felt the austere hand of Time pressing his brow, he called me to his side. You will remember that I was unable to pursue my studies at school on account of father's illness."

"I remember you left rather suddenly," I replied.

"I reached his bedside just in time," went on Kanalie, " for that night, life fled from him. It was his last wish that I acquaint myself with the daughter of Konakau, the greatest of all Maui chiefs, and seek her for my bride. And Konakua would be a valuable advisor and a powerful ally to me in time of need.

"The daughter of Konakua! How can I best describe her? There are no words in the haole (white) vocabulary that suffice. For she was a dazzling completeness of beauty—radiant with the beautiful glamor of stainless maidenhood and halcyon innocence."

I nodded a silent approval, during which time Kanalie gave a light to his cigarette. By the flare of the match I could see his eyes gleam.

"And we loved," he resumed. "It was a love, delicate and pure—all in the flush and heyday of youth and happiness. Ah, Herbert! What is greater than the love of a pure woman?"

"Nothing greater," I agreed. Didn't—"

"But Konakua would have none of it," continued Kanalie, ignoring my interruption. "He said that no wastrel, whose geneology was compounded of vagrant strains, could flow with the royal blood of the Konakuas. His high medicine man held it that my veins possessed the blood of Japanese as well as Hawaiian. In vain I protested. He would not listen—but dismissed me from him.

"But to Konakua great respect is due. For ironclad was his rule, that his miniature kingdom remain pure and untainted with the blood of foreign element. Not a drop of strange blood sported through their veins. No maiden or youth had adopted the haole sins or become shiftless and lazy from rum and squareface-gin; and in consequence the halcyon days of the olden-time still held place under King Konakua's regime, as they did no elsewhere in Hawaii."

He paused for a moment and laid aside his guitar.

"One day," said Kanalie, returning to his tale, "when I had long since returned home, there came to me a runner from Konakua who bade me haste to see him. I lost no time in setting out. I knew that the great chief had, at last, become convinced of my sincerity.

"Gone was his lithe and supple step—the keen eye and lion-heart which had made him famous as an athlete and a warrior. Instead came a greeting from a man whose strength had fled.

" 'Draw close to me,' said the chief. And when I sat at his feet, he also said: 'I am old! The icy hand of Death floats above me like a drifting leaf, awaiting to summon me into the Eternal Silence. You are not a great chief; but I cannot depart from my people without leaving them a leader. You are my choice. You will have the Lily; may you both be happy.' "

"How impressive!" I exclaimed. "What became of him?"

Kanalie commanded silence with a gesture of his hand.

"A night of canoeing elapsed, and ere the morn with its perfumes and haze of pensive light, we had gained the crest of a pali (precipice). Well concealed from chance discovery by a prolific screen of greenery was a cave.

" 'This,' said the chief, 'is the royal mausoleum, where rest the bones of my ancestors.' "

I raised a questioning glance.

"The custom of ages," explained Kanalie, "the secret burial ground.

Thousands of bats infested the labyrinthian windings of the cavern, and great globules of moisture oozed from the walls. A feeling of awe came over me as I stood amidst the remnants of departed monarchs.

"There were rows of packages, all embrowned and mossed with age. Old relics and the accumulation of ages lay in jars and upon shelves—fans from the breast feathers of the purple humming bird; crude and primitive utensils of cooking; great carved calabashes of whale-oil, mil-

sea-grass, dusts of former monarchs, musty and green.

"Konakua showed me the tomb where his remains were to rest; and yet another, next to his own, which was reserved for me. With a brief blessing he motioned me away. He stood in the mouth of the cave, in likeness to a wave-beaten rock, singing his death-chant ere he departed on his willful slumber-journey to the Highest."

I shifted my seat, fumbling at the same time for a cigarette.



Ancient Hawaiian War Canoe

dewed and leaky; tapas, and makaola mats, that were rare and ancient; canoes, and paddles of the costly koa-wood, inlaid with shell and carved in grotesque designs.

"There were piles and heaps of malos (loin-cloths), holokus (dresses), and lilinas (linens), with the faded petals of the roke-lei (rose-garlands) still within their folds; poi-pounders and bowls of kauila-wood; and bundles of bones wrapped in tana and tied with cords of

"Are you getting a trifle—bored?" he asked.

I hastily assured him no; only impatient to hear more.

His wandering gaze seemed to concentrate upon the distant Molokai, whose hills seemed to melt into the silky softness of the night.

"Once again," he continued, "I stood in the dim opalescence of the moon, in nights that were wine-blue and strewn with stars. Once again I beheld the

radiance of morning, when all the sky was mother-of-pearl and tender, and laden with the poignant scent of mountain flowers. Again I heard the ever-whispering palm-fronds, and most musical of music to my ears, the tender whisperings of the Lily of Maūi. Then did time cease to exist.

"Of course, in respect to Konakua, we could not marry till a reasonable length of time elapsed; but to the betrothed time passes quickly, and soon preparations for a colossal celebration were in order. A day was set for every sport —dancing, racing, swimming, and feats of strength."

Again Kanalie paused, his eyes radiant as the lights and shadows of reviving memory crossed his face.

"The day of the commencement arrived! And with its dawn of bewildering beauty came the sun, fresh and golden, sending its supernatural radiance down upon a scene of great activity. Everywhere were old, and young, filled with gaiety, merriment, joy, and hilarity.

"The day of the dancing! Out from an opening in the tangled greenery came a bevy of maidens—the hula dancers, led by the Lily. A score of dancing girls with the freshness of foreign-flowers and virgin grace! Grass-girdled and flower-crowned, they advanced and retreated in rhythm, swaying and gliding, castanet-bracelets clicking with every quiver of muscles—plump and high-bosomed they danced as daughters of Terpsichore. With a ringing shout they broke up in a bedlam of mirth, each to the arms of a lover. Till the following morn did we dance, from old to young.

"Participants and challengers were plentiful in the aquatic sports. Experts all were they, for they gleaned their subsistence by the paddle and net; from the men who manned the double high-sterned war canoes, which came from the windward of Kahoolawe to the lads in the single outriggers. They took prizes, from poi-bowls to herds of long-horned cattle, and the prize of prizes, kisses from their women.

"Nor were the women to be left out. We had devotees of Neptune who could go down in seven fathoms of water and bring more squid to the surface than any two Kanaka men. And they surf-boarded. A mile out, at the bathing beach, went the Lily, beyond the reef, till her head was but a mere dot in a vastness of blue. Then in she came, upright on a board not six feet long, astride the milky crest of a wave, poised as a nymph, whose graceful length of limb was buried to the knees in wreaths of spray, till the board grated on the sandy beach.

"And there were horse races. The riders and steeds from the mountain ranches; the perfect crescent of a mile-long beach, the course. I can see them now as they then came! Around the projecting cliff, which hid the starting-point from view, they burst a riot of color. A splash of white surged ahead for a moment and gave way to a flash of golden brown. Then as a lightning-bolt, from the center, sprang Skagerrak. Shades of Pegasus!—how that horse could run! He was pure Arabian and black as night, from his snow-cold muzzle to his five-foot tail. Aye! He was night-born, that wizard, on the Rubeu Wood ranch at Puunene. And he gained. An inch! A foot! He broke the tape a full length ahead of Friar Tuck, the favorite.

"Never shall I forget those nights—enchanting, scented, and silent! The stillness broken only by the love-laugh of some hillside couple and the mate-calls of the night-birds. Then would I and Mine forsake the gatherings for the green of the lagoon; its tranquil bosom unruffled, unbroken, save by the canoe's prow as it drifted its languid way. No Shahrazad ever unfolded such tales as were told to me. No Chopin or Beethoven ever composed such oriole-melodies as I heard. My lips sought hers often and again, for she was mine—my queen-born!—from her tendrilly tresses to the golden-brown of her feet. So passed the time, till the marriage day."

There was a space of silence. Kanalie seemed to ponder how to continue. For several moments I heard the low moaning of the wind in the banana fronds. Finally he again opened up.

"Herbert, how I wish you could have been there. It would have reminded you of the old days of football and track meet.



Hawaiian Surf-Riding.

No county fair ever beheld such an aggregation. All the gamut of a painter's palette! From every mountain and valley they came. From grandchildren to grandfather, from one-sixteenth to three-quarters haole they were. From Hawaii, Oahu, Kauai, and as far away as Niihau came maidens of queenly beauty, in holokus of the finest cloth, adorned with leis and flowers; and the men in white trousers and gorgeous raiment of scarfs and sashes.

"They came with things to eat. There were calabashes of palm tree wine, baskets filled with pineapples, golden-skinned mangies, red bananas, full-juiced melons, kukui-nuts, mellow alligator pears, guava, and taro, fresh that day from the slopes of Haleakala. And of the meats of bird and beast, there were scores of varieties from the distant Iao Valley, such as often graced the table of the good Queen Liliuokalanai.

"The assemblage was gathered about in little knots. The elders spoke wisely of ranches and cattle; the young men boasted of love conquests; and from under the monkey-pod trees came the sweet pipings of child-voices, while their older, gossiping sisters exchanged secrets. But the babble of voices ceased at the blowing of a conch-horn. It was the signal for the participants to be in their places.

"The stage was the shadow-checkered sward, walled by an amphitheater of spring's luxuriant verdure; the crystalline sky canopy. The audience was the care-free children of Hawaii, eager to witness the far-heralded spactacle.

"Again the conch notes! With a shout, a score of youths, supple-muscled and merry-hearted, threw themselves upon the ground. They made a human carpet to the ceremonial arch where I stood with the high priest.

"Over their muscular bodies she came, softly and lightly. Never before had she looked more beautiful! She wore, like some exotic flower, around her slender form, the dainty draperies of a princess. There was a benign tenderness about her face as she came, escorted by twenty maids of honor, who waved long-handled kahilis over her.

"In another instant she was enfolded in my arms. The high priest encircled us with a lei from the white down of the sea-bird—the bond that made us one. She flung back her head and surrendered, full to me, throat and face, and I rained passionate kisses upon her unturned submissive lips."

An inarticulate sound suspiciously like a sob came from Kanalie's lips as he suddenly rose and strode away to the beach where he could be alone with his thoughts, and I sensed the end of his tale was near. When he returned there was a bitterness in his face and moisture in his eyes.

"That is not the—end?" I faltered.

"No, not the end," he said, low-voiced, "there is more. Our eyes met, with our lips: The blood stopped in my veins! I was paralyzed with horror! She read it in my ashen face; and she cuddled closer to my breast, the color draining from her cheeks. I felt the hot tears falling, and her arms tighten convulsively around me. Slight! Oh, so slight, was it!—but unmistakable—the telltale of darkening of the skin, just above the eyebrows—leprosy, the curse of the South Seas.

"The haole laws are strict, and they took her away to Molokai. I saw her depart on the Mana, the boat that separated mothers from their babes, sweethearts, and friends. Well can I see now, as she then looked—at the rail, weeping and praying, arms outstretched to me appealing, my lei of blood-red hibiscus on her flowing hair. And the band played 'Oloha oe,' the sad 'Farewell.

"I, in my canoe, followed her far out beyond the reef, till the waves threatened to swamp me. Yet it is ever fresh in my memory, that last, thrown love-kiss. No, never was there such love as ours! Never shall I forget! And every night, I sing

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TAMALPAIS IN AUGUST

By Henry Fitzgerald Ruthrauff

Sleep on old Tamalpais in the sun—
Sleep on all through the long white August days;
At dawning robed in softest silver mists,
At evening wrapped in gold, and plum-bloom haze.
Sleep on, though men may toil—what cares are thine!
Thy sheltering forests hide thy creature-things—
The world's harsh hours of turmoil touch thee not—
Old lazy giant sprawling in the sun,
And when from greater heights than thy bold crest—
Rough-hunched against white, idle, hanging clouds,
Long burning shafts fall hot upon thy slopes
Where yellow barley dreams and brown bees drum—
Young breezes come to play across thy breast;
And down between thy ridges, where cool streams
Leap laughing toward the sea, the timorous deer
Drinks deep, and wood-doves call among the pines.
Sleep on, old Tamalpais, in the sun—
Sleep on all through the long white August days,
At dawning, robed in softest silver mists—
At evening, wrapped in gold, and plum-bloom haze.



The Black Opal

A Chapter of Romance and Reality.

By Caroline Katherine Franklin

(Part VII.)

Query: When is an opal lucky?
Answer: When it is black.

WHEN the two men had gone out into the night, Aunt Fiske and Charlotte were taken in charge by a dumpling of a gray-haired woman, who was properly excited at the prospect of a wedding at the unheard hour of eleven, P. M. They removed their automobile coats; and Aunt Fiske, sinking into a splint-bottomed rocking chair that was drawn up before the glowing range, kicked off her sodden satin slippers. The gray-haired woman, Mrs. Smith, pattered about, putting the kettle on to boil for tea.

All at once Aunt Fiske sat bolt upright.

"Lottie!" she shrieked. "Your ring—your diamond ring! Aren't you engaged to the doctor?"

Charlotte in blue—Jack's favorite color—held out lovely hands, bare of any ornament save the black opal.

"No! I broke the engagement just after luncheon. That's why he whisked my mamma away—to get even. Aunt Fiske, it didn't take ten minutes for everything to be cleared up between Jack and me. He never even **thought** of caring for Fatima—Miss Mallory. And as for his wearing the scarab to keep off bad luck, that was all nonsense! He just talked like that to lead on Dr. Gordon."

"Um! I suspected as much." She took up her bag and fumbled among the contents. "Sit down on this stool, Charlotte, close to me. There! I guess you won't get any handsomer wedding gift than that."

It was Charlotte's turn to shriek.

"Your pearls, Auntie! But—I thought—the burglar—"

"There wasn't any burglar," said Aunt Fiske, calmly.

"No burglar!"

"Certainly not! Mr. Holt, the man who owned the house before I did, explained everything. It seems that, before he went away, his wife paid a visit to her people. She is strongly prohibition, the same as I am. He knew that she wouldn't approve of the temporary use of the cellar by a friend who wanted to store some wine there, when prohibition went into effect; so he didn't say anything about it. Then she came home, and he went away; and she sold the house—with all the wine in

the cellar—while he was gone. They were trying to get it out."

Aunt Fiske rocked placidly.

"But where were your pearls?"

"I—er—didn't wear them that night, after all," Aunt Fiske admitted. "I found 'em two days after in the medicine closet. There's someone at the door. Probably it's the parson—or Jack—"

"Or both," smiled Charlotte, tremulously, as she held up her sweet face to Aunt Fiske to be kissed.

* * *

Mrs. Jerome had 'phoned to the home of her maid, Susan, as soon as she reached the city. Luckily the girl was in. Mrs. Jerome directed the girl to go to the house of her employer at once.

She had been in a highly nervous condition when she left the Ten Oaks Ranch, and the gloom of the empty rooms did not tend to lessen this condition; she confided everything to the faithful Susan.

"It was our misfortune to have been born with an appendix. Mrs. Farrel's—you don't know her, Susan—was removed at the psychological moment. She has it where she can look at it whenever she wants to, and she doesn't have to worry for fear she'll swallow a seed or something. It is in a bottle of alcohol. Her husband paid Dr. Hoffman Gordon one thousand dollars for the operation. Mr. Farrel says that a thousand dollars is entirely too much to pay—so she told me. I think most men are such ungrateful creatures."

She twisted in her seat; and the alarmed Susan asked:

"Have you a pain now, Ma'am?"

"No." Mrs Jerome's eyelids quivered slightly, but her gaze was unswerving. "Speaking of operations set me to thinking of my side. It does feel sore."

"A cup of tea and toast would set you up," Susan suggested. "And then if you'd get into your kimono and slippers and let down your hair, I'd brush it for you. I think it's more nervousness than anything else—"

"No special soreness," Mrs Jerome murmured, following her own train of thought. "But Mrs. Farrel said that she didn't have any; and after the operation Doctor Hoffman Gordon told her that if she had waited another moment gangrene would have set in." She felt critically of her right side. "Oh!" she sighed disconsolately, "If Mr. Jerome had not gone on that trip! Why should he have given Charlotte an opal? They are so unlucky! Think what has happened since she's had it!"

When Mrs. Jerome finally had been made more comfortable, she ordered:

"Darken the room, please, Susan. Don't come to me until I ring. I'm going to try to sleep off some of my depression."

A short time later Mrs. Jerome again rang. As Susan entered the room and pulled up the shade so that she could see, her eyes widened with quick alarm as she looked at Mrs. Jerome's pale, worn face.

"It's chronic appendicitis, Susan, and I only found out a short time ago that I have it," she harped.

"You don't seem to have any fever, Mrs. Jerome," ventured Susan.

"No—no—no fever?"—with a slow, hesitating movement of the head. "Mrs. Farrel didn't have fever either; but she would have died if they hadn't taken her appendix out. Send for the doctor quickly. Minutes, even seconds count. Hurry, Susan! Go to the White's next door and 'phone. Mercy! It's eleven o'clock!"

"You didn't say as to who you wanted, M'm. Did you want Doctor Bryce?"

"No! It's a wonder I'm alive after having had that old-timer so long. I must have a sub-normal temperature—" sighing her fatigue. "I feel all a-flutter and strange. I'm so sorry I went to the house party!"

After Susan had 'phoned and succeeded in getting the doctor, she returned to the bedroom.

"Did you get him?"

"Yes'm. He'll be here immediately."

"You shall have extra pay on your next pay-day, Susan, for all you've done—if I live. If I don't—" sadly— "tell the Jerome family it was my wish. I intended to have the operation tomorrow; but no doubt it should be done at once."

"Would you mind, M'm?— I have a thermometer with me. Let me take your temperature. It must be either above or below normal for you to have appendicitis. I was in training, M'm, for six months

at the Hospital, and that's what I remember."

"Mrs. Farrel says not. She didn't have any change in temperature," replied the invalid, pushing back her hair with an abstracted gesture. "If an appendix has to be such a bother, why wasn't it put where it's easily gotten at?"

Susan made no answer, but placed the thermometer beneath Mrs. Jerome's tongue, and after several moments removed the instrument. Janice Jerome's gaze followed uneasily as her maid maneuvered to get exactly the correct light for reading the scale.

"Absolutely normal, Mrs. Jerome."

"But I feel so badly! It **must** be my appendix," she replied as she turned to the wall. How I wish Mr. Jerome were home!"

Susan's thoughts coincided; but Doctor Hoffman Gordon had been summoned. A half-hour later he entered the room, his well-groomed figure and genial smile radiating confidence. As he crossed to where the invalid lay, she, too, felt as did her friend, Mrs. Farrel. Doctor Bryce was surely a professional pessimist compared with Doctor Hoffman Gordon. He counted her pulse and took her temperature not once, but twice. She watched him with wistful, melancholy eyes.

"What is it, Doctor?" she asked. "Is it as bad as Mrs. Farrel's case?"

He feigned not to hear.

"You say that Mr. Jerome is away?"—as if going on with his thoughts.

Her eyes did not leave his face as she replied:

"Yes. It will be three days before I get word to him, unless he has started home."

"That's bad," said he, frowning. And again he paused.

"I wish to know, Doctor," she said impatiently.

"Well, I think I'd better get you into the Hospital at once."

A feeling of fear swept over her as she watched him making out a check for her to sign. This finished, he wrote a statement—also for her signature. Then he motioned for Susan to act as a witness.

"What we need in your case, Mrs. Jerome, is quick, decisive action," he said, patting her hand reassuringly. "I did not anticipate, today, as we were motoring in, that your case was so urgent."

Her lips narrowed to a thin, white line.

"Make arrangements at once," she commanded, determinedly, rising on her elbow, "and I'll sign whatever you have for me to sign."

Susan and Doctor Hoffman Gordon assisted her.

"Now, lie perfectly flat, Mrs. Jerome. Don't move that side any more than you can possibly help. Leave all the arrangements to me, and you'll not be sorry."

Janice Jerome bit her lips to keep back the tears.

"This is the first time I have ever done anything without consulting Mr. Jerome; but I'll do just as you say, Doctor," she replied, docilely, for she was beginning to feel the polite antagonism in his manner.

"If you and Mrs. Farrel were not such near friends and had not talked so freely about her case, my professional delicacy would not have allowed me to mention her name in this matter; but you and she are so near and dear to each other, I know you'll understand when I tell you that your case is much worse than hers. Fifteen hundred dollars is a reasonable fee, in this instance."

"But I haven't more than six hundred dollars in the bank!"

"You can give me your cheque for six hundred dollars, and sign a note for the balance. Of course, had your daughter remained my affianced wife, it would have been 'all in the family', so to speak; and the expense would have been much less—"

"Hasn't she—has she—? She **has**?" Janice Jerome gibbered, incoherent in her amazement.

He nodded.

"But we are not discussing Miss Charlotte—it is you of whom we must think. Why worry your family?" he continued. "In an hour, or less, you'll be off the operating table. I'll go out and 'phone for the ambulance while your little maid looks after you. At the same time, I'll call up the Hospital and make all necessary arrangements."

"What time is it, Doctor Gordon?"

"It is twelve o'clock—midnight; but that need not worry you, my dear Mrs.

Jerome. Everything will be easily arranged. At two o'clock, or a little later, I will be here for you."

As soon as the door was closed, Janice Jerome asked for ink and paper, and wrote a holographic will. Then she broke into violent sobbing. She looked mournfully at Susan through wet, silken lashes.

"My porch plants, the birds, and all the things I love! Who'll look after them? Mr. Jerome and Charlotte have each other; but—"

Susan tried as best she could to comfort.

"If you'll only 'phone Miss Jerome!" she pleaded.

Janice Jerome shook her pretty head.

"Never! My daughter has enough to fret her! I wonder why she broke her engagement to Dr. Hoffman!"

Susan busied herself gathering up the necessary things for Mrs. Jerome's suit case.

"D—don't tell Mr. Jerome, Susan, that I blame the black opal but I do. If I die, tell my daughter to bury it, or throw it into the ocean. Never let another Jerome wear it!"

Susan flushed.

"Mrs. Jerome, please don't blame the opal. It's my—"

"Your what, Susan?"

"My—my bunch of peacock feathers. I thought they'd make such a stunning feather turban; and I never **dre-amed** that they were unlucky. Now I know; and I'll burn every last feather!"

It was after three o'clock when an ambulance rumbled to a stop before the Jerome home. There was the sound of hurried footsteps. A tap at the door sent the color from Janice Jerome's cheeks.

"The ambulance is here, Mrs. Jerome." It was Dr. Hoffman Gordon who made the announcement. "Don't jar that side, Mrs. Jerome, or there'll be a penalty to pay."

He went expertly about the business of directing the ambulance men. Janice Jerome, before she realized it, had been lifted and placed upon the stretcher. They carried her down the richly carpeted stairs, through the hall, ghostly gray in the faint dawn, down the steps—

Mrs. Jerome gave a last despairing look at the place that shrined her heart as the ambulance door closed, shutting out her world, shutting in a badly frightened little woman who realized, at last, that she had been caught in the trap of her own credulity.

Susan, gazing after the rapidly disappearing ambulance through a mist of tears, did not for the moment observe the shabby automobile that had drawn up to

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THE CALL FROM WOODLANDS

By B. J. Wyman

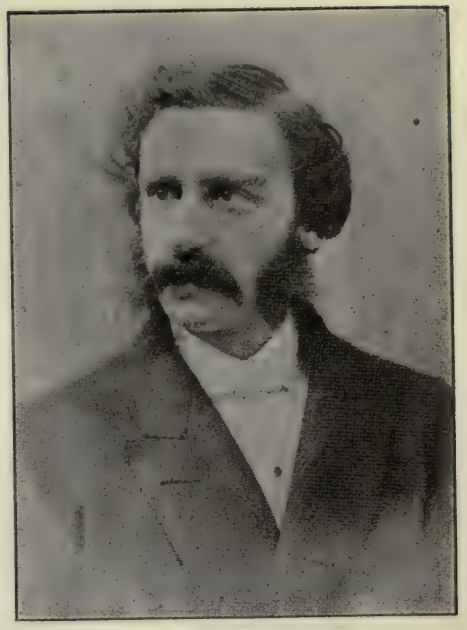
When the sun has lured the em'rald
From the verdure of the lea;
When the hills are brown with summer,
Then the city palls on me
And I heed the call from woodlands
Made melodious by bees,
Where the vagrant winds like spirits
Unseen whisper midst the trees—
Where the birds are singing sweetly
And the waters murmur low;
Where the light of day is seeking
Shaded nooks where mosses grow;
Far away from crowded centers
Where the ever-weary plod,
I forget my cares and sorrows
And in peace commune with God.

Stories From The Files

Narrative Which Unexpectedly Made Bret Harte a Literary Celebrity

The Author's Opinion and the Publisher's Objections.

By E. Clarence O'Day



Bret Harte in 1868

Exactly 52 years ago, in the August number of the Overland Monthly, Francis Bret Harte, editor of the magazine, published his "Luck of Roaring Camp," which was to place him, at once in the front rank of American fiction writers.

The story was to have been printed in the first number of the Overland in July, 1868, but the publisher was apprehensive that the new note it struck would jar the sensibilities of the pioneer public.

Harte's literary judgment was sustained in the verdict of the magazine's readers and the praise of Boston critics. The principal publishing house of Boston at once offered to pay the editor of the Overland Monthly his own price for all the stories he wished to send them, and it soon became apparent that the Pacific Coast would find it difficult to meet the competition of the older centers for its famous author. The Overland Monthly paid Harte a salary of $5000 a year and $100 for every story he contributed, but it proved insufficient to retain the much-sought writer.

THERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's" grocery had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanake Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp: "Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity, when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom—hard enough to bear even in the seclusion and sexual sympathy with which custom veils it—but now terrible in her loneliness.

The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation, which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin, that at the moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive sympathy and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed from the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return, but this was the first time that any one had been introduced ab initio. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actually fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "rough" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

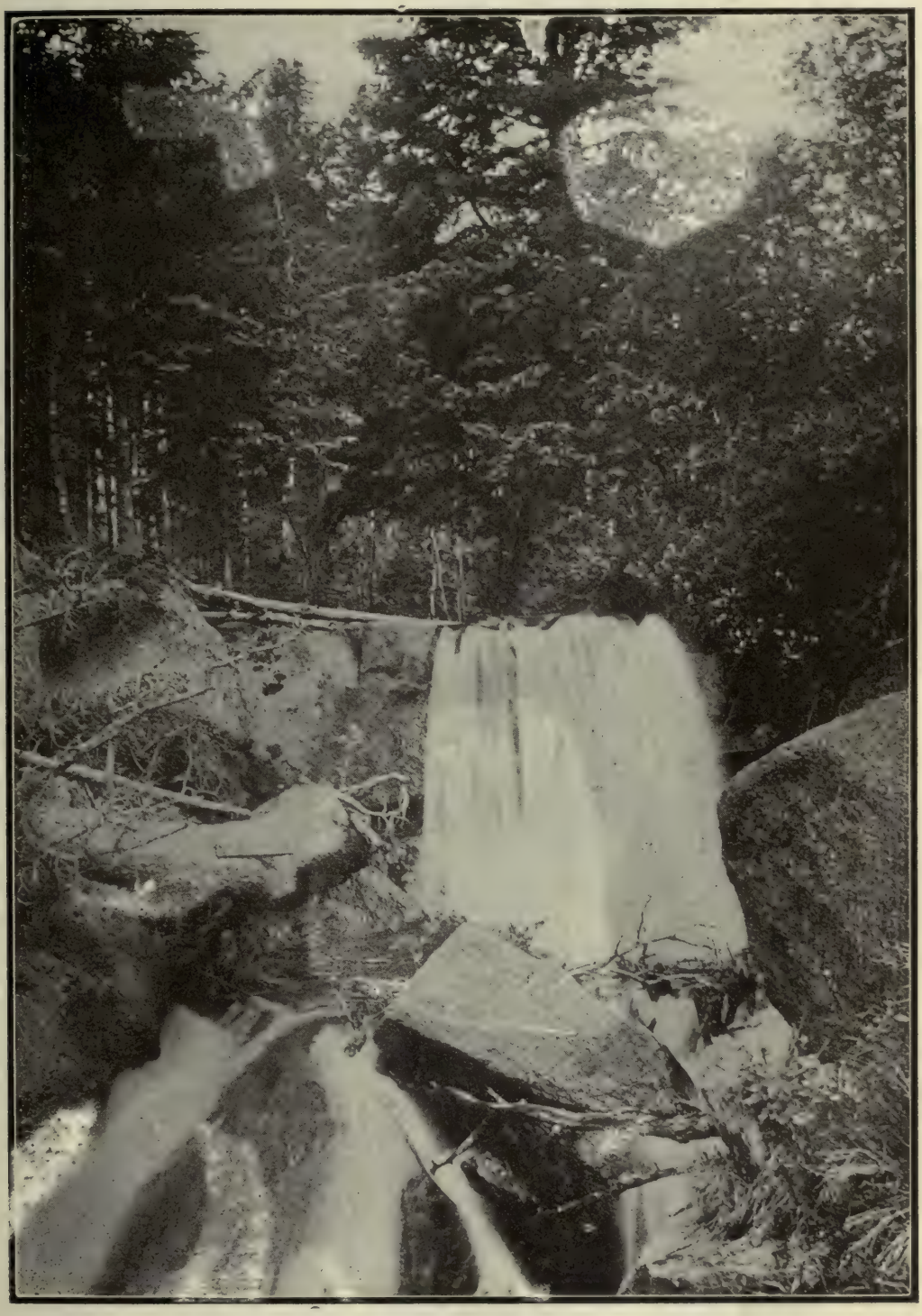
Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin.

The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising sun. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociably to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it;" even, that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an exciting discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen, too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better councils prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherikee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd, which had already formed themselves into a square, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this



In the Bret Harte Country.

a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in flaring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated.

"Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and ex officio complacency, "gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities, good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms, addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman: "Is that him?" "Mighty small specimen." "Hasn't mor'n got the color." "Ain't bigger nor a derringer."

The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco box; a doubloon; a navy revolver; silver mounted pistol; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst, the gambler); a diamond breast-pin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about $200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left—a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly-born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curious, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d——d little cuss;" he said, as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoying repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member. "The d——d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the newcomer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weakness of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed he walked down to the river and whistled, reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with remonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused, and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy.

"How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box.

"All serene," replied Stumpy.

"Anything up?"

"Nothing."

There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy.

"Rastled with it—the d——d little cuss," he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulcher as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hill-side, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion, in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants, at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities, with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a

distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed upon to accept Roaring Camp when questioned he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent and heroic about the plan, that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento.

"Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree work and frills—d—m the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for ma-



California Miner's Cabin, 1849. From a Painting by Charles Nahl, Famous Pioneer Artist.

as her home, and the speaker argued that "they didn't want any more of the other kind."

This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety, the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But terial deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot-hills—that air pungent with balsamic odor; that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted ass's milk to lime and phosphorous. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing.

"Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "The Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Coyote"—(an illusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the "d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are usually superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown.

"It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all around. Call him luck, and start him fair."

A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd.

"It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the square. It's playing it pretty low on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me."

A silence followed Sandy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus estopped of his fun.

"But," said Stumpy quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California—So help me God."

It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered aught but

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THE MEADOW-LARK

By Katherine M. Peirce.

A sweet voice singing in the wilderness,
The wilderness of meadow-field and flowers;
From rosy dawn to evening's glowing hours
It fills the silence with a soft caress:
A miracle of music wrought to bless
The solitude. No leafy bowers
Where mountain brooklets splash their silver showers,
Such fluting tones of tranquil joys possess.

Ah, lowly minstrel of the Golden West!
In quiet meadows let me often stray,
Forgetful of the call of love and care,
Content to yield the guerdon of Life's quest
For rapture of thy pure melodious lay,—
Thy cheerful voice in tuneful praise and prayer

Pedro Crosses The Border

By Dorothy Gardiner

IT WAS while Sheriff Tom Keegan was escorting Pedro Vierra to jail that the latter-mentioned gentleman executed the master-stroke of his life. With all the cunning and agility of a panther, he caught the big sheriff unawares and knocked him flat. This action was indeed galling to Keegan, and when Pedro seized the sheriff's six-shooter and held it in the neighborhood of Keegan's brains, the while advising him to "vamoose"—well, it was worse than galling.

Keegan, of course, "vamoosed," cursing himself for not having put bracelets on the bad man. But had not Pedro Vierra given his word of honor that he would come peacefully?

"That what I get for trusting the word of a greaser!" reflected Sheriff Tom stormily, and hot-footed it to town a mile away to arm himself and procure his horse, in order that he might properly search the countryside for one bad man, Pedro Vierra.

Meanwhile, Pedro, with a grin of self-approbation planted upon his olive-skinned countenance, fled southward. Up in the brush-clad hills beyond the Rio Pequeno, he knew he could find refuge until darkness fell. Then, under cover of the night, he would steal forth. For Pedro knew where a swift Indian pony was to be found, and once astride a horse—ah! Then, indeed, Pedro Vierra would laugh at the disgruntled Keegan.

As he sped over the mesa, Pedro hummed—softly, of course, for one must not hazard chances. Instead of a fugitive, he might well have been a gay cavalier singing in love-hushed tones to the lady of his heart.

Pedro frowned. To his mind came the vision of a maid with luminous eyes of midnight darkness. She would wonder, his little Conchita; but he could not with safety get the word to her that he must travel afar. For Sheriff Tom Keegan would be on the lookout for a ruse—and as a rule, the sheriff was clever.

"But beside me he is as clever as the house-cat beside the lynx," boasted Pedro Vierra as he came to the Rio Pequeno.

He waded across, the waters barely coming to his knees, for it was August and the river was running low.

Pedro gained the opposite shore and briskly climbed the hill beyond; at length he paused about half way up the hillside, his sharp eyes searching about for a favorable hiding place—a place where he would be well screened, and at the same time see quite clearly the Rio Pequeno and the far-reaching mesa beyond.

With a little exclamation of satisfaction, Pedro crawled beneath a low-hanging madrone; the next moment he was calmly engaged in puffing contentedly at a cigarette.

"Dios!" he ejaculated at length. "After

these three years that I should be discovered!"

Three years before, Pedro Vierra had put the blot of murder on his care-free young life. In a saloon duel, bred by a fuss over cards, he had sent a bullet straight to the heart of his opponent. Instantly he had fled across the border and when at length he had ventured back to the States, he went to a new vicinity and took unto himself another name.

But the illusion that he had fooled the law was shattered to smithereens that bright August morning when Sheriff Keegan walked out to the ranch where Pedro was employed as vaquero and said, "Pedro Vierra, come with me!"

"A fool, that sheriff!" reflected Pedro as he comfortably puffed his cigarette there on the hillside and scoured the mesa with his searching gaze; he laughed softly as he thought of how he had outwitted Keegan. "Ah, well! By the morrow I will be far from here—over the border, and I will laugh at the law of the gringo!"

A bad hombre, indeed, Pedro Vierra!

He dozed in the heat of the afternoon sun, arousing himself now and again to brush away ambitious mosquitoes and to gaze out on the mesa. There was no fear in the heart of Pedro. For on the ground beside him reposed the same six-shooter that had that morning reposed in the hip pocket of Sheriff Keegan. Three chambers of the pistol were loaded.

"Two shots too many," boasted Pedro. "But one I need to find my mark!"

It was in the middle of the afternoon when Pedro caught sight of an object moving in and out among the chaparral out on the mesa. The fugitive sat up suddenly, his black eyes equinting to mere slits.

"Keegan!" he muttered and spat a great oath from his lips; his brown fingers strayed toward the six-shooter. "He who tries to cross the Rio Pequeno must die. Ah! But the horse—you shall be saved my caballo!" His voice became mocking as he rambled on. "Gracias, Senor Keegan! You have saved me much trouble by bringing the beast to me!"

Out on the mesa, the big sheriff fretted and fumed and called himself several different brands of a fool.

"Serves me right for not putting bracelets on the greaser!" he ejaculated for about the tenth time. "A soft-hearted fool—that's what I am! Listening to his guff about him not wanting to pass handcuffed through the town because his girl might see him—huh!" Keegan gave a snort of disgust.

His eyes strayed toward the hill across the river. Small chance there was of observing the watching man huddled beneath the low-hanging branches of the madrone; yet as he drew near the Rio Pequeno, Keegan became possessed of the feeling that he was under observation.

"I'll bet my shirt he's somewhere up there," ruminated the sheriff. "I'll just cross the river and have a little look around."

But this plan died a quick death, for even as the sheriff's horse began to descend the bank, a six-shooter barked from some remote spot on the hillside, and something splashed in the water.

Sheriff Keegan, ducking low, backed his horse into the chaparral and dismounted. He drew his pistol and waited. Several minutes passed—tense minutes, fraught with an ominous silence that spelled death.

The sheriff grew stiff from his rigid posture; his eyes smarted from staring steadily upward. Then cautiously he arose from his knees. Zing! Something sung vengefully as it whipped the air above his head. Keegan flung himself to the ground.

"If I remember rightly, the little rat's got one more shot left," grunted the sheriff.

He put his wits to work. Then with a broad chuckle set himself to performing the trick that was to defeat Pedro Vierra. A trick as old as the hills—Keegan grinned heartily at the thought of outwitting the bad hombre in such a manner.

Lying flat, so that he might risk no chance of being seen, the sheriff drew his penknife from his pocket and hacked away at the branch of a scrub-oak until he severed it. Still chuckling, he slashed off the leaves and when he had done, he

placed his Stetson on the end of the stick. Then he arose to his knees, and raised the hat slowly upward.

A second later a bullet came rushing downward to tear its way straight through the hat of Sheriff Tom Keegan, who allowed stick and Stetson to fall to the ground.

"He thinks I'm done for—well, now for the grand surprise!" And still grinning broadly, Keegan arose.

Up there in his hiding place, beneath the red branches of the madrone, Pedro Vierra smiled his elation as he crawled to his feet. "Now for the horse and away—Dios!"

For then it was that the head and shoulders of Sheriff Keegan arose above the low brush that lay along the banks of the Rio Pequeno.

"Has my sight failed me that I can no longer hit the mark?" Pedro railed at himself in his madness. "Keegan bears a charmed life"—

"Hands up, Vierra!" the sheriff's voice came booming upward; there was a glint of steel in the sunlight. "I've got you now; hands up, I say!"

Pedro swore in mad anguish as his hands went above his head. And as Keegan, now mounted, urged his horse into the river, two visions flashed into the mind of the bad man. He saw himself, shame-faced and shackled, being marched through the streets of the town,

(Continued on Page 91)

LINES TO THE POPPY.

(On receiving a dried specimen in a letter.)

By Alice I'Anson.

Flower of the Argonaut
In a letter's fold,
Flower the Creator wrought
Of gossamer and gold—

I can see those hills o'er-run
With your golden crest,
Flower of the field and sun,
Glory of the West!

As my weary soul is stirred
In the olden way
By the song of mocking-bird
Or the linnet's lay.

Poppy, have you memories yet
Of a realm of bliss?
Leaves with sparkling raindrops wet
Wooed by zephyr's kiss?

And in twilight's subtle hour,
As I sadly roam,
Does the spirit of a flower
Call a wanderer home?

All In One Summer Day

Not Even Familiar Roads Are Quite Devoid of Interest.

By Helen Mann

YES, OLD DEAR, you may as well put on a pretty smile and come along."

"But Napa!" incredulously.

"Why not Napa?" I questioned.

"I believe the insane asylum is there, is it not?" Wilma's tone was sweetly sarcastic.

"M-m," I admitted. "And scenery, if scenery means anything in your young life."

"But this is summer," Wilma protested feebly. "The hills are all dried up and brown and there are no flowers to speak of."

"If you don't know the beauty of the California summer landscape," I replied stiffly, "it is time you learned."

"Well," she said good-naturedly, "I can try anything once."

So we got the machine and made for the Sausalito ferry.

We passed Mill Valley and went on through several small towns before we came to Napa. The hills were great masses of living gold with patches of green or purple here and there. Oh, those deceptive brown hills which look so smooth and soft and which are, in reality, so prickly and hard. I know, because we tried to eat our picnic luncheon on the slope of one.

The "State Hospital," as the asylum is politely called, is situated in a very beautiful spot and viewed from the gates, is very artistic. We drove slowly through the grounds, stopped to pass a word now and then and to talk to "Tiptoe Bill." He has walked on his toes for so long, he is unable to use his whole foot. He carries a large stick but often leans it and himself against the wall and it is difficult to tell one from the other. "Tiptoe Bill" showed us some of his oil paintings. They were very futuristic in style and every portrait owned a question mark for an ear. I think that question mark might be adopted by all futuristic painters and labeled Napa. Think I'll suggest it.

We saw the "Hermit's" house, high up on the hill. It is built entirely of stone with only one small window and one door, but he had one of the most beautiful views in all California. I am not so sure that he was as crazy as some people might think. And he had worked, poor dear. There were miles and miles of stone wall fences on the hills, all of which he had built. I think he must have come from New England and gotten homesick for its scenery. Perhaps his freed soul roams its beloved spot now.

The flower gardens and lawns in the grounds are very well taken care of and there is a profusion of enormous trees, eucalyptic, pine, and acacia which are exquisite beyond belief when in full bloom.

We made but a brief stop at the dairy. I once had a colored maid helping me at the Red Cross tea room. She had just been commenting on a recent happening. "Miss Mann," she said, "ain't some people queer. They ought to be written up in a dairy." I agree with her, but did not take the time to do it at Napa.

The town of Napa is small but interesting. We soon left it far behind as we raced through the enchanting country.

Soon we came to a gyser—or it is one when it gises. It takes an hour for it to make up its mind, however, and knowing that there was one farther on that is more active, we drove to it. We got there just in time to see it show off. It spouted sixty feet into the air and the water was boiling hot. It lasted two minutes by my watch.

After about an hour's ride we came to the petrified forest. I wonder why this curio spot is not more advertised. Surely it should be.

We saw giant redwood trees waving



On the Road to the Petrified Forest.

their arms to the breeze, but none so large as the petrified monuments lying at their feet. Those trees have lain there covered by lava, for a million years or more.

The visitor is requested not to take any of the petrified wood away with him, but I wonder how many heed the warning, with loose rock lying all about.

It was dusk when we finally turned homeward. The fruit trees were aglow in the sunset and the hills were aflame. Strange how the summer hills can take onto themselves the sunset colors and turn to pink, lavender, bright yellow, deep purple and molten copper.

Then the moon rose, "and a star or two beside." The world turned to silver and the waves and spray, from our returning ferry, sparkled in its light.

"Not so bad," Wilma admitted. "I'll go again of you ask me."

"Right-o," I agreed.

THE REDWOOD

By Mildred Stewart.

Call down to me, O glorious shaft,
What far-flung hills thy gaze descries!
All I hear are whisperings
As the shy wind faintly sings
At thy distant ear, and wafts,
Shivering down from dizzy heights,

Odors of thy virgin crest;
Here at thy feet I stand and wait,
As olden Greeks, for Delphi's words—
The far-off calls of winging birds
Drop down against the reddening west
Whose sunset doors have oped their gates.

What of the past, thou hoary one,
The aged past of dawns and nights?
What of the present? Thou knowest naught
Of how the links of change are wrought.
The course of human lives is run.
While thou art building splendid heights.

Within primeval forest shades—
What of the future? Golden years
Are thy calm lot, the sun's first kiss,
Blue midnight skies, the fragrant bliss
Of nestling moss in fern-starred glades,
A peace unstained by human tears.

I stand on paths footworn and trod,
While thou canst see the smile of God!



Quite a Picnic

By Lyman Seelye

BIG, awkward Billy Burns was disappointed and angry to such a degree, that he believed a straight-jacket would be required to keep him from making a fool of himself before everybody. So he wandered away from the bunch of picnickers hoping to regain self-control in the quiet of the woods beside the river.

But the further he went, in his solitary ramblings the higher rose his rage. Few people can bear to be laughed at in public without losing the mastery of their nerves.

To increase Billy's disgruntlement, he almost fell into the river when he attempted to seat himself on a plank, which projected from the ruins of an old mill, and was reached by a rickety ladder.

"A fine place to sit and forget those gresh guys at the picnic," said the much-disgusted young man.

But when the plank—being nailed only at one end—flipped up and all but plunged Billy into the stream, his rage became unutterable. Only that he was something of a gymnast, he would have done a diving feat, and as it was he found himself in a position, where he must slide down a slimy old pile into the water, and get ashore as best he could.

"An' it's my best suit—and clothes cost as much as diamonds these times," muttered the marooned picnicker. He gritted his teeth and began to think over all the unpleasant incidents of the day, and several days.

A week before the Chamber of Commerce had decided to have a get-together picnic and Billy had hurried to mention the fact to Amy Lee, whom he, as well as various others, considered an especially good companion at such times. But he had received a rebuff positive. Failing in that direction, it took him two days to muster the necessary courage to request Miss Irene Shelton, "fair, fat and forty," teacher of literature, and president of the Purity Club, to furnish a basket of lunch, in return for the honor of having him for an escort to the picnic.

Billy's devotion and the fair Army's coolness to him were public property. No one knew better than he of the twisted heart, that he must be prepared to "stand the gaff." But the first thrust came early and unexpectedly, when he told his employer to be on the lookout for a substitute, as he was seriously thinking of going West.

"Going West, eh? Don't take it that bad, Billy, the little girl has some sense, and she will soon tire of 'Fatty.' He is an old fool, or he would not attempt to marry, or rather buy, a girl in her 'teens."

So it was "Fatty" who had caused the rift in Billy's hate.

It had been hard to give Amy up, when he supposed that his successful rival was

young Tom Mason, whom he respected; but to give way to fat old Jabez Smart, whose money was admittedly the only reason for his being received in any home in town—well, the blow was too great for calm endurance.

In the arrangements for the picnic it was decided that the president of the Planters' Bank was to have full charge. All the automobiles were to line up in front of his financial institution. In that way the affair would have a good start, and the Planters' Bank a fine free advertisement.

Billy being too poor to own a car, had hired a cheap flivver for the day, and was purposely ten minutes behind the time, but to his disgust found the procession not yet started. To make matters worse the pompous master of ceremonies was waiting for him, to install a fat guest —Professor Muddlehead of the Mudville Polytechnic—in his hired flivver, although there was plenty of room in the banker's own big touring car.

"Young man, you're delaying the start," reproved the banker. "Put Professor Muddlehead in your machine right away, and drive up behind the Chamber of Commerce bus, so he will not get all the dust at the tail end of the line."

The professor, who weighed about a hundred pounds more than Billy, rolled into the driver's seat and almost squeezed him out of the car.

"You'd be more comfortable in the back seat, 'longside Miss Skelton," gasped Billy, but the professor after one squint of the portly president of the Purity Club, said he was all right as it was. Miss Skelton seemed to be well pleased to be left alone with the basket of lunch.

Billy, as he drove up to the place assigned him in the line, was conscious of a suppressed titter along the row of cars. What hurt him most, was to see Amy Lee snuggled up in a chummy roadster, beside old fat Jabez Smart, whose face wore a satisfied grin which extended from ear to ear.

It's going to be an off day for me, sure, thought Billy, and his fears proved well-founded, for as soon as they reached the picnic ground, his two companions in the flivver turned themselves loose on the basket of lunch. While Billy was figuring where he came in on the feed, the master of ceremonies shouted out to him to fetch a pail of water from the spring near the river.

Billy used language that made the president of the Purity Club gag on a mouthful of cold corned beef and angel cake, and the professor looked over his spectacles at the young man, as if he would like to apply the discipline of the Mudville Polytechnic High School to him.

"Hurry up with that pail of water, Billy!" cried the master of ceremonies, and as Billy slunk off in the direction of the river he could hear the chuckles and bantering remarks of his acquaintances.

"I guess I'd better fade out of this scene for the afternoon," he remarked to himself. "Irene Skelton herself could eat all the lunch in the basket, and that big lobster of a professor would swallow the basket. It's up to me to lunch off some slippery elm bark, or go hungry,"

So instead of packing back a pail of water he chucked the pail near the well, and rambled on till he met the mishap at the old mill, and found himself dangling over the stream.

"Gee! if the bunch saw me now how they'd give me the laugh. I'll have to get out of this without letting 'em know what's happened to me," he panted.

He began to make a careful study of the ways of egress. There were cross-timbers directly below him, and the water above them did not seem to be deep enough to render safe a drop into it. He could crawl along the girder on which one end of the plank rested, and slide down a very dirty piling, or he could swing back and drop on the plank, which would cause it to tip until the end on which he stood caught another girder. Then he would be but little more than six feet above clear water. This seemed to be the easiest way to escape, but he thought it best to first dispose of his outer garments.

He threw his hat so that it landed on the bank a dozen feet from the water's edge. His coat he tied into a ball by use of the sleeves and it soon lay beside the hat. Then folding his vest around his watch and pocketbook, he laced it to one

shoe and tossed the bundle to the shore. Before he could do more he heard a great commotion in the bushes and saw Amy Lee running along the footpath leading to the old mill. A furious red bull with wicked-looking horns was chasing her. The huge animal was bellowing in a most terrifying way. Amy was as white as her picnic dress and her dark eyes were popping out with terror. She had no breath to waste in screaming, but was running for dear life.

How can I save her, thought the horrified Billy, but she did the trick herself. She glimped the ladder, which leaned against the mill and dashed up its treacherous rungs with an unavoidable display of fine picnic hosiery. In a moment the bull was hooking the ladder, and with a swing of his tremendous neck threw it into the river. But Amy had escaped, and was squatted on the shaky plank which had caused the unseen Billy such trouble. The position was the last a pretty girl would have chosen but that was her least consideration at the exciting moment.

Fearful that if he spoke to her from his concealed position, Amy might be startled and fall from her precarious position, Billy remained silent until the taurine monster had retraced his steps, when he whispered, so as not to attract the retreating enemy:

"Oh, Miss Lee!"

Amy gave a little shriek and tried to adjust her disarranged drapery.

"Who's that?" she asked.

"Billy."

"Oh, Billy—Billy—ain't this perfectly awful?"

"Are you hurt, Amy?"

"No—only frightened."

By his gymnastic ability Billy was able to get nearer to his former sweetheart, just as wild shouts and terrible bellowings were heard from the picnic grounds.

"That bull will surely break up the picnic," he grimly predicted.

"Do you think he'll kill anybody, Billy, dear?"

"I sure hope so," muttered the aggrieved lover. "I wouldn't mind if he gored about three fatties."

Knowing that there were several husky farmers at the picnoc, Billy had no fears of serious consequences to the outing party. But he was in a humor to be brutal.

"Mr. Burns, you are just horrid."

There was full five minutes of silence, before she timidly asked:

"Mr. Burns, please come and help me."

"I wish I could."

Another period of silence, and then: "If I call you Billy, won't you try?"

"Say, Amy, can't you turn around and see what shape things are in?"

"I have tried and it makes me dizzy. Please tell me all about it?"

In a few words he told her how near he came to a fall in the water, and explained how the insecure plank threatened upleasant results. Then she interrupted him:

"Can you save yourself, Billy?"

"I am in no danger, but am puzzled to know how to help you, without letting you drop into the water."

"Was it true, Billy, what you once told me about always having loved me?"

"It was, and is Gospel truth."

"And you can forgive me, Billy, for listening to that horrid old Jabez Smart's talk about diamonds, and trips around the world. I never have promised anything—never—only listened."

"You had a right to listen, girlie, and need no forgiveness; but I have loved you all the time, and I love you now—more than ever."

"Let the plank go, Billy, and fish me out, dead or alive. Hurry, please, for I don't want anybody else to help you."

He flung his remaining shoe to the shore, and stretched along the girder toward the dirty piling, as far as he could and still hold down the end of the insecure plank, before he made answer:

"Catch your breath when you fall from the plank, and hold it as long as possible."

He scrambled along the girder, and as the plank tipped, there came a cry that made his blood run cold.

"Oh, Billy, there is a great big nail, wow!"

It was too late to mend matters, and in his haste he so loosely clasped the piling,

that the jolt he received when he struck bottom, forced him to try a second time before he could stand on his feet. A trifle dazed, he hurried to the bank, and for a moment intently scanned the water for trace of Amy, but he could not wait, and made a strong dive in search of her. Before his head went under water, he heard her call: "Billy, can't you—" and came to the surface as soon as possible, looking toward one bank of the river and then to the other bank, wondering whence the call came.

"Look up, Billy, look up," and the suppressed mirth in the voice lightened his heart.

He looked up and was forced to smile, as at a glance he took in the situation. The big nail which had frightened Amy when she began to slide toward it, was a spike driven through the end of the plank, and protruding several inches above it. She had avoided striking it squarely, but it had caught in her skirts, which being of strong material, held her suspended full two yards above the water, with her head slightly lower than her feet. Seeing him smile, she said:

"If you laugh at me, I won't ever come down."

"If you won't come to me, I will surely come for you."

"And I'll be all the more pleased if you do so quickly."

As she said this, she extended her hands in mock supplication, and the pursing of the lips sent a thrill of joy through every fiber of Billy's frame. But banter could not completely cover the element of danger, which both knew existed. There was no apparent way by which he could reach her; or test the strength of the skirt; and knowing that she could not swim, he was very loth to leave even for the short time necessary to procure the means of assistance.

He tested the depth of the water, and found that when standing on his toes, his mouth would come above the surface, and then he asked:

"Can't you kick yourself loose, and I will catch you when you fall?"

She laughed at the thought and at the same time made an effort, and only succeeded in waving her feet.

While this performance was in progress, the bull had come back unnoticed to the river bank after chasing the picnickers. He took the movement of Amy's feet to be a challenge to mortal combat. With another of his frantic bellows, he plunged into the water and chased Billy, pawing and striking right and left with his horns. But in the water the man was easily master of the swimming brute, and barring an accident could manage him almost at will. While the frightened girl was crying directions, and begging Billy to try to make good his escape, he was silently maneuvering for position.

Before she dreamed the meaning of the by-play, the king of the herd was made to swim directly under her; and as he did so her lover swung one foot over his broad back, and the next instant he was standing beside her. It was only a moment that he could maintain his position, but that was long enough for one strong arm to pass around her, while another wrenched the skirt from the spike.

Now luck favored them, for the bull caught sight of the coat which lay on the sloping bank, as a little whirlwind fluttered the sleeve, and he swam directly toward it. Billy allowed himself to drop into the water, and swam slowly to near the opposite shore; and before the bull had reached the offending coat, the two humans had slipped behind a clump of bushes, from which point of vantage they could watch his antics without fear.

He gored the coat and shook it, until it was but a rag hanging from one horn, and in doing so managed to step on the hat. As it lay in a soft place his foot went through it, and it formed a bracelet around his leg near the knee.

Suddenly the monster scented something, and threw his nose high in the air to make sure of its nature; while the remains of the coat fell like a veil over his face. Taking quick advantage of the blinding, a man sprang from the timber back of him and dropped a noosed rope over his horns; and in a very few seconds the herd monarch was tied to a tree. Farmers and picknickers gathered around the remnants of raiment, and speculated regarding the fate of the owner.

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The Crook Who Had A Pull

How It Worked and Also How It Failed.

By Charles Horace Meiers

THERE were three or four beats in San Francisco, in the old days, where Red Hogan used to work brazenly, with little fear of interference by the cops, so long as he did not commit murder. This he was careful not to do, not out of any feeling of compassion for his victims; but for his own safety. To kill, or come too near it, in his work would call forth altogether too much investigation, and might lead to his undoing. Red was smart enough to know this; for he had been in the crook business for a number of years, during which time he had worked with some of the most brainy operators in the business from one end of the country to the other. But he also had his instructions from the crooked cops on these few beats, two of whom had come to San Francisco, from an Eastern city, to become policemen in order that they might help their pals by looking the other way. They warned him often about being too rough, for on one or two occasions he had nearly killed his victims when they resisted his brazen hold-ups. The cops had managed to turn the wrath of the law against the unfortunate victims by reporting that they had assaulted Red, giving trumped up reasons which swayed the sympathies of the police court to Red's side of the case.

No stranger who saw big Mike Hennessey swinging easily along on his beat, looking the part of a fine protector of the public, would think for a single moment that he would be the kind of man that would take money to betray them and, instead of protecting them, protect the crook who laid them out with a blackjack and deftly cleaned their pockets of money while Mike remained obligingly a block or two away on his beat; or, if he did appear, it was to arrest the other fellow, or to grab Red roughly, hustle him around the corner, and turn him loose.

Mike's beat was Red's favorite. He could get away with more crooked work on that beat than on any of the others; for, in truth, Mike was one of the gang when Red was leader of the notorious Hogan Gang, which terrorized a certain Eastern city and made a clean get-away without ever having their identity known or having their pictures taken for the Rogue's Gallery.

Red seldom bothered to talk things over in advance with Mike. When he saw a stranger who looked good to him he simply got the gentleman's money, smoothly, if possible and preferably, but roughly if necessary. He got it one way or another; in this he was relentless. He looked upon them as his rightful prey, and his conscience never bothered him. His only anxiety was to get away with the job in some way that would not react against him. After finishing a good job of this kind he could count the roll, chuck it away in one of his several hiding places, and lie down to dreamless sleep. It is said to be a psychological fact that a person possessing a criminal mind does not dream. Whether it is true in all cases or not, I do not argue, but it was true of Red.

For two weeks Red had not been on Mike's beat. He had been letting it rest in order that there might not be enough unseemly occurrences to call for protest on the part of the public.

One evening, the fifteenth of July, to be exact, Red appeared on his favorite beat, neatly dressed and appearing like a business man from some interior town who, like many others at that time of the year, was spending his vacation in San Francisco because the valleys were hot. He saw a big man in uniform almost a

block away; and at the same time he saw a prospect who was made to order for him, and decided to get busy at once, which he did.

Red followed the stranger to a point on the street where it was somewhat dark and quiet, and there dropped him neatly with his trusty blackjack, as he had dropped many another, and proceeded to go quickly through his pockets in search of money. Red never bothered with jewelry; it was risky trying to get rid of it. He had emptied the contents of the stranger's pockets into his own and was just raising from his stooped position over him when he felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder and turned to look upon the big form of a policeman. He could not make out the features in the semi-darkness; but felt sure that Mike was having a bit of fun with him, or was arresting him to satisfy some bystander, and would take him around the corner and turn him loose.

"Come wut me!" came a stern command in a voice which did not sound exactly like Mike's.

Red went along without protest, expecting to be released around the corner and chuckling at the thought of what a good confederate he had in big Mike. "I'll slip him an extra ten this time," he said to himself as he went along, knowing that he had just taken a fine roll from the stranger.

But when he reached a place where there was more light, he realized that that was something wrong. This was not Mike; and the big policeman held to his collar with a grip which indicated that there was no joke about this arrest.

"What th'..... Who are you?" asked Red in surprise as he tried to squirm into a position which might render it possible to get loose.

"Never mind who I am," replied Pat O'Brien, who happened to be on the beat while Mike was taking his vacation. What I want to know is who you are, afther which your name won't make much difference; for we'll be givin' you a number instead of a name where you're goin', so we will!"

Red saw it all. He had been one of the most careful crooks in the business for years, and had always managed to get by because he was not forgetful of the little details of caution. But here he was caught in a net of his own making. He had known well that Mike was in the habit of taking a vacation every year; and he knew when it usually came, too, but this time he had forgotten something, just as they all do some time, and the result is always the same—they get what is coming to them.

Red's pull yith Mike did not avail him in dealing with Pat O'Brien; nor could he fix that stern and sturdy guardian of the public, although he offered him the entire roll which he had just acquired. It was of no use. The crook who had a pull could not pull away from Pat, and when the wagon arrived he was cursing himself for forgetting that Mike's vacation usually came in July.

WHERE THE WINDS BLOW ON FOREVER

By Hilda Laura Norman.

I'm seeking a place where the white clouds fly,
Tossing their heads in the blue of the sky;
Where poppy craft sail on the waves of the wheat
And the winds blow on forever.

Cool water that washes the foot of a cliff,
Flashing fish, and a rocking skiff
That were a heaven for one like me—
Where the winds blow on forever.

Woman's Instinct Supreme

The Glitter of Unreal Life Inferior to a Home.

By Irene Hadley

THEY stood face to face in the mellow gold of evening's last smile, a broad shouldered young fellow with the healthy look of the outdoors upon him and a flower-like slip of a girl.

Ahead of them loomed a great rock and as if jagged out by the giant penknife of Mars, there could be seen cut into the stone's surface the outspread wings of an eagle, poised as if for flight.

The man took one of the girl's hands in his—she allowed it to remain—reluctantly. "Rosebud," he said almost in a whisper, "tell me, little Rosebud, surely you do not mean that we have come to the parting of the ways?"

The girl frowned and pointed to a nearby bench. "If you insist upon going into details again, Tod, for heaven's sake let us sit down. You and your outdoors! Plodding over rough paths, dodging sunburn, risking poison oak! I had much rather stay with our crowd at the dance or go back into Los Angeles to a show."

Tod laughed boyishly. "I did not mean to lead you such a terrible race, dear, I just thought it would be fun to steal away from the moans of the saxaphone; to listen to the birds for awhile and watch the California sun play hide and seek with its own rainbow colored shadows. Look at old Eagle Rock, isn't it a picture?"

Gently the girl's hand stole into the strong tanned one. "I like you, Toddy, dear, oh, so well. You seem to enjoy life so honestly; to take such sincere pleasure in every little old thing—like sunsets and rocks and flowers. I wish I could be that easily satisfied."

The man caught his breath. "Not little things, Rosebud. These things are the real things, the riches of life. No man can paint a greater picture than that of the setting sun we see before us—what songster can make sweeter music than a California nightingale—what perfume can rival Nature's bouquet?"

"Then you do not value my voice?"

Tod nodded. "Rosebud, you know I am proud of your beautiful voice—but I want to hear the melody of it in our home—I want you to be my wife."

The girl brushed back a golden brown curl from her forehead as she replied: "I think you are selfish, Tod. You want to keep me to yourself. I want a career—not a home."

"You mean you think you want a career. You want admiration, pretty clothes, attentions. You do not value your voice because of the pleasure it may bring others; you value the attention your voice brings you."

The girl flushed as the truth of Tod's words struck home. She had refused to sing several times when asked to in the name of charity—that is, for the charity that is poor and sick and miserable. It had been much more fun to entertain pride masquerading as charity and patronized by what the "lower crust" calls the "upper crust."

She frowned and shrugged her shoulders.

"I do not want to give you up, Toddy. Can't we marry anyhow? I could still stay on the stage?"

"There might be other uses for your voice, dear—when we marry. Then, too, my tastes are simple. A little bungalow, a garden, lots of trees, good books, a few good friends, who like me for myself. The public admires your voice; the real you they do not know. You do not cultivate friends; you cultivate acquaintances."

Rosebud smiled. "I suppose that is why I am nearly in love with you—you are so, shall I say frightfully truthful? I suppose I am little and mean and selfish,

but oh, it's just my nature. My ambition, my greatest pleasure, is to hear applause; to be the center of an envious crowd. Now you know me in all the cheap tawdriness of my nature. Do you still imagine you are in love with me?"

"Yes," came the prompt reply. "Very much in love with the real you, the little rose-like girl that her daddy named 'Rosebud,' my playmate of the long ago. Remember when your father brought us out here to Eagle Rock on a picnic—your seventh birthday it was, I believe?"

Rosebud sighed. "He told me before he died that a wonderful voice might be a blessing or a curse; but the love of strong man was a blessing always. He wanted me to marry you. 'Tod is like old Eagle Rock,' he used to say, 'strong, steady, reliable.' I guess daddy did not have much confidence in his little daughter's ability."

The man was silent for a moment. Then he answered thoughtfully:

"There is no doubt but what you are on the road to fame, Rosebud. Your voice isn't going to fail you, but, my dear, you are failing your voice. Late hours, no outdoor exercise, indulgent living; how long do you think you can stand it—and then what?"

The girl shuddered. "I think I should die if I had to give up my plans for a successful career. How can you be satisfied with such a dull occupation as yours? A flower nursery—why, if I were a man that would bore me to death."

"And I am proud of it, Rosebud. It takes work and study and care; but it brings happiness."

The girl lifted her eyebrows.

"Oh, but think of the pleasure that fame brings; ambitions realized——"

The sun, tired with its game, had called its shadow children back from their hiding places in the crevices of the rock, and the trees were blotting into dark outline.

"I want to go home," said Rosebud, with a shudder. "I feel tired." Then in a weary tone: "If I marry you, Tod, it means you will make me give up my career?"

"No," answered Tod, as they picked their way down the path, "if you marry me, it will mean that you have chosen for yourself—the port that they call 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

* * * *

A few evenings later Rosebud sat in her friend Mona Dane's dressing room having a cozy little "between numbers" chat.

Mona had been one of Rosebud's childhood friends; in fact, Rosebud, who was several years younger, had always looked up to the older girl with a sort of awe and reverence.

She thought of her childish worship as she looked about the dressing room, all done in soft yellows to match the gold color of Mona's hair and gowns.

"Do you know, dear," she said at length, "that you have always been my ideal. If I could only grow up into an actress like Mona—How many times my day dreams centered on you?"

Mrs. Dane sighed. "It has been a hard struggle for Tom and me; only our love for each other ever pulled us up over the rough places. Of course, Rosebud, you have your dad's money to develop your talent. My husband and I literally had to fight our way ahead. And to think that you were idealizing me! Why, child, I never should have had the courage to work my way through the goal alone. Always the beacon light was before me; that some day we might find the path to home."

Rosebud looked at her friend in blank astonishment.

"Why, Mona, aren't you and Tom contented now? You've got everything. You are considered among the best dramatic artists in America. Women copy your clothes, your style of hair dress! Why, you are famous! What more could you want?"

Mona shook her head. "Little Rosebud, all these things are but the means to an end. I had a gift for acting, so did my husband. Together, this way, we stood a better chance to make big money than in any other profession. I have been able to pay for the education of my younger sisters; cancelled dad's mortgage; paid for the operation that restored the eyesight of Tom's mother—"

(Continued on Page 95)

Democracy Ideal and Real

By Stanton Coblentz

THERE has been much talk of late about "making the world safe for democracy," but little about making democracy real in the world. One may search far for democracy; he may seek it in its native haunts, if it has any native haunts; but without a microscope he cannot find it, and even then it is doubtful if he can succeed. For democracy is a chimera, a will-o'-the-wisp, a rainbow that fades when the clouds recede, a fairy palace in a mythical land we delude ourselves into believing we have found.

As evidence of the visionary nature of democracy, we need do no more than read the reports of the recent Republican convention at Chicago. Not that this convention was different than conventions have been in the past, or than we may expect them to be in the future; not that the man it selected is not competent, or was not chosen according to the best dictates of party policy. It does not matter what our opinions in these respects may be; the one fact which we cannot deny is that the candidate was not chosen as democracy would demand. If he had been, his name would have been on the ballot in a majority of the States, and would have been approved by a majority of the voters; and there would have been no convention which could have gainsaid the expressed wishes of the people and whose leaders could have selected the nominee. To abolish conventions might not be practicable, but to admit that is to admit that, in this respect at least, democracy is impracticable.

The elections are the great national sporting events; they are watched with that interest with which we regard sporting affairs; they have something of the nature of the Olympic games which every four years aroused national enthusiasm in the Ancient Greeks. But they do not partake of the democracy of sports; not all competitors have an equal chance; and the spectators can never know whether the rules of the game are being respected. It is as if, in a World's Championship baseball game, which thousands attend, and many other thousands eagerly follow in the newspapers, it had been arranged in advance that a certain team was to win, and that, accordingly, the other team was to do everything in its power to avoid scoring a run. Such a procedure might prove successful to the box office and entertaining to the audience, but were it to be known, it would hardly be considered fair play. In the same way, the present tactics of nominating conventions may be successful politically, but can hardly be considered democratic.

From this the reader will take it that either the conventions or democracy is at fault. I do not mean to impugn the conventions. Neither do I mean to defend democracy. I cannot rationally do so when I remember what democracy has meant in the world and what it has done to the world. For democracy is not a new thing; it is ancient as civilization; but there are many phases of it which modern democrats do not care to discuss. Ancient Sparta was a most democratic State; the citizens all ate from a common table, and the weakling children of high and low were slaughtered alike in the most democratic manner. Yet we do not for that reason crave to be Spartans. Rome also was remarkable for its democracy; the poorer citizens were given free grain, and invited by aspiring politicians to exhibitions in which they could see murder committed free of charge. Yet that fact does not make us long to be Romans. The people of Medieval times were likewise notable for their democracy, and gave every one suspected of crime a fair and equal trial, which consisted in proving his innocence by his ability not to be burned by a red-hot brand. Yet no one today asks for a return to such democratic conditions.

Just Spanish

Might Be Dilatory But Never Ungallant

By Beatrice Jones

THE girl looked impatiently at her watch. He was late. He was always late, for Senor Alfonzo de la Playa had the easy going temperament of his Spanish race, and to him time was as nothing. Margaret Frazier knew that he would come presently with a broad smile and not the slightest consciousness that aught was amiss.

In the meantime, Margaret looked about her, for she knew her Spanish lesson by heart and was tired of studying. The familiar scene brought back memories of previous lessons and slight diversions therefrom. Senor Playa had often used the words "Amo" and "caro" and had been rebuked for his familiarity. At such times he would look at her with wonder in his eyes and asked, "Porque?"

"Why?" she would repeat, because I say so," and as that was a most insufficient reason, he would soon forget about it and make love to her all over again in his soft Spanish. The fact is, he could speak little else, so it was necessary for him to use his native tongue, or remain silent—and silent he would not remain.

Once he said, "You are the most beautiful woman in all the world. Without you, I die."

She had laughed at that and soon he got up and walked away. He was hurt. The next day he had quite forgotten about it and was as happy and carefree as a child, and as the flowers blossomed everywhere and the sky was absurdly blue in that Southern California garden, it was no wonder that a native of Seville should be romantic when the whole world about him was.

He came down the walk and greeted the girl whom he called "Senorita Frazier," with a smile and a broad sweep of his broad-rimmed hat. His mind would not stay with the lesson but roamed in the field of love. Suddenly his gay bearing left him and he almost wept as he said:

"I feel badly."

"You do?" asked Margaret in great unsuspecting sympathy. "You had better go home to bed."

"No, I feel badly here," and the Senor clasped his hands above his heart.

Margaret's eyes twinkled. "A walk in the fresh air will help that. What caused it?"

"I want to get married," he announced unexpectedly.

"Married. Oh, I see. Is it that pretty little Spanish girl I saw you with yesterday?"

Alfonzo's voice was i n d i g n a n t. "Spanish? She not Spanish, she Mexicano." The last word was uttered with deep disgust and disdain. "I want to marry an American."

"Oh!"

"I want to marry you!"

"Marry me?" she gasped. "You couldn't do that, you know." Her eyes twinkled. "Why, that is absurd."

"Porque?"

"Why, in the first place we don't even speak each other's language."

"But I teach you."

"Perhaps." Then she added, "I am very extravagant."

"Extravagant? What e x t r a v a g a n t mean?"

"Oh, I like to spend a lot of money." Surely that would crush him. But not at all, it had quite the opposite effect. He was elated.

"Moneys? How much you need?"

Margaret laughed outright at that, and Alfonzo's hopeful face fell.

"You don't luff me," he said. "I go kill myself." Then—for no true Spaniard could forget the eternal tomorrow—he added, "Manana."

He left her then, but she found a note in her mail next morning which needed the aid of her Spanish dictionary. It read:

"I adore you with all my soul, my Senorita. Why not accept the man yet



"You Are the Most Be-u-tee-ful Woman in All the World."

most faithful of all the world? You are the most beautiful woman in all the world. Without you, I die."

That was a year ago.

Margaret had long since left the Southland. She was now in San Francisco and very much desirous of lunch. She was passing the most frequented restaurant in the city, so went in, and was ushered to a seat in a well-filled room. The orchestra just finished the bar of "Senora," when her attention was drawn to a table where two foreigners sat. The man's back was toward her but his voice seemed strangely familiar. Then she knew why and she laughed as she heard the softly spoken words:

"Caro, you are the most be-u-tee-ful woman in all the world. Without you I die."

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Alma Mater

One Never Knows What He May Become.

By Fiswoode Tarleton

HE USED to sit on the Common, of a morning, near the Beacon-street side, and almost under the shadow of the State House dome. He wasn't much, that is, just to look at. Indeed, for the greater part of the summer, I passed him on my morning jaunt to Beacon Hill noting passively that he was there as was the tree that sheltered him.

But one morning—I don't know—it was very hot—the path blistered my feet and the unstirring air hung like a cloak over my shoulders and arms. His bench was more shaded than the other ones. I sad down by his side.

I remember of watching the hurrying, perspiring workers who were cutting across the Common; the restless forms of more or less homeless men, that dotted the shaded green slopes; the exhausted South End mothers who were propped up against the trees, and the children in faded, shrunken bathing suits who were splashing about the frog pond.

At last I felt the stranger at my side shift his knees and turn toward me.

"Have you the time?" he asked.

Of course I heard him distinctly, but I was slow in comprehending that morning—the heat and everything.

"Beg pardon," I said.

"Have you a cigarette?" he asked.

I had and offered him one. He thanked me.

And, close up, I saw a frayed suit, a weather-beaten straw, and some bloat.

"Awfully hot," he remarked.

"Awfully!" I agreed.

Just then a familiar mannerism aroused my interest, and, disguised as it was under a matted beard, his puffed face came back to me at last. P———, the valedictorian, poet and mystic, whose verse was acclaimed the best at the university, and praised by the faculty; many's the time. God! What things were predicted for him.

"You remember me?" I ventured at last.

He began to reflect. For a long time he reflected, first looking at me in a quizzical way, then glancing upward, as if expecting my identity to be written across a fleeting cloud. Finally the glaze disappeared for an instant from before his eyes.

"You," he exclaimed. "You."

Thus we shook hands.

We recalled college days and ways, and more than one classmate who had reached the heights of fame. And dances, we recalled, and suppers, and discourses

"And how is everything?" I finally asked.

"Oh, so-so," answered he. "That is, everything is all right—and you?"

"Still obscure," I said. "But one of these days—who knows?"

Then the clock on the Park street church struck nine.

"I must go," I said, handing him my card. "Drop in real soon."

Again we shook hands.

"If there is ever anything I can do," I added.

"Thanks awfully," said he. "If there is, why, I'll let you know."

So we parted and a month passed and then another. He did not frequent the Common any more. But I ran across him, one noon, in Tremont row. He was talking quite earnestly to an old lady whose face wore an expression of sadness and pity. At last she handed him some change. His sweeping glance at the passing crowd failed to take me in, so that the little transaction embarrassed him none as I contrived to encounter him a block farther on.

Once more we shook hands.

He seemed to be looking at me through glass, and was trying his best to suppress a chill in the warm September sun.

(Continued on Page 93)



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Comparison of Climates

By Joseph Jacobson

DURING the summer there is an even greater difference between the East and West than during the winter, when the East is blizzard-stricken while the California sun shines warm. How seldom in San Francisco one suffers discomfort from the heat and must seek a cooler stop! A few miles inland, or along the coast, and one is at a delightful pleasure resort, with bathing, fishing, and rowing.

Let us make a comparison: Take first of all the corner of Powell and Market in San Francisco, one of the busiest spots in the city. A breeze is always blowing, and the temperature is never disagreeably high. Women wear their coats during the middle of the day and men carry overcoats to protect themselves from the coolness of the evening. A good point from which to see a midsummer day in New York—and there are many of them—is near the post office. Probably no place except Bond street in London can afford more turmoil, rush and excitement than this particular locality. The ground seems to tremble with the grinding wheels of thousands of vehicles and the chorus of noise is surprising. The soprano tones are made by the policemen whistles, screams of frightened women, rattling of the automobiles. The baritone tones are produced by the swearing of the drivers, the tread of feet, while the bass notes are sung by the roar of distant wheels, and countless footfalls that sound like the surf dashing against the rocks. Everywhere one sees men, boys and women rushing, pushing and struggling, reminding him of O'Rourke's "consthrictors."

The sun has achieved a torrid glory, the thermometer is "only" 96 degrees, the heat comes from everywhere above and below. Everything seems to be boiling as in the Sahara. The polished sidewalks seem like a grating over a slow coal fire, and one feels more like protecting the ankles than the head. Now the ruin of class distinction runs rampant and the hand laborer and the wealthy man pull up their sleeves to circulate the air, which is as hot as the blasts from a furnace. Another result of the extraordinary heat is the scowl on everybody's face, a sort of semi-painful disheartened expression. On many faces is stamped real tragedy and apparent bitterness. If you meet an acquaintance the first question is "How high is the temperature?" Probably to find out how much more he will be able to stand before the end comes. They talk freely over the glass of mercury as over any other glass containing liquid. The saloons and the soda fountains tell the same tale. The gusts from the hot air parch the throat and the canal is dry. It matters not what the drink is as long as it is liquid and no questions asked.

At noon style and decorum say adieu. Dignified men appear collarless, with disordered hair, the poor telegraph boy on his wheel and hot uniform looks distraught, the fat man has a mustache of globules on his lip, he moves slowly like wading through foot high mud, gasping like a fish. The policeman summons his last courage to control the traffic and his whistle grows weaker and weaker. Now and then he throws a glance of envy at a little throng which stands in the shadow, fans in hand. The highly varnished automobiles shoot out shafts of blinding light, and the people press along with panting chests and watery eyes, as if they were experiencing an earthquake. Now and then a throng gathers around a prostrate form, a victim of sunstroke being carried to the nearest drug-store. Or it is a poor horse which in spite of a large sun-hat is overcome by the heat.

Everybody converses about the heat trying to extract some grain of consolation from fellow-sufferers. In comparison with this, is San Francisco not a fine summer resort?

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My First Love

By Rene Bizet

I NEVER write the name of Rosine without a certain emotion. She was my first love. She was twelve when I was ten years. She was blonde and pretty with abundance of tresses. I was a scrawny youngster with a head like a billiard ball and the eyes of a bull-dog. She must have had a great deal of courage to love me. It is true that I had a kind heart and my candor was perfect.

We were neighbors. Often the mother of Rosine would regard me with tenderness and murmur: "It is unfortunate he is so young. He would make a nice little son-in-law."

Rosine and I used to play at being travelers in far-off countries. We studied pictures in books of travel together. Rosine preferred travel in China. I desired to explore South America.

We were resolved that some day we would start together on a trip around the world. At last we concluded it was time to go. It was late Spring in the Isle of France where we lived. The gardens were gay with lilacs and roses. The distant woods of tender green brought thoughts of the sea and the enchanted lands of our childish dreams.

It was understood that we should meet at dawn next day behind the village church and begin our journey. Guarding that great secret we separated with happy smiles.

When my parents were asleep, I glided with the step of a wolf into the pantry and packed in an old chocolate box, the cake and sugar I thought sufficient nourishment for our voyage around the world. Rosine, no doubt would bring the less important articles, including the handkerchiefs and the wraps to protect us against cold nights.

I strapped on my tin carbine which fired a little plug of wood, attached by an elastic string. I pocketed my knife with two blades which seemed as formidable as a yatagan.

I intended not to sleep that night but became so fatigued I dropped into an easy chair and did not awaken until morning.

On my stealthy way to our rendezvous I glanced at the closed windows of Rosine's home and wondered if she had already reached the church.

The air was sweet with the perfume of flowers and the poplars rustled in the morning breeze. The rays of the sun flooded the church windows with golden light.

Rosine had not arrived.

As if I had reached the first stage of my long journey I camped with my packages and carbine at hand.

Rosine came not and the people began to enter the church for the early mass. To escape detection I crawled into a ditch and waited. I had heard my father say that the women were never punctual.

An hour went by and no Rosine. Fears that her plans had been discovered tortured me. At half-past seven she appeared without her hat or anything else necessary for our trip around the world. I thought, what a great imprudence, but as my father said, "women are so forgetful."

"Oh, you are here already," she exclaimed and proceeded to embrace me affectionately but I was in no humor for such trifling.

"Rosine," I said, "you are very late. Let us be going."

Then she regarded me coaxingly, shrugged her shoulders, and said that her father told her he would go next week by automobile to Paris with his friends.

I remembered hearing my father say women never knew their own minds for five minutes, or I would have been angrier.

"It will be very chic—very nice—that trip to Paris," she said. "Just the same as our long voyage."

(Continued on Page 85)

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NEGRO PROBLEM IN FICTION

Before the emancipation of the American negroes, fiction relative to the colored race had considerable vogue. There seems to be a recrudescence of the negro problem in literature, but most of the writers just toy with the subject. No doubt some vigorous author with the courage of her convictions—for a woman it certainly shall be—will give the world a sequel to Uncle Tom's Cabin—the cabin burning and Tom being roasted alive by lynchers. Here is a great field for aspiring writers, who have worn all wild and woolly Western plots to rags and flitters.

An interesting new book on the negro problems, is Mrs. George Madden Martin's "Children of the Mist." Her "Emmy Lou" stories have been very popular. In a spirit of justice and sympathy she portrays all the black man's virtues and his limitations. Mystified, baffled and exploited; discouraged and embittered, the negroes are but children who after fifty-six years of freedom still are as in a glass, darkly. As stories, the tales are distinctly above the average. Appletons are the publishers.

A NOVEL ON SPIRITISM

Alice Brown's novel of spiritism, "The Wind Between the Worlds," published by the Macmillan Company, has received extended notice, more for the subject treated than the fantastical treatment of it.

Anybody who reads superficial fiction on spiritism wastes time, if the object be to obtain some mental grasp of a phase of thought, worthier of a caveman than an American citizen of the twentieth century.

To understand the basic principles of spiritism, one should begin by accepting the verdict of that famous scientist, the late Ernst Haeckel, that spiritism "is a dreary superstition." Miss Brown's novel confirms the accusation of dreariness, for her characters are continually juggling with the apparatus of clairvoyance, to get a tearful peep into the mysterious beyond.

That kind Providence draws an impenetrable veil between the living and the dead, is perhaps the greatest blessing to poor feeble superstitious mankind. The world is kept always young. The feeble pass out.

We of the twentieth century are almost as superstitious as mankind two thousand years ago. Civilized man is only an experienced savage. Much of his mystical spirit faith is as crude as the primitive fetichism of Darkest Africa.

Any form of belief which violates the known and unchangeable laws of nature, is only superstition and the most irrational of all is spiritism.

Any book dealing with spiritism, except from the viewpoint of rational science, and written by a scientist who has proved his rights to the title, is worse than useless, unless resorted to as a means of killing time or inducing sleep.

INTERESTING CAREER OF NOVELIST

Thomas Hardy, the well known British novelist, has recently passed his eightieth birthday. It was fifty-five years ago, in Chamber's Journal, that Mr. Hardy first actually appeared in print as the writer of an article entitled "How I Built Myself a House." That house was Max Gate, his home today. He had been trained from the age of 17 as an architect, first under a Dorchester man named Hicks, and then from his twentieth year under Sir Arthur Blomfield in London. In 1863 he won the prize and medal of the Institute of British Architects for an essay on "Coloured Brick and Terra Cotta Architecture," and in the same year an important prize for architectural design. His master, Blomfield, was an accomplished artist, and the first veering of Hardy's aims in life was not toward fiction and poetry but toward art criticism. But this phase passed. He had all along been a wide reader and a most sensitive observer, and in 1871 his first novel, "Desperate Remedies," was

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published in three volumes. Its hero was an architect. Two years later his architectural experience strongly colored his third novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes." The same may be said of "A Laodicean," his eighth novel, and of "Jude, the Obscure," in which the feeling for Oxford's venerable buildings is that of an imaginative architect. In all Hardy's novels there is a special power to portray buildings, to relate them to their soil and surroundings, and to invest them with large human interest. By a sort of providential accident, in harmony with his genius, he selected as the site of his home a piece of land which, outside his expectation, turned out to have been part of a Roman cemetery. In cutting his carriage drive the workmen brought to the surface almost a platoon of soldiers of Hadrian's time, and also the skeleton of a Roman lady whose hair-binding brooch is now one of the novelist's treasures.

SONGS OF CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS

Leila France's book, "California Wild Flower Songs," is attaining wide popularity. The author not only has written the songs, but composed the music. There are fifteen poems and songs presented in attractive style in a book of regular music sheet size. It is a useful as well an interesting work.

The Lippincott Company has just published "The Children's Story Garden," containing a selection of short stories for children's reading made by a committee of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends.

Publication of Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Green Bay Tree," which the Macmillan Company had announced for this Spring, has been postponed until next Fall.

"Windmills," a piece of satirical fiction by Gilbert Cannan, is announced for publication within a week or two by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

The developments of 150 years provide some striking comparisons between the contents of the early and the latest editions of the Brittanica. For the first edition, in 1768 the article on France filled only thirteen lines, while that on Japan was content with two lines, as follows: "Japan, or Islands of Japan, are situated between 130 and 144 degrees of E. Lon., and between 30 and 40 degrees of N. Lat."

Prefers Poetry to Politics

(Continued from Page 32)

Here come his confreres of the capitol at Washington, with whom he bears the load of governmental responsibility. These men know him as perhaps no other man from California is known at the Capital. They listen to his counsel, and thus he works effectively for his State.

Here, too, come sage and poet for rest and reflection. It was here George Sterling wrote a song of beauty; and here Edwin Markham created "Elora," the nymph conjured out of his sub-conscious memories. Here Gertrude Atherton tarried for the inspiration and atmosphere of her latest story, in which she weaves much of the romantic beauty of the Villa. And all this is not in old California of Montalvo's dream; but in new, magic, modern California, the gentle motherland which lures forth with grace every kindly attitude of the soul.

My First Love

(Continued from Page 81)

"Not the same at all," I exclaimed. "Not to me."

"Oh, yes—for you will come with us," she wheedled.

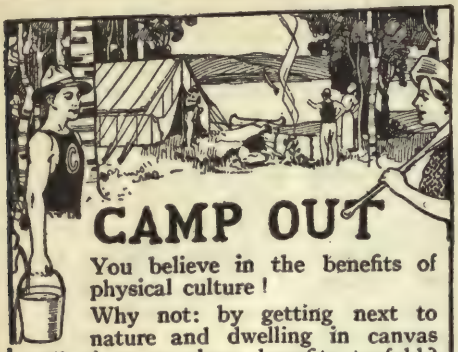
Rosine took my hand and led me back home. Unluckily, father was on the porch calling for me.

"Where have you been?" he shouted.

I was all flustered, and began to stammer.

"He has been to early mass, Monsieur," said she, the most naturally in the world.

And when I saw how easily a little girl like that was able to twist me around her finger, and to deceive my father by a lie I had no more fear of the world.



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Stories from the Files

(Continued from Page 58)

profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived, but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how the Luck got on," seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defense, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of a frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions.

Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitious title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers or smoked in Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor, from Her Majesty's Australian Colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On Bo-o-o-ard of the Arethusa."

It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth his naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of the song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes, and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This ere kind of thing," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over with pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azalias, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright



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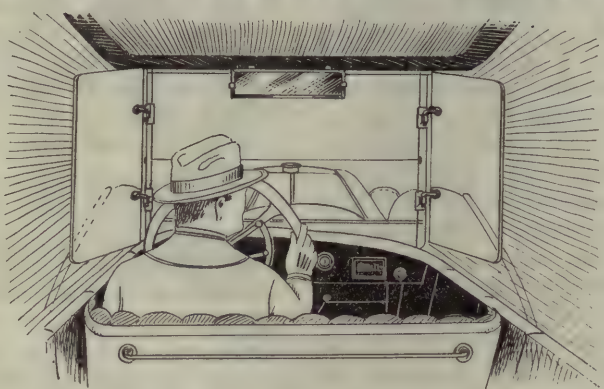
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pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to the eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hill-sides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy—albeit there was an infantine gravity about him —a contemplative light in his round gray eyes that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tessallated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstitition.

"I crept up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't talking to a jay bird as was a-sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a-jawin' at each other like two cherrybums."

Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back, blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumblebees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times"—and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp, they duly pre-empted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful tales of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring' that would lay over any street in 'Red Dog.' They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Injun baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck"—who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of '51 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees, and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned.

"Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once, and will be here again."

And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees and crackling timber, and darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered

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camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner, but the pride—the hope—the joy—the Luck—of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless.

"He is dead," said one.

Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly.

"Yes, my man, and you are dying, too."

A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck.

"Dying," he repeated, "he's a-taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me, now." And the strong man clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

Pedro Crosses The Border

(Continued from Page 61)

while Conchita, she of the starry eyes, gazed on him in sorrow; he saw, too, the gray walls of a prison, and he who loved the sunlight and open country being led within—forever.

An agonized cry burst from his lips. Never! No, never would be surrender—rather death! But could Pedro Vierra die at the hands of a gringo? No! A thousand times—no!

As his brain whirled in an endeavor to think of some means whereby he might extricate himself from his trap, there came to the ears of Pedro, the fearsome sound of a rattler; yet no terror struck at the heart of the fugitive. Rather, it was with a sort of mad elation that he stared at the reptile as it coiled at his feet ready to strike.

Once more did the eyes of Pedro turn toward his pursuer, who was now pounding up the hillside. Then swiftly he lowered his hands—tore his shirt open at the neck—threw himself prone to the ground. Just as a shot came screaming overhead, missing its mark, the big rattlesnake struck.

A few seconds later Keegan dashed up and flung himself from his horse. One swift glance at the reptile writhing its way into the underbrush and the sheriff realized what had happened.

Keegan knelt by the side of the wounded man, his voice full of horror as he ejaculated, "The jugular vein!"

"You can do nothing, Senor," Vierra's eyes were wild, but his voice was calm. "There is no use to try to draw the poison out unless you cut. And to cut—a single blunder would kill. Let me be, Senor, I have chosen this way to die in preference to —to"— His voice died to a husky murmur that was unintelligible; he turned his head and stared downward, where the Rio Pequeno flashed like quicksilver in the sunlight.

Keegan, ignoring Pedro's wild protests, picked up the wounded man in his great arms and placed him gently in the saddle. A few moments later, the sheriff's horse, gallantly carrying the double burden, plunged through the calm waters of the river, scrambled up the bank, and swept off across the hot mesa, headed toward town.

But medical aid came too late. While the sky in the west still held the red glow of the setting sun, the restless spirit of Pedro Vierra crossed the last border. And the last intelligible words he uttered live in the memory of Sheriff Tom Keegan to this day:

"You see, Senor, a bad hombre can die bravely!"

The Hermit of Lanai

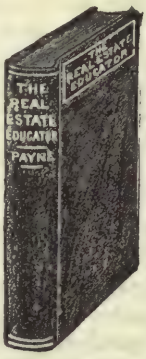
(Continued from Page 48)

for her as in our halcyon days. She hears; for she comes far out to the point

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Two weeks had passed since I last visited Kanalie in his hermit's abode, although I had listened to his song of sadness every evening. I could not divine him. Was his story the truth; or was it the fabrication of some mania? Was he a criminal who had fled to seclusion from the hand of justice? Perhaps he was a poacher and robbed the cliff-birds of their marketable plumage. What if he was grief-stricken; should that make him renounce his leadership of the Lily's tribe, and his own? All these queries, and more, I put to myself. I gave it up.

It was about time for Kanalie and his song. I wondered why he did not commence. Ah! there it was. A strange song this time, one that rang of triumph. What could it mean? I had not long to wait for an explanation.

Kanalie came running through the monkey-pod trees. In his eyes was a wild look. He seized me by the shoulders, and wrung my hand like mad.

"Wha—what's the matter?" I managed to stammer.

I was sure, by this time, that he was insane, for between outbursts of hysterical laughter, he was slapping me forcibly on the back.

"Look, Herbert!" he said, indicating his ear. "Look! Do you see anything?"

I confessed that the lobe seemed slightly puffed, and somewhat flakey. Then I recoiled from immediate contact with the dreaded disease.

He waited to learn no more. Like a flash, he burst through the bushes, where the flossy rays of the setting sun slipped through the lace-work of the bush-tops, in the direction of Wailuku, Molokai—and the Lily of Maui.

Quite A Picnic

(Continued from Page 68)

Before she allowed Billy to make their presence known, the feminine whispered in his ear:

"I am so glad that you got me out of the mess without any of their help, and Billy, may I ride in the professor's place when we go home?"

"Not much. You will ride in your own place, and the professor may go—" then she covered his mouth with her hand so that he could not say it; but those who noted the glumness of the ponderous professor and fat Jabez Smart as they rode home together, felt sure that she was in accord with the sentiment he would have expressed.

Under The Yellow Flag

(Continued from Page 38)

her captain and steward most graciously made room for a half dozen of us, and, in a few hours after the arrival of this ship, we were passing out of Papeete harbor.

Our recollections of Tahiti will include some of the most interesting, as well as the most unpleasant, of our lives, but, as with all those who have visited these isles,

"The moon never beams,
But I see in my dreams,
My beautiful Tahiti Nui!"

The City of Romance

(Continued from Page 42)

lamp light, lay a single pearl as large as the end of his little finger.

Gardner picked it up, and holding it between his thumb and forefinger, bowed ceremoniously toward the door through which the professor had vanished.

"Thank you very much for solving the mystery for me, alias Professor Ezekiel Smith, master smuggler," he said.

Alma Mater

(Continued from Page 77)

"How is everything?" I asked.

"Fine," answered he, with a visible effort and jingling the tender old lady's change.

"If there is anything I can do," I insisted, "why, just say the word."

"Thanks awfully," he said. "But you see, everything's going along fine."



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The Black Opal

(Continued from Page 52)

the gate. Out of this rattling conveyance —which had twice broken down en route —stepped Mr. Jack Benton and a flushed, radiant creature who had been, but a few short hours before, Miss Charlotte Jerome. Then came Aunt Fiske in the embroidered lavender creation, both much the worse for the all-night adventure—but an Aunt Fiske who had entirely forsworn her prejudice against opals.

Two minutes later, a taxi added Douglas Jerome to a group of wildly excited persons, one of whom—Susan, the maid —was vainly endeavoring to recall the name of the hospital to which Janice Jerome had been taken.

"He s-said he'd h-have her all c-c-cut up in an hour!" sobbed Susan.

Three minutes after that, Douglas Jerome, with the compelling force of a cyclone, had swept Charlotte and Jack Benton into the taxi; and the machine was making the rounds of the hospitals. At St. Joseph's hospital, Dr. Hoffman Gordon was located. There was an interview—the shortest on record.

Leaning on the arm of her husband, Janice Jerome walked out to the taxi; a close observer would have noted that Douglas Jerome crumpled in a hairy fist two slips of paper—the cheque and the note signed by Mrs. Jerome.

As Mrs. Jerome entered the taxi, the father drew Charlotte to one side.

"My girl," he said, a trifle huskily, "I haven't had time to inquire why you and that Benton fellow and Aunt Fiske are joy-riding at four o'clock in the morning. I guess it's all right, though. And say! Go ahead and marry him if you want to. I picked a man for you once—a square man, I thought. By George, I haven't got a particle of faith in my own judgment!"

"I have, father dear," cooed Charlotte. "You **have** picked a square man. Father—and you, too, mama darling—meet my husband, Mr. Jack Benton. He told me—after we were married—that he's just inherited half a million from an uncle. But we won't hold that against him, will we?"

The End.

Woman's Instinct Supreme

(Continued from Page 72)

Rosebud sat with downcast eyes, and Mona continued in a softer tone:

"And then there were the dreams that I had to keep locked in my heart—the little baby fingers that groped in the night —but I could not welcome them until all of debt's grasping nightmare was cancelled. So when the newspapers sounded my praise I was glad, for every success meant a step nearer home; to the time when we could have our own doorstep—when Tom could be teaching baby feet; when we could follow the life which is best for all women—the life which includes home and all that home means."

There was silence for a few tense moments, each woman buried deep in the sweet pain of her own thoughts.

Then Rosebud spoke with her usual impulsiveness: "I am glad you told me this, Mona; glad, too, that you and Tom are nearing the end of your journey for fame. You see," she continued, "Tod and I expect to settle down soon; there is a little bungalow waiting for us out in Eagle Rock City. I do hope we may have you for neighbors. What you said is very helpful to me. It—er—that is—you helped me to decide."

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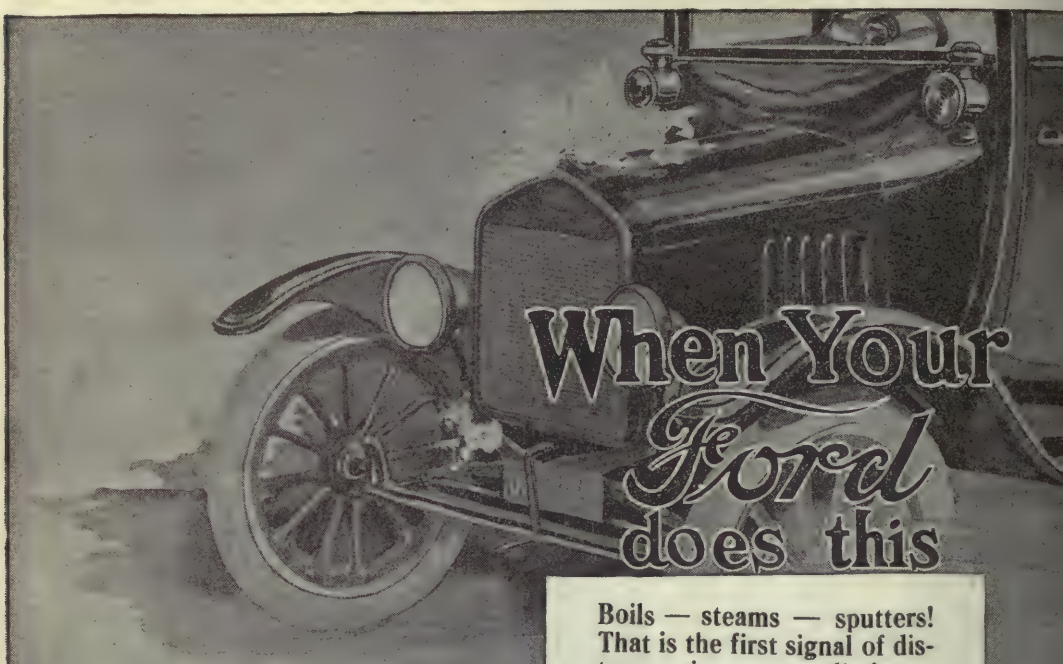
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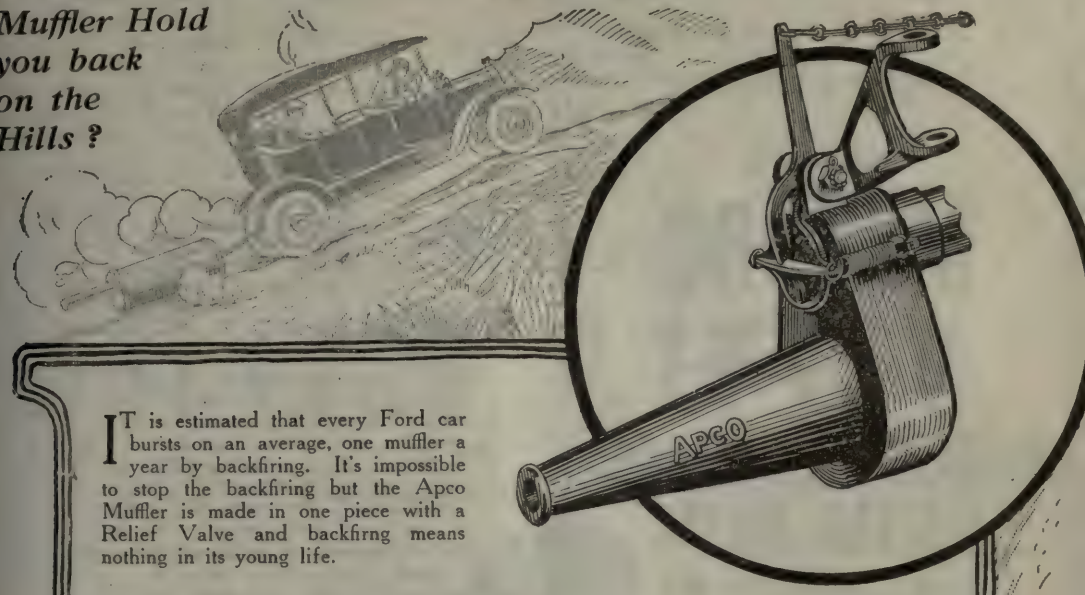
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Overland Monthly

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

THOMAS E. FLYNN, Managing Editor.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY
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VOL. LXXV SEPTEMBER, 1920 No 3.

The American Drama of Today

By Herbert Bashford

[Herbert Bashford, whose caustic criticism of the American theatre is certain to arouse our readers to a sense of their responsibility in encouraging only the best and cleanest in dramatic art, does not speak from any superficial knowledge of present-day theatrical tendencies, but from the standpoint of the professional playwright of long experience. Mr. Bashford is the author of a number of dramas which have served as starring vehicles for Virginia Harned, Marjorie Rambeau and other noted players, and the reader may rest assured that what he has to say merits a careful reading.—The Editor.]

IT IS SAID that a friend recently asked James Huneker what work he had in hand at present. The well known essayist and critic said that he was writing something about the drama. "American drama?" queried the friend.

"I said I was writing something about the drama," Mr. Huneker replied significantly.

To discuss the American drama of today, is in a sense to talk about something which in reality does not exist. This statement may seem a gross exaggeration, but I hardly think I am over-emphasizing the facts. It is generally conceded by serious-minded students of the drama that we have now reached a stage in our cultural progress where we show a decided lack of appreciation of the most intimate of all the arts. We have contributed practically nothing of genuine worth to the dramatic literature of the world. I doubt if in certain respects a more inconsistent lot of folk than we are ever lived under the sun. We raise a terrible hue and cry over certain transgressions of the law which in no way effect the morals of the people as a whole and permit other things to exist which certainly tend to lower the ideals of the younger generation.

Certain European observers who have looked us over for the sole purpose of studying our national ideals and characterists, find that in the composite picture of our people there is a suggestion of the stern features of our Puritan ancestors. We are accused of Puritanic prudishness in some ways, though few have stopped to point out our glaring inconsistences. For instance while one is not permitted to carry a bottle of wine to a friend who is ill, one is permitted to attend the theatre to witness a "bedroom farce" of the most salacious sort. While we are extremely exacting in some respects we are delightfully lax in others. And so little have we interested ourselves in the theatre as an institution that the playhouse of today is something of a national disgrace.

Within the past ten years the degradation of the stage has gone on until at the present time it is about as bad as it can be. If the theatre were a mere place of amusement, as most people seem to think,

the matter of its degradation would not be of such vital concern, but the theatre —"the schoolhouse of the people"—is a great factor for good or evil in the lives of thousands of its patrons. Just now, to quote the words of Dr. Stephen S. Wise, "the theatre is suffering from moral leprosy." Never in the history of New York, our great producing center, has there been such an exhibition of pruriency on the stage. An actress whose name is almost a household word, in writing me of theatrical conditions in the nation's metropolis, said that "the filthier anything is, the better it goes."

The theatre instead of becoming an institution that should be classed with the church and the school as an influence for good, is being robbed, not only of the noble dignity it once had, but of its respectability as well. So absolutely deplorable is the condition of the theatre at present that every lover of dramatic art feels a personal concern as to future of the drama in this country and there is an earnest effort on the part of many to awaken the people to a sense of their responsibility.

Dramas which represent or interpret life are few and far between. In the history of our stage there has never been more cause for pessimism than at present. A few years ago we fondly imagined that the Drama League of America might do something to stimulate deeper interest in dramatic art. It may be that the influence of the League has been beneficial. However, the average theatrical manager is inclined to look upon the members of the League as a "bunch of highbrows," some going so far as to say that an endorsement of a play by this organization makes the general public suspicious of the play's entertaining qualities. Nevertheless the various centers of the Drama League, by calling the attention of their members to plays of the better class, have aroused among theatre-goers a keener appreciation of artistry in the theatre and a better knowledge of what constitutes meritorious drama.

In deploring the degradation of the stage I would not convey the impression that the theatre is not in a flourishing condition. Never before has the playhouse been so popular. The box office is almost suffering from an excess of prosperity. The producing manager of Broadway, who presides over the destiny of dramatic art in our country, is making more money today than he ever thought possible. The price of admission has soared to undreamed of heights. The manager is jubilant. He thinks only in terms of money. No idealistic motive prompts him to engage in a theatrical enterprise. The future of the American drama is not of the slightest concern to him. He does not care a rap whether it has a future or not so long as the standing-room-only sign shall gladden his unidealistic vision. Apparently he lacks all sense of self respect. "Giv'em what they want" is his motto regardless of the fact that what they want may be just the thing they shouldn't be allowed to have. We all know to what ends the giv'em-what-they-want policy is apt to lead. At very rare intervals it leads to drastic action by the police, but only when the manager is too zealous in his desire to "giv'em what they want" and oversteps the fine line dividing obscenity from vulgarity.

It is no exaggeration to say that the dramatic critic was right when she declared that a young man who takes a young lady to any of the forty or more theatres in New York where alleged farces are being presented has so compromised his companion that he should marry her the next day.

Of course in the face of this display of pruriency there are a number of wholesome plays on the New York stage, but few of them owe their presence there to the commercially-minded manager. We must bear in mind that "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg" and the dramatization of Howell's novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," were produced by the Theatre Guild, a society which has the welfare of the drama at heart, realizing that worthwhile plays have little chance of production on Broadway if their fate is to be determined by the manager who believes in giving them what they want, or in other words those so-called farces which are the most suggestive and indecent. If you should argue with the manager he would inform you at once that he is not in the

"show business"—mark the expression, "show business" in connection with dramatic art—for the purpose of educating the public. This we may well believe, for it would be utterly impossible for the average theatrical manager to assume the roll of educator.

I am reminded in this connection of an anecdote of David Bispham regarding a certain New York manager of prominence who, after witnessing a performance of Robert Browning's little play, "In a Balcony," asked a friend the name of its author. He was told that it was written by the poet, Robert Browning, whereupon the manager said, "If you know the fella' tell him I'd like to have him bring around some of his stuff for me to look over." Mr. Bispham relates this as a fact, illustrative of the knowledge possessed by some managers who assume to pass on the merits of an untried play.

However, this is not to say that New York has no producers of plays possessing intelligence and culture, for we are indebted to Winthrop Ames, Arthur Hopkins, John D. Williams and several others for their efforts to interest the public in plays of merit. But the manager with artistic ideals is the notable exception.

As it is a law of gravity that a stream cannot rise higher than its source, so is it true that the average farce of the New York stage reflects the low taste of the producer. After all it is just what may be expected from such a source. It has been said that by their fruit ye shall know them. I have often wondered what sort of a conscience—elastic no doubt—the person must have who caters to the depraved taste of mankind—who makes a business of it and rejoices when some one of his salacious plays of the boudoir proves what he terms a "knock out." Naturally he defends himself on the ground that he is giving the people what they want, that he is striving to supply a demand for such trash and is in no way to blame if the public prefers pruriency and vulgarity to decency and respectability.

"Let him give the people what they want," says a well known student of the drama, "but let the enlightened part of every community teach the people to want what they should have and hence to have what they ought to want."

Farces and comedies of the "Ostermoor variety"—to borrow a phrase from Wilton Lackaye—would not be so degrading to our stage if confined exclusively to Broadway, but sooner or later they are served with Broadway trimmings to the patrons of the hundred or more stock theatres in this country. New York sets the standard. New York, or rather Broadway, accepts or rejects according to its peculiar whim and the rest of America with its populous, thriving cities follows the Broadway lead. If Broadway says it is good it must be so.

Now let us examine into the class of people whose judgment sets the standard of American dramatic art. A discerning critic, Mr. Clayton Hamilton, says: "The Broadway attitude of mind is the attitude of a little group of never more than fifty thousand people that swarm and flutter in a futile circle around that tiny point upon the map which marks the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second street. For nearly twenty years our theatre has been edited to entertain this trivial and transient population. Commercial and non-commercial travelers enjoying a temporary sense of playing hooky from their homes have set the tone of taste for our American production."

Mr. Hamilton points out the fact that if an author has imagined something too simple and too beautiful and true to fit the comprehension of the fifty thousand flutterers who swarm around Times Square he has been denied the privilege of talking to a sane and serener public.

However depraved the taste of Broadway may be as reflected in its prurient, obnoxious farces all other good Americans must accept what Broadway chooses for them in the way of amusement. Mr. Lackaye says that if the managers provide us with piffle it is because we are "piffling." I doubt if this applies to the great body of Americans. It is true of the Broadwayites whose taste unfortunately determines the standard of our drama and who are directly responsible for its degeneracy. But surely there are some good plays produced in New York,

I hear you say. Furthermore these plays are financially successful. This is true. But of the one hundred and forty produced in the past season it is admitted by New York reviewers that only eight of them possess real merit and nine times in ten these worthy plays are not the work of native playwrights.

An English poet, John Drinkwater, wrote "Abraham Lincoln." St. John Ervine, an Irishman, wrote "John Ferguson," and "Jane Clegg," which in all probability would never have been produced in New York had it not been for the Theatre Guild. No commercial manager would have dared present anything so thoroughly rational and altogether fine. "The Jest," which has enjoyed a long run, is from the Italian. Among the farces written by Americans is one that stands out in bold relief against a back-ground of mediocrity and salaciousness. It is a farce called "Lightning," and has been the means of making California's own droll comedian, Frank Bacon, the most popular actor in New York. Then there is James Forbes' "The Famous Mrs. Fair," played by Henry Miller and Blanche Bates—a satirical comedy that is most significant and charming, but the general run of New York plays cannot be said to reflect credit on our stage. They range from the bedroom farce to the widely sensational melodrama, the latter bearing the same relation to drama as the Nick Carter novel bears to standard fiction. It contains no idea. It offers no criticism of life. It expresses no opinion. "But," says the manager, "people don't want to be preached to. They don't go to the theatre to think. They go to enjoy themselves." In other words we enjoy ourselves when we cease to think. The manager gives the public no credit for intelligence. In a sense he is not to blame for this delusion. He knows that most people forget they have any brains the moment they enter the theatre. They become "children of nine years mentality," according to Percy Hammond, dramatic critic of the Chicago Tribune. The manager knows that ninety per cent of the audience will question nothing and accept everything—improbability, false psychology, ethical absurdities, poor characterization and faulty technique in play construction.

The manager has no fear that any of these things will mitigate against the success of the play. He fears only one thing—the possibility that the play may contain something that will stimulate mental activity on the part of the auditor. This he feels would be fatal, so in a way we cannot blame the manager so much for producing plays of the sort now in vogue.

The majority of theatre-goers are acquainted with the modern fairy play—the silly, inane little play crammed with sickly sentimentality and absurd childish optimism. Usually there is the precocious little orphan girl who has acquired a wonderful variety of slang expressions. She runs away from the Orphans' Home and fearing capture she hides, let us say, in an ash-barrel. She ventures forth when the intoxicated son of a millionaire tries in vain to unlock the door of a beautiful mansion. She helps him to find the key hole and pilots him safely into the house. The little heroine explains her presence to the parents of the young scapegoat. Father and mother are grateful. The servant is told to get the child something to eat. The millionaire has no little girl. What is home without a little fairy in it? She must remain with them. Her ignorance of social conventions together with her command of slang supplies the comedy, but after a time she improves. Little by little the captain of industry seeks her advice. Her optimism helps to sustain him in moments of serious trouble. A society girl of the vampire variety seeks to ensnare the son who has sworn off drinking at the request of the little waif, but the wise child saves him and eventually—after she has been graduated from the young ladies' seminary—she says "yes" to the young man who owes his reformation to the little orphan who was hiding in the ash barrel.

This sort of piffle is strikingly familiar. There are many variations to the story but each bears a striking resemblance to the other. One cannot say that plays of this type contain anything that should shock the most prudish of puritans. But they add nothing whatever to the dignity of the American drama. They are simply innocuous. They are as far removed from

life, as we know it, as any fairy tale of Hans Andersen. Improbable and wholly false in their depiction of human nature they, nevertheless, attract crowded houses and even elicit such expressions from feminine lips as "darling," "sweet," and "dear."

Then there is another sort of comedy with which most of us are familiar, for it has enjoyed wonderful prosperity. This style of play originated with George Cohan and was so successful that almost every other American writer of comedies quickly seized upon the Cohan formula.

A young man very much discouraged, is down to his last penny. He feels that he must do something, but everywhere he turns he is confronted by seemingly unsurmountable barriers. One creature—God bless her!—has faith in him. She is a poor stenographer. He is the cast-off son of a millionaire. "You shall never cross my threshold until you have made good!" Those were his father's last words. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, a scheme—a get-rich-quick scheme—suggests itself. He fairly shouts with glee. "Ha, ha! I'll show dad that I'm no piker!" To put through his scheme demands nerve, but every Cohan hero has nerve in abundance. This sublime self-assurance passes for Americanism. He is supposed to represent virile, red-blooded, hurry-up, young America. He is a wonderfully convincing talker, or rather bluffer, and in a short time he has the financial backing to put his scheme into operation. He becomes the clever manipulator of other people's money. Hard-headed men of business permit him to handle their millions and his own father awakes to the fact that he has a new competitor in the field who never misses a chance—a veritable young Napoleon of finance with whom he must reckon. Finally father acknowledges that son is the shrewder of the two and a joyous reconciliation follows. Son marries the poor stenographer who never lost faith in him. This, in brief, is the Cohan formula for a successful comedy and those who follow it have invariably won financial reward.

There is nothing in such plays to offend the moral sense of any one. The same may be said of Jazz or rag-time music. In either instance Art suffers.

"Oh, well," says the average theatre-goer, "I enjoyed it. I had a good laugh. It's only a play any way and what if such things couldn't happen in real life? What's the difference just so long as it afforded me a pleasant evening and made me forget my troubles?"

It is this attitude—the familiar one—which has so greatly retarded the growth of a native American drama. It is because drama is not taken seriously by our people that it has almost ceased to exist.

Our playrights who can do good work receive slight encouragement. When Clyde Fitch's play, "The Truth"—the best of all his plays—failed to attract attention on Broadway he lamented a lack of appreciation that offered him no stimulus, no incentive to do good work.

The reader may recall the unappreciative attitude of New York toward Charles Kenyon's fine play, "Kindling." Without doubt it never would have survived the indifference of New York had not certain authors and journalists made a personal appeal in its behalf.

With us the drama is tabulated under the title "Amusements." Under this heading in the newspapers we learn what the theatres have to offer. Even Ibsen's "Ghosts" may be mentioned among the amusements. If you attend a performance of Mantell's "Macbeth," or Sothern's "Hamlet" you go to a "show." Likewise if you attend a vaudeville performance you go to a "show." The same term applies to an exhibition of trained monkeys. In the popular mind it is a "show," whether it be a representation of a Shakespearian tragedy by a company of dramatic artists, or whether it be a man with a grotesquely painted face on a slack wire. It is all the same—a "show." The drama attains to no position of dignity.

Some years ago I remember reading a volume of American impressions by some observer from abroad in which the author said that the theatre in this country should be classed under the head of "sports." There is apparently no thought of the drama's cultural or educational influence. Quite recently a theatrical man-

ager coldly informed me that the only test of a good play was its box office record. If it made a lot of money it was a good play. According to this reasoning "In Old Kentucky" and the "Fatal Wedding" are better plays than "A Doll's House" or the "Silver Box."

The question "What is a good play?" naturally occurs to one in this connection. What are the qualities which characterize the play of real worth? We remember Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as "a criticism of life." Dr. Richard Burton, poet and educator, maintains that drama may be so defined—at least Arnold's phrase is "happily descriptive of what a play should contain as a center from which radiate a living organism." Dr. Burton asserts that a play without an opinion of life beneath it is a flabby invertebrate. "It may be said," continues this critic "that the rational pleasure in any piece of work that gets a hearing in the play house is in ratio to the idea it contains, the criticism of life it offers, the oneness of purpose in steadily revealing it and the skill with which this is made manifest."

Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright, says that the purpose of the drama is to represent life and to interpret life in terms of the theatre. He expresses the opinion that no writer deserves the name of dramatist unless he has succeeded in representing life in terms of the theatre. Mr. Jones' formula, I think, gives us a very good critical basis by which to estimate the worth of a play. We may ask, "Has the author presented a representation of life? Has he also given us an interpretation of life?" If he has succeeded in setting forth both a representation and interpretation of life he has written a great drama. If it be a representation or an imitation of life he has done good work, but if his play is neither a representation nor an interpretation of life it is not to be considered seriously.

Mr. Hamilton has replied to the query, "What is wrong with our drama?" in a few terse and truthful sentences. "It will be seen," he says, "that the few playwrights in America who are honestly ambitious to represent life truly, in order to interpret life nobly, are condemned to struggle single-handed against the embattled negligence of the public and the managers and the theatrical reviewers. The public doesn't want to be told the truth. It wants to be amused. The managers don't want dramatic art. They want what the public wants. The theatrical reviewers are not interested in the drama. They judge the value of a play in proportion to the number of nights it seems destined to run in the metropolis and consequently consider "Peg O' My Heart" a more important work than Galsworthy's "The Pigeon."

Thus has Mr. Hamilton summed up the various causes contributing to the degeneracy of our drama. Now what are we going to do about it? How are we to educate the public to a proper appreciation of worthy drama? It seems, one must admit, a rather hopeless task. The younger generation has come under the degrading influence of a certain class of sensational motion pictures in which life is caricatured and rendered grossly absurd. On the legitimate stage managers provide salacious farces, inconsequential fairy stories and melodramas fraught with theatricality. Plays that represent or interpret life are very few and half of these are played only at special matinees.

There is in this country an intelligent minority that is sick of the drivel provided by the commercial manager. This minority has expressed a wish for something better—something in the form of drama—which at least—does not offend its sense of sanity. This laudable desire doubtless inspired the Little Theatre movement. The Little Theatre, however, fails to aid the suffering drama to any appreciable extent. It is not even a good crutch. With perhaps two exceptions the Little Theatres of the country have no professional players and fine plays demand capable players to interpret them. The best that can be said of the Little Theatre is that it stands as an earnest protest against present conditions and serves to stimulate greater interest in dramatic art.

Of course we all know what the Municipal theatre would do for the drama, but there is little use to talk of such an institution. At the present stage of our social evolution one might as well dis-

cuss a voyage to the moon as to waste words in extolling the virtues of the theatre owned and conducted by a municipality. That would be regarded as an absolute waste of the people's money even though it were shown to be a profitable investment. Then, too, it wouldn't be the conventional thing for a city to conduct a playhouse. The school house —yes, but not the theatre with its undreamed of possibilities as an educational factor.

The Republic of France maintains four playhouses which fact would in no way impress our law-makers with the importance of National theatres in America directed by officials of the Government having anything to do with the "show business!" Preposterous! A theatre presenting only the best drama in the most artistic way would still be looked upon as "show shop" and no State, to say nothing of the Nation, could possibly maintain theatres of all things! As one writer has observed:

"Here is the most democratic of all story telling, corresponding to a deep dramatic instinct with rootages in play, in religion, in the universal love of life, influencing untold thousands daily, millions of human beings every year, its use or abuse offering a vital, practical educational problem in the United States. What is being done? Do we realize what the playhouse is? Have we a Government officer, National, municipal, or State to supervise the theatre? No, you reply, that were grotesque. But we have a conservator of our forests; are the souls of people not worth as much as sticks and stones? Is there not here a sacrifice to the great god Mammon?"

Iowa and Wisconsin, it may be said, have introduced bills in their respective legislatures requesting the municipal control and encouragement of playhouses. This, at least, is an encouraging sign, but I doubt very much if the municipal theatre shall become a reality in many, many years. If so it will be due to the efforts of those custodians of culture—the women of America. There are those who are making fervent appeals to the people to save the drama, but these evangelistic entreaties will avail practically nothing in my opinion. A noted New York pastor pleads as follows:

"You will battle with unalterable determination against the commercialism of the playhouse of today, and you will never cease your efforts until you have rescued the noble dramatic art from the unholy hands that today are strangling it to death. You will never be content until you see dramatic art realigned, where it normally belongs, with our schools and universities and controlled, as our educational system is, by the enlightened and moral elements of each community."

Such sentiment deserves our applause even though it fall on unheeding ears. The writer believes that the drama's present struggle for existence will continue until its importance is recognized by the colleges and universities of our land. When young men and women are taught to regard drama as an art of authorship and are given the opportunity to study it in its technical development under competent instructors they will not be satisfied with such frothy, meaningless plays as are now being offered for their entertainment.

They will not only resent poor craftsmanship, but will also resent having their intelligence insulted. They will know good drama and will demand it. A far more critical and discriminating taste will prevail and plays written in the short space of three days, as I have known them to be, will no longer add to the disgrace of the playhouse. That the drama will be made a part of the university course is the opinion of a number of prominent educators. One well known teacher would make the study of the drama an integral part of the work to receive regular college credit. He would teach the students its literary history and the laws governing its construction that they may more fully comprehend its worth as a work of art. It is true that the plays of Shakespeare are studied in our public schools, but since Shakespeare's time play construction, like architecture, has changed very much. A gentleman of Norway, a Mr. Ibsen, wrought the change but I venture to say that ten per cent of all high school graduates know very little of the great Norwegian

dramatist whose technic, as exhibited in his later plays, has so profoundly influenced dramatic construction in recent years.

The British Drama League has begun an agitation for the study of dramatic art in the schools of England—educational rather than vocational in purpose—and the emancipation of our own drama rests with out institutions of learning. It is to the school that we must look for the growth of culture among the masses and with it a deeper appreciation of drama and a clearer realization of its civilizing influence. This will no doubt come in time. The drama is as old as the crumbled ruins of ancient Greece and it is unthinkable that progressive America with her idealistic tendencies will not eventually add her glorious page to the history of the dramatic literature of the world.

AT THE BEE RANCH

Grace Atherton Dennen.

Over the hills to Tropico
In the light of glowing skies,
And well I know where the canyon ends
And where the mountains rise.
The beckoning road leads on and out,
Out to the canyon's rim,
Deep inlaid like a cup of jade,
With morning's gold abrim.

Over the hills to Tropico,
And Elspeth waits me there,
With eyes as blue as the wild buckthorn
And the sunlight caught in her hair.
Bees adrift on a sea of bloom
Gather their sweets for her,
And the orchard ways are rainbow maze
And a sheen of gossamer.

Over the hills to Tropico,
And the world left many a mile.
Only the tender blue of her eyes,
The shy, glad grace of her smile.
Only the sunlit, scented hour,
The murmurous hum of the bees,
The broken speech of each to each
And the blossoming almond trees.

From A Clear Sky

By
Caroline Katherine Franklin

IT WAS the finding of a letter—to be exact, the letter of recommendation that did not belong to me—which started me on what appeared to be a wild-goose chase.

At breakfast Mrs. Wallace, with whom I boarded, said:

"You must have dressed in a hurry, Mr. Harrington."

"How so?" I countered, feeling the color rise to my temples as I hastily looked myself over for possible omissions of toilet.

"You've got your tie on wrong-side out. Now, for land's sake, don't attempt any new venture today, unless you wear the tie as it is all day."

I laughed as I unconsciously put up my hand; my accurate sense of touch verified her statement. Smiling my acknowledgment of her criticism, I left my coffee to cool and rushed upstairs.

When I returned she said:

"You'll meet a jigsaw puzzle, and there'll be no picture on the cover of the box to help you work it out."

I didn't like the way she said it. She had all the positiveness of a claims agent. I hastily swallowed my coffee and was ready for the day. She was a motherly soul, and her sweet old face was radiant as she put a caressing hand upon my arm and came clear to the door with me.

"It's going to be a hot day," she sagely remarked, "there goes Walter Peebles without his gloves, his coat on his arm."

"No excuse for starting a day like that here. It never gets hot enough," I replied. "He's failed to sell an insurance policy, and is all heated up over it." With that I stepped out on the porch. "I'll not be his next victim. He's worried me for the last time, Mrs. Wallace."

She laughed good-naturedly as she said: "Goodbye."

I had no more than turned from Park boulevard into Maple street when my eyes landed on a white envelope of ordinary size. Naturally, I stooped and picked it up, and read:

"To Whom It May Concern"—written in a feminine hand.

I drew out the flap and the folded sheet.

"To Whom It May Concern:

"It is a pleasure to write of Miss Carmen Rois. I have known her all her life. She is original and lovable in character, abounding in good-will, co-operative in spirit and greatly loved by children as well as by all who know her. She is particularly clever with her pen and brush, and appreciative of anything artistic.

"She has more than usual capability in teaching, and I am sure will prove a success as a kindergarten teacher.

"Very sincerely,
"MINERVA PHILLIPS."

My ideal was here, all done up in writing—the only place I ever expected to find her. And it was just such a girl that I was mooning about when I tied my tie

wrong-side out. Good as Mrs. Wallace was, I was tired of boarding. I wanted a home of my own, and would have had one long before; but my ideal demanded too much.

I turned the letter over, and looked again into the envelope. No address of any kind. "The girl must exist," I murmured, echoing the thought now fixed in my mind; "and surely she still needs this letter of recommendation." I replaced the letter in its envelope, carefully folding in the flap, stuck it into my pocket, and stood still, trying to make up my mind how to find the owner.

"I'll stop at The Tribune office and put an advertisement in the evening paper," I reasoned.

A resounding whack between my shoulders brought me out of a fog of speculation; I turned quickly to be confronted by Walter Peebles.

"Early as it is, old chap, I've lost two good prospects this morning. Some women reason that they make a man feel good by asserting: 'What would I want insurance for? Why, if anything happened to you, I couldn't live.' I heard that twice—word for word. Now, see here, Harrington, you can't put me off."

"Who'd I insure for, I'd like to know?" I parried.

"Take a Sick and Accident," he pleaded, "if you won't take out a Life policy. You could make a Life policy payable to your estate," he added quickly.

Would you believe it? That fellow talked to me steadily for one straight hour. After what Mrs. Wallace said, I'd have shot myself before I'd have taken out a Health and Accident policy; so, to get rid of him, I ventured:

"If you can locate one Carmen Rois, and deliver the policy to her and tell her to found a kindergarten, should I kick the bucket, it's a go."

Walter Peebles grinned, showing white even teeth; put on his coat; reached into the upper left-hand pocket; fished out two cigars and offered me my choice. I took one, bit off the end and lighted a match, holding it for him to get a light, and then lighted my own cigar, taking an appraising puff of the weed. Peebles reached into his right-hand pocket, drew out his inseparable gloves, and began to put them on. Peebles was happy.

"Where am I to find this Carmen Rois?"

"That's your business!" I exclaimed. "You seem to have the power to turn things your way."

And will you believe me when I tell you what happened?

"Excuse me a minute, Harrington! I want to see a fellow 'round the corner. Won't be gone but just a minute. Wait for me here."

Wonderingly, I watched him disappear, turning down Fifth street.

A few moments later he rejoined me. His face wore a satisfied smirk as he remarked, casually:

"I made an appointment with our examiner, Doctor John McDonald. He'll be ready for you at three this afternoon."

"Now, remember," I cautioned, "if you don't find Miss Carmen Rois, I absolutely refuse to take the policy."

"I'll find her," he cut in, cock-suredly. "Now, Mr. Harrington—" And he bombarded me with questions, filling out a blank as fast as I answered. I never saw a man write so fast.

This was all a farce. I wasn't going to die. But for once I really admired Peebles' nerve, though I'll admit he fretted me terribly writing with his glove on. Was Carmen Rois short, tall, dark, or fair? Her name sounded Spanish. I wondered idly. I wondered, too, if she had become discouraged, and had left the town.

After I had answered question after question, I again warned him:

"If you don't locate her, it's all off!"

"All I'm asking you to do is to go to Doctor McDonald at three, and leave the rest to me."

"Where are you going to look for her first?" I questioned as he carefully folded the application which I had signed, and put it into a red leather wallet.

"I'll run across her. Don't give yourslef the least uneasiness—let me do the worrying for you. But I'll produce the lady."

"The dickens you will! Do you know her?"

"No. But I'll find someone who does.

Good day. Don't forget to go to Doctor McDonald's office at three," he called, running for his car and leaving me bewildered on the street corner.

I looked at my watch. When I left my boarding place I had plenty of time to walk; but it was too late now. The car had left; but I crossed the street to wait for the next one. While I waited, I pictured a beautiful girl to fit the name—Carmen Rois. A girl with rich, olive skin, clear and soft as the petals of a rose; dark, liquid eyes; and hair—a peck of it, at least—blue-black, like a crow's wing. Tall? Or short? Thin? Or fat? I made up my mind that she MUST be small and slender.

Three times during the morning I called up Peebles, but he was out. At noon I went to the garage, got out my roadster and took a spin. I had taken time to put in the advertisement, regardless of Peebles' confidence; and as soon as the afternoon paper was out I bought it, and eagerly turned to the Personals. Yes, there was my advertisement. I phoned to Mrs. Wallace and told her about finding the letter and what I had done. She promised to keep Miss Rois until I could get home, providing the young lady called in answer to my advertisement.

I almost ran a half dozen people down as I drove my car through the crowded streets, my eyes on a vision of a home with a garden, sheltered behind a lilac hedge; of Carmen waiting for me in the evening, while a yellow Roller canary in a brass cage hanging on the porch sang his most impassioned song; of rabbit hutches in the back yard, full of white rabbits, all named. (There had been rabbits in the back yard at home, when I was a boy). But always my thoughts returned to the girl waiting for me, a rose in her dark hair; a smile on the lips that, held up for my kiss, were pouted into a carmine bud.

I could not help realizing what this day—this day, the greatest of my life—meant to me. I had no appetite for lunch. The thought of food was distasteful to me. Eat! I could eat any day; but not any day could I fall in love.

I had to confess to myself that this Carmen Rois was taking up my time to the exclusion of everything and everybody else. "Mrs. Bruce Harrington," I mused while I awaited my turn in the sumptuously appointed office of Doctor John McDonald. Twice I pulled my chair away from the richly paneled wainscoating of oak; and again the rocking chair slipped back. I arose and picked up a magazine from the large center table. I had never been so restless.

"Four ahead of you," the attendant said, as the door opened to admit a lady.

I did not realize that she was addressing me, nor, evidently, did the elderly woman, gowned in deep mourning, who had just entered. The nurse must have seen that both of us had taken the remark personally; but she made no effort to correct the error as she crossed the room, day-book in hand and asked:

"Your name and address, please, madam?"

"This is a cash visit. I am rather in a hurry, and the name is immaterial. Will the Doctor see me soon?"

"There are five ahead of you, madam."

"If I could see him for just a moment it would be such an accommodation! My errand is urgent."

Overhearing the conversation, I waited until the nurse had resumed her seat and her tasks at the oak desk with its convenient telephone and necessary appurtenances.

"I shall be glad to let the lady have my turn," I offered.

The message delivered, the woman in black gave me a cordial nod of thanks. I tried to read the magazine; but there was the picture before my mental vision of Carmen with a rose in her hair, waiting to welcome me home. At last, it was my turn to go in.

"Well, young man," said Doctor John McDonald, "you quite won the little old lady's heart by giving up your turn to her. She was in haste to return home to her daughter, who has a spliting headache. So! You are going to take out an insurance policy for $5000?"

I felt foolish but tried to look serious.

"Yes. You'll laugh at me when I tell you that I don't even know the woman I've named beneficiary. That is, I only know her name."

The buzzer at his desk had sounded

several times announcing the arrival of other patients; but we chatted as if we had all the time in the world, and were going to use as much as we wanted to.

"I've examined many, many applicants for insurance in my eighteen years of practice; but I'll swear this is the first time I've examined an applicant who didn't know in whose favor he was getting his life insured!"

The doctor took off his glasses, idly swirling them around his right forefinger and looking at me as he leaned back in his swivel chair.

"We-ll," I haltingly explained, on the defensive, "I've had an insurance agent pestering the life out of me for the past year and a half. He's talked a lung out of himself and a leg off'n me. I only know of one person I'd be willing to die for. That is, I don't knew her, but I hope to," I concluded, lamely.

[To Be Continued]

THE ELEMENTS

By Arthur Lawrence Bolton.

"Ten million years and more have we
Worked on this ragged scenery,
And now the human ants sublime,
Our summits mount, our glaciers climb,
And with an egotism bold,
Where'er they hook their little hold,
Or even cast their captious eyes,
On towering peak, or vaulted skies,
They lay a petty, boastful claim,
And give our mighty works a name."

"At Kelley's Kamp they spend a week,
And cast their flies in Murphey's Creek,
They amble over Olsen's Bridge,
And chase the Jacks up Jones' Ridge.
They sweat and toil toward Kenyon Peak,
Get out of breath and can not speak,
And where they halt to rest and pant,
They name the spot Point Elegant."

"And so you wander where you may,
By mighty falls, 'neath giants gray,
On every side their hand is seen,
In placards white and placards green;
This monarch of the woods you see,
Is named for Governor McKee,
That yonder, oldest living thing,
For Major-General Amos King."

"For us it is to bide our time,
Our work shall last, so let them climb,
Let them wander in and out,
Fall and groan and sing and shout,
Through countless eons of silence break,
We shall forebear, for pity's sake,
For though their coming seems a sin,
We know that in the end we win."

Mastering the Elements

What Came of Jack Gray's Excessive Water Bills.

By Louise Keller

JACK GRAY turned from a survey of the water bill for the month of July, with a bitter exclamation.

"Winifred, come here!" he shouted, nervously rolling and lighting a cigarette.

Obedient to his masterful request, Mrs. Gray made her appearance with a warm smile, for she was accustomed to her husband's rough but kindly nature, and had a pretty good reason to know the cause of his ill humor.

"Price of soap gone up again, Jack?" she asked.

"Just look over this water bill here!" cried her husband ignoring her question.

"Gracious! Robbery! Even for water in a desert, it's outrageous, Jack."

"I'm going to quit the laundry business. It's a losing game in Central and Southern California, where water is so dear," protested Gray. "And the worst is yet to come," he added.

According to the angry laundryman, water would become dearer, as the dry country was being settled up rapidly, and every drop of water was needed for irrigation.

"This State of California is most as big as France with forty millions of people, and when we have fifteen or twenty millions down in this hot, dry part, where is all the water coming from to run the laundries? Who can pay the price them water profiteers will be demanding? Only multimillionaires can wear a laundered shirt on Sunday."

"If we was only up at our old home place in Del Norte county, Jack," said the laundryman's perspiring wife. A hundred inches of rain a year I guess, and the rivers running full all the time. I never heard of no water companies up in Del Norte, Jack."

"No chance for them; they'd have to pay people to take the water away."

The family's conversation was interrupted by the telephone. Poor, overworked, hot and weary Mrs. Gray answered the call.

"Hello! Who do you want? Yes, this is Gray's Laundry—yes Gray's Randsburg Laundry—"

"Located in the hottest hole this side of hell," interrupted Jack Gray himself, looking up from his bills. "Who's at the phone, Winifred?"

"Some man—he's callin' you down—says you're not running a laundry, but a mint."

"He does? That's all the gazook knows—le'me give him an earful." Jack grabbed the phone.

"Who is this? Oh, it's you—Jerry Prather. Believe me, Jerry, if you was paying the water bills of this blame laundry in the desert you'd wonder how we do washing so cheap—yes, I said cheap—C-H-E-A-P—I ain't no profiteer! I just wisht I had a miner's job like yours. How quick I'd chuck this wash-house and tell the water company brigands to go to —"

Mrs. Gray, who was ironing the wrinkles out of a pair of miner's overalls, broke into the conversation.

"Ask Jerry Prather if he's coming to the dance at Union Hall, Jack."

Gray did as requested, but Jerry was doubtful until informed that the laundryman's attractive sister Elaine was expected from her home at Crescent City, Del Norte, and would attend the dance.

"Elaine is a great girl," declared Jack Gray. "You had better make her acquaintance. She might take a fancy to you if you washed some of the mud off your face and put on a clean shirt, Jerry. She's the belle of Crescent City."

"Where's that place?"

"Up in Del Norte county—up toward the Oregon Coast where it rains 365 days

a year—and then some. That's the place for water."

"Why don't you pipe it in here and make some money out of your old washhouse?"

"Gee! If I could only utilize that free water up there, I'd be a millionaire, Jerry," moaned the hard-pressed laundryman.

"Well, I guess I'll have to take in the dance at Union Hall, Jack, if I don't blow myself up with a blast of dynamite in the Hoodoo mine, same as Bill Stafford done to himself last month. Tell sister Elaine to keep a dance or two for me, Jack. See you later, old pard."

"Jerry is coming to the dance—if he don't blow himself up with dynamite," reported the laundryman to his wife, as he turned away from the phone and resumed his dissatisfied examination of the big water bills.

"Jerry Prather will never blow himself up—not if he set off a million tons of dynamite," answered the wife, pausing in her ironing. "He's the best miner on the Pacific Coast—or anywheres else, they say."

"All you women is crazy about him—because he's a good looker and is always joshing—an' he ain't married," growled the disgruntled husband, over his accounts.

It was true that the fair sex liked Jerry Prather—and so did everybody in the Randsburg district, except big Bill Stafford, one of his fellow-workers in the Hoodoo mine.

Bill had the reputation of being the crack miner of the Pacific Coast until Jerry Prather appeared on the scene. Bill was the reverse of Jerry in most ways, and nobody dropped any tears when the Desert Tocsin, in its Friday edition, announced that Bill had injured himself by a premature blast on the 1300-foot level, and would be confined to his bunkhouse for a month or so. Lucky he didn't cause wholesale disaster, the Tocsin added.

"That feller knows too much—you can't tell the guy nothing, nohow!" was the way the mine foreman, Fred Terry, informed the superintendent about the accident. "I advised him to be careful how he set the blasts off in the 1300 level, but he goes at it as if he was handlin' Fourth O' July firecrackers. Well! He'll be in the hospital for a month. Who'd we better put in his place?"

"Jerry Prather," answered the superintendent. "He knows the mining game from start to finish, and is always inventing something new that works all right."

"Jerry will do," confirmed the foreman. He sure is a wonder at inventions."

In the two months that Bill Stafford was trying to get out of the hospital, Jerry Prather made such a record in blasting that the miners felt as safe as if they were at home in bed.

"He's invented a new-fangled way of touching off the big blasts with electricity that makes accidents impossible. Jerry is a wonder as an inventor. Edison ain't got nothing on him," declared the admiring foreman to the mine superintendent.

Jerry became more popular every day with the mining population. When big Bill Stafford came out of the hospital and heard so much praise of his hated rival, he had a relapse and it was two weeks more before he was able to be around.

Though still walking with a limp, Bill decided to participate in the ball at Union Hall where all the miners were going.

* * * * * *

The dance at Union Hall was a great social success. Everybody who amounted to anything in the district was present. The floor had been waxed till it almost required the agility of a fly to walk over it. The band, though of local talent, was excellent, and the supper was a triumph of the culinary art, supplemented by canned luxuries.

Jack Gray was on the reception committee, and had as much as he could attend to, introducing his pretty sister, Elaine to his many acquaintances. The procedure was the same in every case, as in that of Jerry Prather, who was one of the first to enjoy a dance with her:

"Shake hands, Jerry, with my sister. Elaine, shake hands with my friend, Jerry Prather, that you've heard me speak so much about. Now both of you go and dance, and don't waste time and music!"

Elaine Gray being vivacious as well as

pretty, was soon the center of interest for all the unmarried miners. Most of them had never seen Del Norte and they listened with interest to her descriptions of giant pines and redwoods, and above all to the narratives about the great abundance of water and the stories of swimming and fishing in the rivers.

"Hum!" growled big Bill Stafford, "I never seen a river in Caleeforny deep enough to drown a grasshopper."

"I guess there's lots of things in California you know more about than cold water!" retorted Elaine, who resented the fling at her native State.

Notwithstanding the rebuff, Bill hung around the pretty visitor from Crescent City when he was not busy in the refreshment booth, where something stronger than a quarter-of-one-per-cent was available, it was whispered.

The mine foreman advised Bill to be prudent, but his words were wasted.

"Remember, Bill, you're not strong on your legs yet," he warned him. "Don't be sashaying too much on that slippery floor that's like greased ice."

"I'm of voting age!" was Bill's reply.

After Elaine Gray had refused three times in succession to dance with him, and had favored Jerry Prather, Bill proceeded to do a solitaire shimmie dance in the middle of the floor, and getting his legs tangled came down with a crash that caused thoughts of earthquake. The foreman and a couple of husky miners carried him off and Jerry Prather had a monopoly of the fair Elaine for the remainder of the night and morning—as the dance was still going merrily at daybreak.

* * * * * *

After such a strenuous night, nobody felt like going back to work in the mines, except Jerry Prather, who had to prepare for important blasts to open up the ore vein in the Hoodoo mine. The foreman was ready to go with him, and the pair were shaking hands with Jack Gray and his wife and Elaine, when a strange purring noise was heard in the fleckless sky of the desert. A crowd gathered at once, and in a few second a flying machine—a tiny speck in the unbroken blue—was discovered by a keen-eyed frontiersman. Some army aviator on an experimental trip, thought the deeply interested observers.

The sharp-visioned frontiersman was the first to discover that there were women on the flying machine. The waving of handkerchiefs was observed. Soon the visitors from the skies landed among the miners and increased the astonishment. All the women were painted and bedizzened to the last degree, and the men were arrayed as for a drama. That in fact, was their purpose.

"We've just flown up from Los Angeles to find the right location for a new desert picture we're making," announced the director. "If any of you people want to make a few dollars, get into the picture with us and let the camera man begin to shoot. We're in a hurry, as we have to be back by 3 o'clock."

"There's progress for you!" commented Jerry Prather to the foreman. "In a few hours them actors fly here from Los Angeles and in a few more they will be back at their studio. Isn't it wonderful!"

"It sure is a wonder. The world's goin' ahead, Jerry."

The two men started away for the Hoodoo mine and left the local population squeezing into the picture—miners' families, Indians, burros, mules and dogs. Jerry was very thoughtful and silent.

"This flying machine gives me a great idea!" he remarked to the foreman.

All the way to the mine and when they were down on the lower levels he kept talking about aviation and his big idea. Suddenly he turned to the foreman and asked:

"Would you come in on a stock company and put some money in it, Fred?"

"That depends on what kind of a company."

"An industrial company, with a new idea!"

"Whose idea—your own idea, Jerry?"

"Yes, my own."

"I'd back you to the last cent, Jerry. I'll take $5000 worth of stock—and I know the superintendent will come in big on it. What's the idea?"

"Call a meeting of all the boys in the

next couple of days and I'll lay the whole thing before them, Fred."

Before the meeting of prospective stockholders was held at Union Hall, the superintendent of the Hoodoo had $50,000 guaranteed to back Jerry Prather's new idea. So much confidence had the miners in him, that they asked few questions. "We've trusted him with our lives in the mine," they said, "and we sure can trust him with our savings." Nothing had transpired as to the character of Jerry's new idea, except that it was something in the aeroplane line.

"That guy expects to go into the movie picture business with Elaine Gray as leading lady, I'll bet," hazarded big Bill Stafford, but he got little encouragement in his ill-natured sarcasm. He had a front seat at the prospective stockholders' meeting in Union Hall, not with the intention of helping the mysterious enterprise but knocking it.

"Before we puts up our good money on this big idea—of the wonderful inventor from the Hoodoo mine—whatever it is, wouldn't it be a good idea for him to get up on the stage and give us a spiel —throw some real light on the subject. I understand it's some sort of airplane scheme. Is that so, Mr. Prather?"

"That's just it," answered Jerry, as he mounted the platform. "I propose to introduce aviation into the laundry industry,"

"Ha-ha!" chuckled big Bill. "Ain't Charlie Chaplin ahead of you on them kind of comedies?"

"The stockholders in the Pacific Coast Aerial Laundry Association will find this enterprise no farce but a winner from the start. Just keep your ears open and your mouth closed, Bill, and you'll learn all about it. (Loud cheers from the crowd).

With remarkable clearness and conciseness, the young inventor outlined his plans.

Water was precious as gold in parts of the State, while in other parts it was running to waste every day in billions of gallons.

"Every laundry in the hot, dry districts will have to close up unless the price of water can be reduced," declared Jerry.

"You've said something!" shouted Jack Gray.

The flying machine would enable the suffering laundries of the arid and hot regions to utilize the waters of the coast rivers almost as if they lay at the doors. The soiled clothes could be gathered up at depots and shot away in flying machines, as the actors are shot out of Los Angeles to required locations and shot back in a few hours. Distance would be annihilated. The Pacific Coast Aerial Laundry Association could perform all its laundering at Crescent City with electric machines worked at a very small cost. The wet wash could be promptly strung to the wings of the biplanes, triplanes, or if necessary, the eight-winged planes. A spin in the air would dry the clothes without any expense, for drying houses heated by expensive coal or fuel oil. In fact the planes flying to the depots to gather soiled clothes, could carry along the wet wash strung to the wings and bring it back dry as a cinder. Thus wonderful efficiency could be promoted.

The only waste motion would be in dampeninng the dried clothes so that they could be ironed. That, too, could be overcome by slightly changing the route of the aeroplanes so as to fly under the steady fall of rain drops near the Oregon line. The clothes would thus return to the laundry in shape so that they could be placed at once under the automatic electric irons.

"Three cheers for Jerry Prather, the Edison of the desert!" shouted Jack Gray. and Union Hall rang with the miners' shouts.

The mine superintendent of the Hoodoo subscribed for $20,000 more of stock. Big Bill Stafford tried hard to grab a bunch of the preferred stock, but the best he could get was fifteen shares of the common stock, at an advance of 40 per cent.

Jerry Prather will assume his duties as president of the Pacific Coast Aerial Laundry Association, when he returns from his aeroplane tour of Canada and the Hawaiian Islands, with his attractive bride, the former Miss Elaine Gray, sister of Mr. John Greenfield Gray, superintendent of the organization.

Cupid's Corporation

By Arthur L. Dahl

FOR a man who had been turned down in one of the three great events of human life, Jack Marsh showed a surprising amount of cheerfulness and energy. He fairly flew up the marble steps of the Whistler home, and his lips were puckered in a lively tune as he waited for Mary Whistler to appear.

"What did he say, dear?" she asked eagerly, when the butler was out of sight.

"He said I was a presumptuous young upstart for aspiring to your hand," replied Jack, testily. "He told me to go out and make a success of myself instead of buzzing around you like a bee. Why, the old stony face forgets that I am a rising young attorney."

"Perhaps he wants to have you keep on rising, Jack, dear, instead of settling down, as you are so keen on doing," and Mary's laugh rang out like a musical bell.

"But, sweetheart, he laughed at my 'audacity',—as he termed it, and it is hard to stand ridicule."

"I know, Jack, darling," soothed Mary, "but with all his faults he's a dear old dad, and I wouldn't marry you, dear, against his wishes. But I shall never marry any one else, if that's some comfort."

"You darling!" exclaimed Jack, rapturously. "But I'll marry you yet, for I have a plan that will bring dad around. I'm going to beat him at his own game, and before many days I shall expect to dine here with you at the invitation of Mr. William Whistler himself."

After leaving his sweetheart's home, Jack went directly to his office. Here he spent several hours in quiet reflection, perfecting his plans. When everything was clear in his mind he rang for a stenographer and dictated a number of legal documents. When the neatly typewritten pages were laid before him he called up a number of his club friends and asked them to meet him at his own rooms at once, on a matter of the most urgent business. He had barely time to reach his rooms and start packing a suit case when a quartette of young men entered, without the formality of a knock.

They were Jack's best friends, and when his scheme was presented, they all agreed enthusiastically to help him. And so, amidst much lively bantering, there sprang into existence a corporation which assumed the name of "Defiance Water Power Company."

Jack had already prepared the necessary legal documents, and these his friends signed as incorporators. Officers were elected and all necessary business attended to.

* * * * * *

Early the next morning Jack descended

from the warm Pullman into the keen mountain air of Grand Gulch. The first rays of the rising sun were gilding the snow-capped peaks above him, and the yellow light of a hanging lamp in a lunch-room across the street had not yet succumbed to the power of Old Sol. After a hasty survey of the scattered collection of shacks which comprised the municipality of Grand Gulch, Jack picked up his grips and made for the beckoning light. Entering the building, he found behind the counter a man who was inclined to be loquacious, and while frying the bacon and eggs the fellow's tongue wagged to such good purpose that Jack soon learned the lay of the land and the shortest route to Rattlesnake Canyon. Before the sun was an hour high, his burro was slowly climbing the steep grade which led to the other side of the range. He was no novice in the mountains, and following the directions given him, it was not long before he reached the top of the divide looking down upon Rattlesnake Canyon.

Never before had he seen such wild but beautiful country. It looked indeed like the battlefield of huge giants who had torn immense mountains of stone from one place to pile them in another. Here and there great white patches of sheer stone gleamed through the dense forest growth. The silvery outline of Strawberry river showed plainly as it pursued its devious way through the canyon. Here and there the sparkle of a falls told of the precipitous character of the river bed. At the foot of the valley could be seen a small cabin, almost within the shadow of a narrow gulch which it seemed Nature had intended as a reservoir site.

As the potential possibilities of this wild country flashed through his mind, he marveled that the tremendous power which that distant stream could produce had not already been utilized. The engineering problems seemed simple, and as he thought of the possible results of his scheme, he first chuckled and then grew thoughtful.

He was in the very center of a vast territory almost entirely dominated by William Whistler, one of the most powerful and successful promoters and operators on the Pacific Coast. Whistler counted his companies by the score, and his industries represented practically every form of human endeavor,—lumbering, mining, railroads, waterpower development. It was in the latter industry that he excelled, and he was known to have tied up every water power possibility in this district. His chief lieutenant, George Richardson, general manager of all the Whistler companies, was one of the most capable executives in San Francisco. Richardson was comparatively young, good looking, and was an avowed and favored suitor for the hand of Mary Whistler.

As a practicing attorney, Jack Marsh was thoroughly familiar not only with Mr. Whistler's operations, but the manner in which he conducted them. He was well versed in land and water-right laws, and when the desire to show old man Whistler that he, too, could play the game, it was not long before a brilliant idea occurred to him to give him revenge.

At first, his only thought had been to checkmate the father of his sweetheart and cause him to more fully appreciate his ability. But now he could see the enormous wealth that would be his should he carry out the power development scheme he had thought out. And why shouldn't he? Many men had built great fortunes on shoestring projects of far less merit than this.

He knew that under the lax laws governing the State's water rights he could acquire (as Whistler had acquired) by mere appropriation, every drop of water flowing over those glistening falls. Capital would be eager to be used for such a promising purpose.

With his mind brimful of dreams and plans, Jack began his descent into Rattlesnake Canyon. This proved to be extremely arduous, and night was fast approaching when he reached the floor of the canyon. Following the course of the river, he soon skirted the side of a well-cultivated garden surrounding the cabin he had noticed that morning. As he approached, he discerned a gray-haired man seated on the porch. Much to Jack's surprise, the old man eyed him suspiciously and made no overtures of wel-

come. Marsh's first impulse was to pass on and make his own camp, but on second thought he realized that the success of his plan depended upon his entering into friendly relations with this owner of the only suitable reservoir site in the valley. He therefore brought into play all of his natural charm of manner, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing his host's suspicions give way to a spirit of cordial hospitality. Through adroit questions, Jack soon learned that the old settler had been harrassed for months by one "Black Pete" whom he readily surmised was one of Richardson's field agents. His host, who was a Swede, had settled in this place many years before, and had patented his garden spit under the homestead laws. In his old age, however, a strong desire had crept upon him to return to his native land to pass his declining years. Black Pete, instead of buying the old fellow out at a reasonable figure, as he could have done, attempted to intimidate him into abandoning his homestead, with the result that the old man's fighting blood was aroused and he refused to have anything whatever to do with him. Under these circumstances, Jack had little difficulty in securing a written option on the land before he retired for the night.

With the good wishes of the old Swede, Jack departed early the next morning for the headwaters of Strawberry river, where he expected to post his appropriation notices. Jack knew that Whistler's dummy, Black Pete, had filed on every inch of the waters of these streams, but he had also learned that Black Pete's locations would expire the next morning, and that inasmuch as he had failed to commence work within the 90 days required by the law, his appropriations would be invalid, and new ones could be acquired by himself.

Reaching his destination, Jack patiently waited until the hour of midnight, and promptly one minute after that time he tacked his own notices to a tree and under the light of a full moon rode over the trail which led to Grand Gulch, where he could record his notices. This was accomplished by noon, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was now the owner of all the water flowing in Strawberry river and had the only available reservoir site tightly secured under option, all with the expenditure of only a few dollars.

His mission to the mountains ended, Jack took the first train back to the city. As soon as he could arrange it, he gathered together the directors of his company, and with great formality they adopted resolutions transferring all of the stock of the new corporation to him in exchange for the water rights and option. When the stock certificates had been issued to him, he endorsed over to Mary Whistler 49 per cent of the stock, which was duly issued in her name.

"Just hang around a bit, will you Winters," Jack called to one of his friends, as they were leaving. Winters was a newspaper man on one of the big papers.

When alone, Jack handed to the reporter a carefully prepared statement which he asked to have prominently displayed on the financial page of next morning's issue of the "Blade."

It was to the effect that the recently incorporated "Defiance Water Power Company," through its president, Mr. Jack Marsh, had just announced the completion of plans for the construction of one of the largest water power projects in the West. It was asserted that the company had obtained absolute control of all of the waters of Strawberry river, capable of producing 100,000 horse power. A splendid natural dam site had also been secured from the owner, Ludwig Hanssen, and that ample capital was available to carry out the project. The article closed with a short reference to a probable conflict with the interests of Mr. Whistler.

The next morning the financial page of the "Blade" was read by three people with varying emotions. To one it brought a smile, to the other two, frowns and a feeling akin to consternation.

"Who is this man, Marsh?" asked Mr. Whistler, as his lieutenant stood before him.

"I can't say, Mr. Whistler," replied Richardson. "The only Marsh I know is that young lawyer who spends so much time at your house, and he hasn't sense

enough to put over a deal like this. This man has got us."

"What's that? Do you mean to say you haven't tied up that reservoir site," demanded Whistler.

For the first time in his life, Richardson's voice assumed an apologetic tone toward his superior.

"I'm sorry to confess I have not. I left the matter to Black Pete, who seems to have balled it up. I had intended to go over and see the old Swede myself, but have been too busy, and thought the matter could rest."

"Yes, I've noticed you've been pretty busy in certain quarters," dryly remarked Whistler, as he indicated by a nod that the interview was over.

Left alone, Whistler stared out of the window with unseeing eyes. It was the first time his lieutenant had fallen down on him, and it could not have happened at a more critical time. It was absolutely essential that he control the Strawberry dam site, for it formed the hub of an immense power project upon which he had been working, and in which a large portion of his fortune was invested. Of course he could buy the fellow out, but at what price? The very thought of having to pay heavily for something he has considered already within his grasp, all through the blundering of a man he had always looked upon as being infallible, filled him with intense anger and chagrin.

And suppose the man who had thus thwarted his plans should prove to be the young lawyer he had dismissed so contemptuously as a possible son-in-law but a few days before. What if he had underestimated the young fellow's ability? He had at least shown spirit, and he recalled the tempestuous scene of that meeting.

Summoning his secretary he directed that Jack Marsh be asked to call at his office as soon as possible.

With a somewhat apologetic air the secretary soon returned with the statement that Mr. Marsh was very busy and could not possibly leave his office.

Mr. Whistler swallowed several times, with apparent effort, but made no reply. He attempted to look over a pile of letters, but seemed unable to concentrate his mind. Finally, with an air of decision, he seized his hat and gloves and disappeared through the door.

* * * * * *

"Gentleman to see you, sir," and the office boy handed Jack a card bearing the name: "William Whistler."

"Show him in when I ring," and Jack turned again to his work. As the door closed, however, he jumped up and for a minute or two danced a noiseless but vigorous jig. Then composing his features, he pressed the button.

"Good morning, Mr. Whistler. Glad to see you. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Marsh," replied his visitor with great dignity, as he accepted the proffered chair, "I called regarding the item in this morning's "Blade" discussing the plans of your new company. While I feel that my own interests in that section are fully protected, yet I thought it best to discuss the matter with you so as to avoid any future conflicts."

"I can assure you, Mr. Whistler, the Defiance Water Power Company is always ready to meet you on common ground, when our interests conflict. In this case, however, I can see no way in which any conflict can arise. Your water rights expired on the 3rd. I personally filed on the same waters a minute past midnight, my notice has been placed of record, and in the eyes of the law the waters are mine. In addition, I hold a written option to purchase the Hanssen homestead, the only feasible dam site in that locality." And Jack smiled sweetly upon his visitor.

"I have not yet secured the advice of my attorneys on the claims of your company," pursued Mr. Whistler, "but this point will in due time be taken up."

"I would not ordinarily presume to question the judgment of the eminent counsel who represent you, Mr. Whistler, but in this instance the legal points involved are so simple and plain that our company feels justified in protecting its interests in the courts." Both the eyes and tone of Jack Marsh were stern and steady.

Mr. Whistler arose, and walked slowly toward the door. With his hand on the knob he turned:

"Are you prepared to say on what

terms you would care to sell out whatever rights you claim to have?"

"Not entirely, Mr. Whistler. I would, of course, have to secure the consent of our directors to any such proposition. As majority stockholder, however, I would be open to any reasonable proposition that would not mean an absolute sale of the rights, for I have set my heart on putting this deal through myself. Then, too, the next largest stockholder, who happens to be your daughter, would necessarily have to be consulted in a matter affecting her interests so materially," and Jack deliberately winked at the solemn promoter, though his face never changed from the professional expression it had maintained.

One of Mr. Whistler's most admirable traits was that he always gave in gracefully when he felt he was beaten. Turning quickly, he extended his hand. With a genial smile, he said:

"Come out to dinner tonight, Jack, won't you? It will give us a chance to discuss this matter further, and I believe Mary will be glad to see you."

GOLD—A VISION

Helen M. Mann.

Good God what do we seek?
  Both strong and weak—
With hands outstretched
  And eyes that stare
Groping blindly in empty air.
  And when we've clasped,
There's nothing there.
  Down on the earth our eyes behold
A passing flash, perhaps of gold.
  And when our fingers close about—
The senseless world arise and shout,
  Proclaiming it a victory.
Could they but know and see
  How scarred the flesh, and deep
The wound from that dim gold we reap.
  Oh, could the blind but see!

But free and happy as the day,
  The poet wanders on its way.
The flash of gold he saw afar.
  It heralded the coming star.
The sun sank low,
  The moon uprose.
The poet's soul became aglow.
  Oh, heed the poet, for he knows
The way to live,
  The way to give.
The way to tread the miles before,
  We reach the endless unknown shore.

For High Stakes

Social Sequel of Elaine Combeaufontaine's Reception.

By Pierre Valdagne

PIERRE COMBEAUFONTAINE, for the second time, said to his wife: "You say two thousand francs?

"I say two thousand francs. The buffet and the flowers are outside that price," responded Elaine. "It will be necessary for us to have two waiters, one valet de chambre, and two femmes de chambre for the dressing room. In addition there will be the orchestra. Calculate it for yourself. And that does not include a new dress for me. But Maria will remodel something for the occasion."

"You have told me that Maria wants a raise of wages?"

"Yes! She asks two hundred francs."

"It is frightful!"

"I am of the same opinion. But think that Maria is the only servant in the house, which really demands three domestics."

"I agree with you."

"If my speculation in Phosphate shares should prove successful, I will be able to have as many servants as you need."

"If I had my way I should prefer to take a small apartment and keep Maria."

Pierre Combeaufontaine passed his hand upon his forehead and reflected an instant. Then he said in a resolute tone:

"Etienne Liffre appears as if he wished to buy into the Phosphate enterprise. He represents a powerful group of financiers. More than that, he is a snob. If I invite him to a brilliant reception he will have a good opinion of my affairs. I shall present him to Saint Foix, to Sigoules, to Villamblard, to your jolly f r i e n d, Madame Etalans. Who risks nothing, has nothing."

"Go ahead!" said Elaine in a low tone.

"Do you blame me?"

"No, my poor dear. I do not blame you. You wish for the great fortune. You are ambitious to take part in the grand affairs. It is well. As for me—the simple life. I would love better a little corner in the tranquil country. This life of continual struggle, of pretense and intrigue, fatigues and frightens me. But this I say to you: I shall follow whereever you tell me to go."

She was charming—Elaine—with her petit air of resignation. Very sweet, very sincere, one knew that she wished for a modest existence without ostentation. But she adored her husband, and Pierre Combeaufontaine, more ambitious, was thrown in the torment.

Until the present, he had not been fortunate. He had wasted in bad speculations, his own fortune and most of Elaine's. In that moment he played his last card.

In fact he possessed but a few thousand francs. If Etienne Liffre should not put money into the Phosphate speculation, it would be the definite catastrophe for Pierre.

The eclat of a grand reception therefore meant much to the embarrassed speculator. It would appeal to the snobism and the narrow intelligence of the moneyed class. Elaine offered no more objections and went ahead with preparations for her matinee affair.

* * * * * *

In passing to the dining room, Madame Sigoules pulled the sleeve of her husband's coat:

"This is decidedly tres chic—quite a triumph for Elaine," she whispered.

"Very fine, very fine!" approved Sigoules. "One can see that this plunger Combeaufontaine gains all he desires. Look at his wife's collar of pearls!"

"Oh, I have seen it. It is admirable.

All the women are envious. Every time I look at it, I think it means some big stroke of fortune for Elaine—"

"Come on, come on!" conciliated Sigoules, who knew what was passing in his wife's mind. "I will present you with a collar of pearls like that, one of these days."

"Oh, you! If I had only a quarter of all that you promise me."

It was evident that Etienne Liffre was also impressed by the display of elegance. One could see it in his cunning eyes. The assembly pleased him. The mistress of the establishment had presented him to her charming friend, Madame Etalans, the most interesting figure of her salon. Elaine with a glance of the eye noted how much the financier was impressed. Pierre took advantage of the situation to further his Phosphate stock scheme.

Meanwhile Elaine perceived her maid, hovering around the door and making signs to her.

"A man insists on seeing monsieur," whispered the maid. "He excuses himself for having arrived in the middle of madame's reception, but it is imperative that he should have a word."

Elaine found her husband and informed him of the bizarre visit. She was vaguely inquiet.

"What can the man want, Pierre?"

"I shall go and see!"

Madame Combeaufontaine returned to the groups of guests to entertain them graciously, but she nevertheless, watched for her husband.

Ten minutes later Combeaufontaine reappeared. He was a trifle pale. He caught his wife's eye and moved near her.

"Two words with you, ma cherie!"

He led her toward a window

"What is it?" asked Elaine in anxiety.

"Good news—grand happiness! An employee of the 'Credit Bordelais' has come to inform me that we win a million francs. The lottery drawing took place two hours ago. A messenger has come to tell me the result in advance of the public announcement."

Elaine was silent for some moments, and trembled.

"Are you sure, Pierre?"

"We have verified it. The winning number is the one you selected—and which I tried to dissuade you from choosing. Keep silent—Control yourself—Tell nobody here!"

"I understand," said Elaine, and husband and wife separated.

But already a fever possessed the young wife. She began to speak in a high tone. She laughed spasmodically. She twitted Etienne Liffer about flirting with Madame Etalans. Her manner changed much. In her gesticulations she broke one of the strings of her royal collar of pearls and, instantly, the precious ornaments were scattered over the carpet.

There was a loud cry. The guests precipitated themselves. The women stooped. The men got on their knees, and scrambled for the beautiful globules Everybody was speaking at once.

"See! I have three pearls."

"I have five!"

"I have the clasp of the collar."

Elaine began to laugh. These fashionables crouched at her feet rejoiced her. She became ironical, provocant.

"I do not wish to make you feel bad, but those pearls are false," she said taking one and crushing it in her hand.

They regarded her as if in a stupor, and while they looked at her in amazement, she said:

"What would you have? Appearance and pretense mean nothing to me any more. Since five minutes ago, I have no more need of display and glitter and make-believe. Since five minutes Pierre and I have no need of anything or any person on earth."

* * * * * *

The Combeaufontaines have taken refuge in the provinces. And happily so! Nobody could ever pardon Elaine for showing such scandalous delight at being able to evade all the lies and deception and imbecility of the fashionable world.



Freemen's Problems

Is Search for Perfect Government a Foolish and Hopeless Quest?

By Thomas E. Flynn

OUR local politicians continue to express concern because the numbers of registered voters who actually go to the polls continue to shrink, although extraordinary efforts are taken to make registration and voting convenient for all. In fact the home-registration arrangements have been carried so far as to border on the ridiculous.

It was promised by political optimists that the open primary election would afford honest and patriotic candidates an opportunity to be nominated, and that public offices would be filled with worthy and responsible officials. None of that rainbow prophecy has come true. Far from being an agency of purification and efficiency in government, the open primary has proved to be more effective in the elevation of cheap demagogues, and the intrenchment of time-serving incapables and irresponsible officials in important positions.

In the old days of party domination, and party bosses of which political reformers speak with horror, San Francisco voters were expected to take some trouble in getting registered. Most of them lost some time in going to the city hall for registration. But evidently the pioneers who subjected themselves to such inconvenience considered it worth while to exercise their civic rights. Correct records of registration and election are available, as far back as 1878, when the California Legislature adopted an "Act to regulate the Registration of Voters and Secure the Purity of Elections."

The election records of those days show that the percentage of registered voters actually represented at the polls was much greater than now. In the Garfield-Hancock election for president in 1880, a little over 94 per cent of the registered voters cast their ballots. In that year there were 152 voting precincts, and the total registration 43,775. Woman suffrage was not in effect. The total vote at the polls was 42,292. Only 2483 citizens of San Francisco failed to cast their ballots. Compare that record with the present rate of delinquency.

In the Cleveland-Blaine election in San Francisco in 1884 the voting percentage was again 94, as it was in the Cleveland-Harrison election four years later.

In the McKinley-Bryan election in 1896 the percentage of votes actually cast began to shrink, though the number of voting precincts was increased. In 1896 there were 313 voting precincts for the convenience of the voters but only 84 per cent of the registration went to the polls. In the Taft-Bryan election in 1908 the number of actual voters decreased to 81 per cent and it was only 71 per cent in the Wilson-Taft election in 1912, though in that year there were 657 voting precincts.

Now it is possible for voters to register at their homes and actual home-voting is seriously advocated to stimulate civic pride.

All these intricate and costly expedients to arouse interest in elections are energy and money wasted. Party organization and party rivalry were the causes of the larger percentage of voting in early days. The victors enjoyed the spoils. Now civil service rules, party lines are all twisted and broken, and we vote for men, not measures. Our last state is, if anything, much worse than the first, when the corporations openly ran the government and the professional political bosses marshalled the votes, and got paid for it.

Is universal suffrage merely a means of governmental deterioration, causing extravagance and inefficiency and ending in a dictatorship?

The Bones of Kamehameha

A Scientist's Quest of the Great Secret.

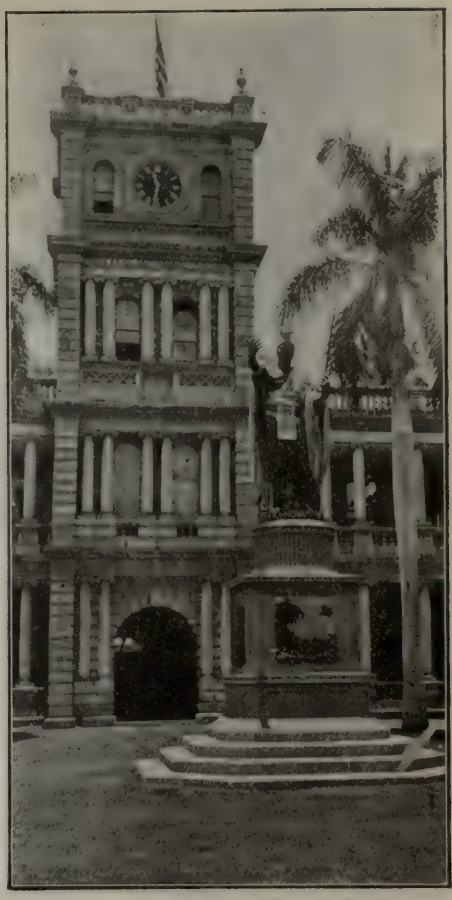
By Frederick C. Rothermel

I MET him first on the beach at Hilo; and, although at the time I gave attention to him, it was not until some time afterward that I came to realize what the inference of our meeting had to do with my future prospects.

They called him the Mummy. To all appearances he was a mummy. The amber skin of his face and arms had for all the world the likeness of over-cured rawhide. Long in the days before, he had given up his teeth, until now his shrunken jaw was the image of a carved Melanesian god. The few hairs that remained on the back of his withered head looked much in likeness to an atoll, the pandanus bush of which had been for the greater part wiped away by fire. So thin had the cartilage of his nose become that one might catch a glimpse of the light through it. And he was blind.

Of no end was the aversion and repugnance expressed at his expense on the part of the women tourists of the Hilo hotel. The first sight of him stamped itself upon their minds, to remain from the time of their arrival on a Sunday morning until their departure at 4 p. m. on Monday for Honolulu. Yes, and they carried the gleam of his blank, betel-black turtle eyes with them to Halemaumau on the crest of Kilauea.

But to return. I say I met the Mummy on the beach. I had for him from the beginning a contemptuous abhorrence. His fathomless eyes possessed the beholder with a repellent disdain for him. At any rate, feeling me out with that wonderful sense of his, he was wont to beg of me a cigarette.



Statue of Kamehameha I, in front of Judiciary Building, Honolulu.

"Long ago have you passed the smoking stage," I was given to reply in Polynesian, offering him my case.

"Great thanks," he retorted in his cracked voice, helping himself to a cigarette. The blacks of his eyes rolled and twitched, at times staring before him in an absent gaze. "You speak Hawaiian well," he went on. "Few white men so speak."

I helped him to a light and sat down to my writing on the sand.

"Your face," he began, drawing the cigarette with effort, "your face: have I not seen it before?"

That the blind Mummy, scorn of women and loathed of men, should address me so, took me unawares.

"Yes," he continued, "for two weeks have I seen you. You gave me one day a dollar. But I have meaning in the times

before. In your face somewhere have I seen a great likeness."

No, I was not in the least surprised. That the Mummy should be a faker did not in the least astonish me. After a time I presented him with my card.

"David Flint—Pacific Club," he mused. "It is queer, Mr. Flint. Many times have I heard your name spoken. Also, I have seen your picture. Yes, you are Flint, archæologist of the University of California. You have come to do work in Hawaii. It was when I had taken the papers from the beach one night a long while ago that I first saw your picture. It spoke of you as a newly-appointed regent of Oahu college. This is good. Few men exceed so—few men succeed so little."

I glared up at him from under the brim of my Panama. As I did so he nodded and squatted upon his haunches. Without invitation the beggar gazed upon the pad of writing on my knee. I held a cutting stare which had no apparent effect.

On the whole it amused me not a little. His coolness was in line with his trickery. He, aged wretch, creeping about on a stick, arm thrust before him, feeling his way about the hotel entrance and beach in quest of nickels and dimes. And he must have done well by it. Only the day before had I seen a woman thrust her hand into her bag, to fling dimes, quarters and half-dollors at him, her head turned away—and to windward.

"You know the penalty of fakers?" I demanded.

"Old men as I must go blind for a living or starve," he retorted, eyes of him fastened to my writing pad. "I would offer a change. Kamehameha, second, and his wife died in 1824 in England of measles—not smallpox."

Instantly I was given to a pounding of the heart. Here was come out of the mire a beggar who sought to judge of a thesis which had been compiled by me, foremost fossil authority of the United States. More terrible was the fact that his assertion was true.

I felt him out with a conscience aflame. I acknowledged the error and produced cigarettes.

"You are gifted with keenness," I spoke in Hawaiian.

He collaborated and caressed his cigarette between bony fingers. Upon the beach some distance to leeward, a man and woman stood, their gaze fixed upon us.

"Sitting there beside that filthy mendicant!" I could imagine her to say.

"That remark," I went on to the Mummy, "which you made concerning my having succeeded so little—I fail to catch on."

"You are, Mr. Flint, what I am given to call a great success. I speak of your work in California; in the east at Harvard; your big work in Malaita and Guaralcanal in the Solomons; your regentship at Oahu college. One time, I, too, attended Oahu—but that is little now. I say that you are a success—of one kind.

"That which you are now doing will be much to lee of a success. I speak of which is written upon that paper. Note you; you have come far in quest of something which no man has found—nor ever shall. For one hundred years they have searched. And forever will they



King Kamehameha V., Last of the Name.



Tomb of the Kamehameha Dynasty, Nunanu Valley.

continue to search. Note you; I speak of your task. The books have spoken; but the hand having writ knows naught of its sense. Now, you reason—you have an hypothesis. You erect a theory around which you have built a conjecture of, so far as you know, what is unproven hearsay; and which is to you good enough at being an assumed truth.

"Hear me! You build a theory after long thought of the bones of Kamehameha in likeness to your theory-built idea of some gory skull in the Guadalcanal bush. Aeh! 'Only the stars of heaven know Kamehameha.' You seek that which no man has found. . . "

"Nor never shall!" he finished as he drew his withered frame up the beach, hand extended, eyes apop and blinking.

For long hours I sat and pondered over the Mummy's words. Ah! I am given to confess they had bitten deep. I had tasted his meat. He spoke a Hawaiian tongue as I have heard few speak. Somewhere, I reasoned, there was culture; there was or had been a past of something greater than that which he now had.

I met him next in Haglin's booze ken, and drunk. For a greater part of the night I had strolled the beach, racking my brain for a solution. In the end I gave it up and turned toward the hotel. As I passed Haglin's on the road, the Mummy's voice floated out to me. Not until ten minutes later did I manage to get him out, blind and frothing. A plantation laborer had overturned his can of beer slops. A knife had been presented from under the Mummy's belt and thrown. Also, a bottle had gone astray, the Mummy's head serving as target.

And so I carried him out. In my room I bandaged him up and gave him whiskey. He smoked my cigarettes and saw again. Not until he had been provided with a tray supper could I bring him around. His stomach full, he opened his heart to me and disclosed in half an hour what no man save himself knew.

"There is written," he began, breaking off the end of a cigar with his thumb-nail, "many tales as to the whereabouts of the bones of Kamehameha, the Great, otherwise founder of Hawaii. All are as fables. One man alone lives today who knows of where the bones of Kamehameha are secreted. I am that man—"

"What?" I demanded, half rising.

"Aye. You know already of the man Hoolulu who took the bones to the secret cave. That cave is on the Kona coast but seventy miles from here. That man was my father. Also is my name Hoolulu."

I broke him off that I might take down what was to me a great find.

"I am an old man," he went on. "Kamehameha's bones have rested one

hundred and one years. Eleven years after his death was I born. Upon my father's demise he whispered to me the place of their hiding. He was the one man that knew. He could give me nothing save the secret. Nor was I ever to part with it save the time when, in return for a deed done me, I should pass it on that the receiver profit. Is it not that the Government has offered fifty thousand dollars for them? Ah, that is much money.

"You know that the cave in which the bones lie is below the level of the sea. It so happened that Kamehameha ruled this island of Hawaii, which was then Hawaii only and not the eight islands comprising the group. Kamehameha was a great man. He united the islands from a hostile state into a land joined in a great bond.

"Vancouver visited him in 1792 and left sheep and cattle, but protected by a taboo of ten years. Also, he laid the keel of a ship for him. In time Kamehameha came to have twenty vessels of thirty and forty tons each. There came a day when Kamehameha brought firearms into Hawaii. In song and dance he gave and greeted a warlike spirit to his people. He held war on each island and made known to them his power. Then he became lord of all. That was in 1795.

"Kamehameha was wise. He took John Young and Isaac Davis from the ships of Captain Mercalf and made them his advisers. Also, he encouraged foreign trade.

"But even he, as other men, was wont to die, which was at Kamakahonu, Kailau, here on Hawaii. And know that the god, Kukailimoku was oracle and high priest to Kamehameha. He was a great head made of wicker-work and decorated with much gold and feathers. Kukailimoku spoke before the coming of death and said that for Kamehameha there should be built a temple of ohia trees that the gods might take roost and ward off approaching death.

"But Kamehameha grew worse. There was a man, Hoapili, whom he looked upon as being a trusted being and who was his secret counsel. In his breath of death, Kamehameha made Hoapili give promise to take his bones and hide them far away from his enemies. And Hoapili gave sound promise.

"With the death of Kamehameha, Liholiho, his eldest son came to gain the kingdom—and his father's bones. Liholiho gave issue to erect a great altar, built of coral and many feet high that there should be known the resting place of so great a man.

"But Kalakiki, high priest of Kamehameha came to Liholiho, saying, 'In that Kamehameha hath deceased in this district, Mauna Hualalai hath spoken word that thee, Kamehameha, Second, must betake thyself elsewhere until the days of purification shall be complete.'

"The god Hualalai rumbled and vomited smoke high into the heavens and Liholiho Kamehameha was satisfied and went to Kohala until the ceremony should be over.

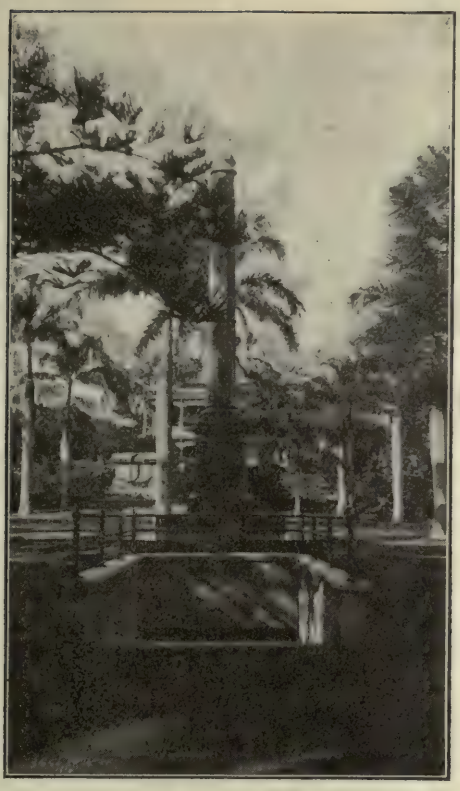
"Ah, and the ceremony of preparing the soul took many days; and for many days he lay upon the great table, slowly putrifying. Night and day Kalakili and other priests gave prayer and feasted themselves like pigs.

"In the day that the purification had come to be complete, Hoapili, secret counsel of Kamehameha was sound in his promise and came to my father, Hoolulu. Thus it was that my father, in the dead of night, while the priests slept on full stomachs, put the bones in a sennit bag and went away into the darkness. Over the great lava plain of Keloo in Kehala he went, pausing not for a breath.

"I have said, Mr. Flint, that the story of the burial passed my father's lips but once. In all the years of my life I have been silent. Aye, and had I spoken, great riches would have been mine. I am old—and very poor. To eat I must go blind. I say my father granted me the secret to pass on only to whosoever befriended me in a greatness equal in value. In my life few men have done so. In the time when my legs grew weak and my teeth departed, men became less friendly. And in that is why the bones of Kamehameha have remained unfound.

"Tonight it was you who befriended the son of Hoolulu. There is in one way only that he can offer reparation . . "

I was upon my feet, hands clutching



Tomb of the Last Queen, Liliuokalani.

the arms of my chair. "You mean that?" I demanded.

"Aye. But in you who else is there to give word? I am wasted with age. Further, to have parted the secret to another would have been the end. Men are false and over-greedy. Nor could I go to the burial place myself."

"Five thousand dollars!" I offered in hoarse voice. "Half the fetching price—anything!"

"Be calm. There is much yet to be spoken of and done. There is a diagram of the cave, made many years ago by myself. It is in Honolulu, scratched in an under root of an old banyan tree in public grounds on the road to Pali. It is the tree marking the ground where Kamehameha won his first battle from the Oahu people. Today it stands—and ever will. It is late and my head gives me great pain. In the morning——"

"Wait," I demanded. "At seven-twenty a boat leaves for Honolulu. Go with it. Copy the map—and return on the tourists' boat Sunday morning. You need clothes and things—here, take what I have. And mark you, half the price I am paid for the bones goes to you!"

Not until he had gone did I realize I had given him not only the money in my wallet, but also a thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills—my quarterly income from California. But there was little need for worry. Even if he did see fit to spend more than was necessary, I could, when the time came, deduct it from his portion of the reward. And I had warned him to stay sober meanwhile.

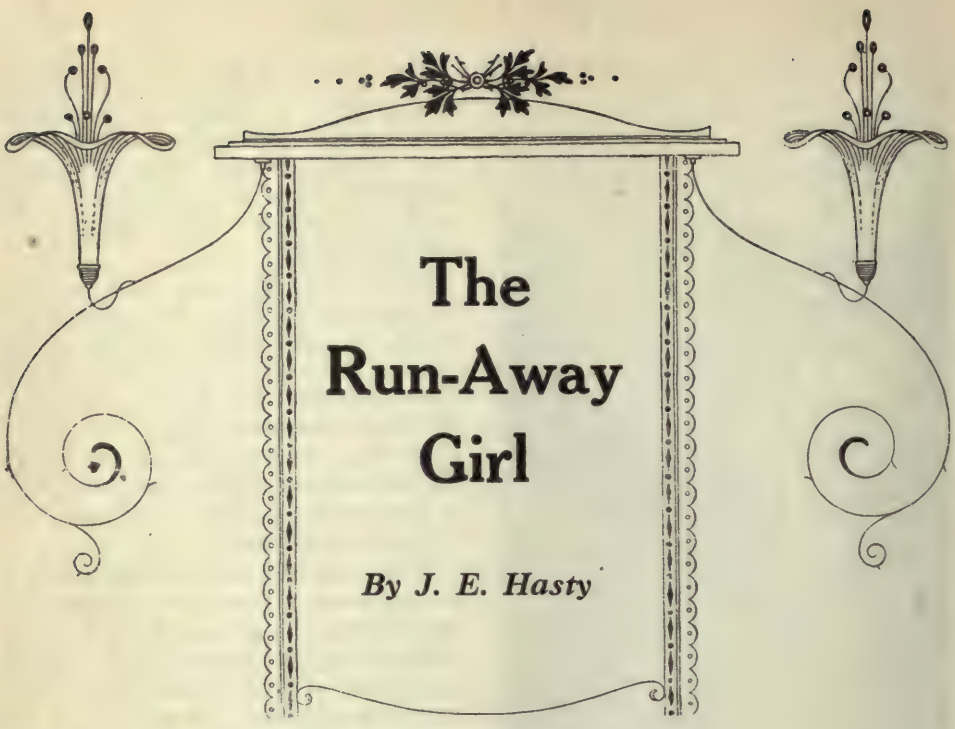
What with the notes I had taken, I thereon began a new thesis. A thousand times before the arrival of the boat on Sunday morning I went over every action and course that we should follow. As proof I would take him with me to the Government authorities, or to Washington if the occasion demanded. Not alone should I benefit greatly by the reward in money, but there would be the fame, the recognition among American and European scientific circles.

As the inter-island steamer rounded Alia point on Sunday morning, I stood upon the wharf, nerves of me a-tingle with the fire of it.

When the boat docked and no Hoolulu came I was painfully disappointed but not disgusted. There was, however, a sailor who came forward and presented me with a letter, bulky and crudely addressed.

Ah, Hoolulu had at any rate delivered the goods. If he were sick or drunk I could go on and get the treasure. Now with the map I might laugh at the world. In time he could join me for the dividing of the spoils.

In a breath I tore the envelope open. As for the thickness of it—it was merely the handkerchief with which I had bound his cut head. And there was a note, informing me that, "'Only the stars of heaven know Kamehameha,'" and was signed, "the Mummy."



The Run-Away Girl

By J. E. Hasty

IF THERE were any truth in the story that James Van Noles was born with the proverbial golden spoon in his mouth, he had all the reason in the world for suspecting foul play on the part of his nurse, for he had discovered its leaden qualities before his twenty-fifth year.

Reviewing his brief, inglorious career at an eastern university as he sat in the stuffy motor buss which bore him down the peninsula toward his father's home in Burlingame, young Noles arrived at the conclusion that Misfortune had singled him out for every dart in her quiver. His whole life had been a series of unfortunate episodes of which this last was the climax. And why, he had asked himself a dozen times, should he have been the goat. Neither he nor the rest of the gang had intended any wrong. The situation was merely this: Spike Pinkney was to lead the grand march at the Sigma Chi hop; they, being loyal Delts, regarded it as a matter of duty to prevent Spike from reaching the ball room. That they had mistaken the president's carriage for the one conveying Spike was obviously not their fault. That they had overpowered the driver and driven the carriage at a breakneck speed down Central avenue was, as he saw it now, not the height of humor but yet not criminal. That Prexy had called for assistance was a mean and dishonorable action on his part, not theirs. The assistance had arrived in the shape of two policemen. The rest of his crowd had managed to get away; but Jimmy, clambering down from the driver's seat, ran squarely into the arms of the law. His expulsion from college followed.

Well, it was simply hard luck. He would interview his father the next morning and plead for mercy, although experience told him that so far as his father was concerned he had long since exhausted that stuff which droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven. Failing to reestablish himself in his father's good graces, he would go to South America. Leaping out of the motor buss, he made his way down the dark, deserted road to his father's house. The door was locked. Experience again told him it would be extremely unwise to arouse the household and make explanations at this hour of the night. He tried a window, found it unlocked, and suit case in hand climbed in. He was at least safe until tomorrow morning. He remembered he had tasted nothing since noon and straightway became ravenously hungry. In spite of the

darkness that made a black cavern of the dining room, he collected knife, fork and spoon, and tip-toed back into the equally dark library. From thence he would start on an exploration trip into the pantry, forage what he could, and then take his impromptu supper up to his own room.

He trod softly across the library floor, bumping against unfamiliar furniture and cursing under his breath. To strike a light would never do. It was after he bumped against what he thought was the same chair for the third time that he had the queer impression there was someone else in the room besides himself. The impression was aroused not from any suspicious sound; he simply felt it—felt that someone was in front of him, retreating as he advanced. He stopped dead still. There was a moment of silence. Then the lights flashed on and he found himself looking into the barrel of a thirty-two revolver, or to be quite accurate, into the eyes of the young lady who held it.

To say the least, she was extremely pretty. To say the most—but there are other writers who desire space in this magazine. She wore a long blue cape which bulged at the pockets. One hand clutched a traveling bag; the other, trembling, held the revolver. Jimmy saw the revolver and stepped back.

"It's—it's a dream!" he gasped.

"No it isn't," the girl replied in an exceedingly small voice. "It's a Colt. Put up your hands!"

Jimmy's hands went into the air. Then he grinned good-naturedly. "Well," he said, "what's the answer. Don't be afraid to speak up. What are you doing here?"

There was a panic-stricken catch in the voice that replied. "I—I live here."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said I live here." This time a little bolder.

For a moment he regarded her with an air of bewilderment. "In that case you will not want my watch."

"No, I want to know why you came through that window."

"That's easy; I didn't have a key that would fit the door. I didn't want to awaken any one, so—You understand it all, don't you?"

"Naturally. Please keep your hands up."

"—— so I came through the window. The fact is, no one—that is, no one but you—knows I'm here. You see I didn't want to disturb them."

"You are very considerate," she said ironically. "Your hands, please."

It began to dawn on him what she was getting at. It certainly did look queer, his entering by the window and groping around in the dark. But who was she, and what was she doing in his father's house at this time of night. He stumbled on with his explanation.

"You see, I wanted to surprise everybody. No one here expected me, and I didn't want them to know I had arrived until tomorrow."

"And you can account for having that silverware by saying you were about to prepare some lunch," she suggested, a thin edge of satire in her voice.

"That's it exactly. I WAS preparing some lunch."

"H'mph," she exclaimed, scornfully; you're not even a clever liar."

Jimmy's mind reverted to the incident of Prexy's carriage when he tried to persuade a stolid policeman that he had been endeavoring to stop a run-away. "I guess you're right," he agreed with a wry smile. "If I had been as clever as the rest of the gang I wouldn't be here now."

"Ah! so you were a member of a gang?"

"Well, I should say so,"he retorted, growing enthusiastic, "the greatest bunch of roughnecks in the whole institution."

"Please keep your hands up. How long have you been in—ah—in this institution?"

"Six months. I took a notion to leave before I finished the term. But say, Miss, my arms are getting tired. Suppose we sit down and talk this over."

Her gaze assumed a gimlet quality that in a moment softened. "I don't know whether to trust you or not, but—all right, you may put them down."

With a sigh of relief, Jimmy tossed the silver onto the table, thrust his hands in his trouser pockets, and seated himself on the table edge. The girl dropped into an easy chair, facing him. He noticed

her lips were impatiently pressed together, and mentally compared them to rose buds.

"Well, go on," she prompted.

"Oh, there isn't much more to tell," Jimmy continued. "My last offense was kidnapping a college professor. Of course there were extenuating circumstances. None of us knew——"

"Never mind the excuses," she interrupted. "I saw from the very first you were a hardened criminal; by your own confession, you are a burglar, an escaped convict, a kidnapper, and a murderer of a gang of thugs, so——"

"Oh, I say," he protested. "You've got me all wrong. I'm not really a crook. Give me a chance to tell the whole story. To begin——"

"Please don't tell me you were forced into a career of crime through poverty. Such a story would sound too good to be true."

"My story is too true to be good. But we'll let that pass. I'll admit you've caught me red-handed; what are you going to do with me?"

A slight pucker showed beneath the wisp of reddish gold hair aslant her forehead. "That is just what is worrying me. I don't know what to do with you. I don't want to call a policeman——"

"At least not under these circumstances," he replied with a short laugh.

She silenced him with a glance. "I have it," she announced after an interval of silence. "I think you are just the person to help me open the wall safe. If you are clever enough to break out of prison, you should have no difficulty in breaking open a safe. You have your tools here, I suppose?"

Jimmy thought: this is getting interesting. He said: "What tools?"

"Your burglar tools, of course."

Jimmy nodded. "They're in my suit case. If you will allow me——"

He slipped from the table and made toward the suit case. The girl arose and followed at his elbow, standing over him as he fumbled with the straps. "This buckle," Jimmy explained, "it's hard to open. Would you mind helping me by ——" The girl bent over to investigate. The next instant he had wrenched the gun from her hand and had dropped it in his pocket.

"I'm afraid you might get careless with it," he remarked casually.

Every drop of blood had fled from her face, leaving it white, not with terror, but with rage at being so easily tricked.

"You—You—!" she panted. "Well, go on, do what you're going to do. Awaken the house and expose me to save yourself. That's what you're planning, isn't is?"

"That depends," he calmly told her, "on how you explain this situation. This is Mr. Van Noles' home. What are you doing here?"

"I told you I live here."

Jimmy made a gesture of deprecation. "Come, now, it's about time we drop the bluffing. What did you want in the wall safe?"

"Money."

"That's better," he said, smiling at her frankness in spite of himself. "But why did you find it necessary to become a common burglar? If you need money, surely you have friends or relatives who would help you. You don't look like a crook. I'll wager this is the first job you ever tried, isn't is?"

"Yes—yes, but you don't understand," she replied, speaking rapidly as if hurrying through a distasteful confession. "I'm running away. I have to leave this place, and I must have money to buy a railroad ticket to—somewhere, anywhere, only I must get away. I'm desperate, but I'm not a criminal."

"Why are you running away?" he asked, unimpressed.

"Because," she told him after a moment's hesitation. "Because I am to be forced into marrying a man I hate. He will be here tomorrow, so you see I have to leave at once."

"Is he that bad?"

"He's terrible," she confided, "the fastest member of the fastest set in college. It's shocking the things he does and the money he spends at the gaming table and in gay cafes and for high powered automobiles to drive painted actresses around. It seems he can't find one fast enough."

"What, an actress?"

"No, an automobile. One month he was arrested thirteen times for speeding. And another time, New Year's Eve, I think, he gave a champagne supper for chorus girls—over forty."

"Chorus girls over forty deserve a champagne supper."

"Oh, I mean there were over forty chorus girls at the supper. The newspapers were full of it. And not only that, but he insulted me."

"At the champagne supper?"

"Heavens, no! In a letter! He referred to me as an overgrown, freckle-faced, simpering school girl."

"He did!" Jimmy exclaimed gallantly. "He did! Why, the bounder ought to have been trounced within an inch of his life. Who is he, anyway? What's his name?"

"His name is Jimmy Van Noles."

Jimmy sat down very suddenly in the nearest chair. "Wh—what was that?" he gasped.

"I said his name was Jimmy Van Noles. James Van Noles, junior. Why? Do you know him?"

"Know him?" Jimmy managed to stammer. "Know him? I know him well enough to wear his neckties; but I wasn't aware he was going to marry you."

"Oh, that's easy to explain," she replied brightly. "I haven't told him yet."

"You haven't told him?"

"No, you see I didn't know it myself until this evening."

"Did this fellow, Van Noles, ask you to marry him this evening?" Jimmy asked guilefully.

"Of course not! I haven't seen him for years. Besides, I'm quite sure he doesn't want to marry me. If you will please return my revolver——"

"One moment," Jimmy begged, laying the revolver on the arm of his chair. "First, let me get this straight; you are running away to keep from marrying a man who doesn't want to marry you, who didn't ask to marry you, who doesn't know he is going to marry you, and whom you haven't seen for years?"

The girl nodded.

"My dear young lady," he continued, rising and making a low bow, "you are a wonder. You're wasting your talent cracking safes. You should be writing publicity articles for movie stars. When, pray, is this remarkable marriage to take place?"

"I don't know. Not for a year, at least."

"Then why are you in such a hurry to leave?"

"Because," she replied defiantly, "because I'm afraid I might change my mind about not liking him. They say Jimmy Van Noles is perfectly irresistible."

"Oh, I wouldn't say 'perfectly irresistible,'" he laughed.

Primness clothed her as a garment. "I don't care to take chances in becoming the least bit interested in him," she insisted. "The wretch!"

"Oh, come now," Jimmy argued, rushing to his own defense. "Jimmy Van Noles isn't nearly as bad as you imagine. Of course he likes to have a good time, and occasionally he does exceed the speed limit—that is, in his car—but as far—"

"And I presume that was his idea of a good time when he called me an overgrown, freckle-face——"

"I don't believe he did anything of the kind," Jimmy declared. "Why should he when he has never even seen you? I think—"

What he thought was never stated, for he again found himself looking into the black muzzle of the revolver which he had carelessly left on the arm of the chair.

The girl spoke tersely: "Now, Mr. Burglar, let's have an end to this. You will open the safe. Never mind about your suit case; I'll get the tools myself."

Jimmy's lower jaw dropped and remained so. He watched her pick up the suit case and place it on the table where she would be able to keep her eyes and the revolver trained upon him. Both precautions were unnecessary; Jimmy was far too surprised by the sudden turn of affairs to offer any resistance. She was unbuckling the straps when the inevitable happened. She beheld his name, JAMES R. VAN NOLES, stenciled in large black letters on the side of the suit case. For a moment she merely stood there gazing at it; then her revolver clattered to the floor.

"You—you are Jimmy Van Noles," she cried, as if accusing him of some grave offense. Before Jimmy could regain his speech either to confirm or deny the accusation, she did a very singular thing for a young lady who has just captured a burglar single-handed; she began to cry.

"Oh, I think you're perfectly horrid," she sobbed. "Just when I was getting to like you, you turn out to be Jimmy Van Noles and—and spoil everything."

The tears did it. It suddenly occurred to Jimmy where he had seen that daintily tilted nose and those wide, teary, blue eyes before. Betty Weston—little Betty Weston, the housekeeper's daughter, she of the freckle face and tumbled, yellow curls that he used to delight in pulling. He remembered his father had mentioned plans for his marrying Betty Weston, but until now he had not given the idea a passing thought. No doubt his father had received news of his dismissal from college and had confided those plans to Betty that very evening. When his father had sent her away to boarding school she was a long-legged, bashful, colt of a girl, and her face was still freckled; and now, this —this (his mind groped for a fitting adjective) this delightful little runaway girl was Betty Weston.

A cynic has said that a woman's tears will do everything from removing her rouge to a man's bank account. Betty's tears at least removed from Jimmy's mind any doubt as to his being hopelessly, heels-over-head in love with her.

"Oh, I say," he began clumsily—as a man will when he has to plead with a tearful woman—"I—I didn't want to find you out, honest, I didn't."

A silence.

"I didn't want to hurt your feelings. Why—why, before I'd let you run away, I'd go myself."

More silence.

"It isn't too late yet. I WILL go. I'll go to South America."

A silence like unto death.

"Good-bye," He moved slowly toward the door. "I'm going—good-bye."

He picked up his suit case and exited into the hall. Only after the portieres had swung together behind him did she rush after him, to be caught in his arms as he re-entered the room.

"Jimmy Van Noles," she chided, her eyes sparkling through her tears and a dimple playing around the corner of her mouth, a dimple that Jimmy hadn't noticed before. "You come right back here. Don't you know you must go to work in your father's office in order to redeem yourself?"

"I didn't know it," he laughed exult-

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INTIMATIONS.

By R. R. Greenwood.

Nature is ever lovely; all her moods
Are but the outward symbols of a great
And mystic symphony that ever floods
With cosmic nuances man's own estate:
The mighty storms that lash the rocky shore
With foam-shot fury, toss the trees amain
And pave with Autumn wrack the forest floor—
These are the music of her epic strain.
Her smiling moods, how lyric-sweet are they!
How tender and how plaintive is the song
With which she ushers in a morn in May
Whose transient glory she may not prolong!
There is no rhythmic beauty known to men
That is not born of Nature's requiem.

Anita, The Rebellious

A Modified Spanish-American Romance of the New Days in California.

By Jean Ross

ANITA sighed as the door closed behind the last guest. Of course a birthday party was an honor, and it was pleasant to be remembered with little gifts appropriate to the occasion, but there was no denying that the affair had been dull in the extreme. The guests had all been old family friends—friends of her mother, to be more exact—the very same friends who came to call at stated intervals and had graced every birthday party away back as far as she could remember. For until the great war had broken down many barriers in many lands, Anita Aguilar had never had a friend of her own age, and even now she had none who were admitted to the inner precincts of her home.

The Aguilars were of Spanish origin—"Cholos"—to use a term commonly applied in Southern California to all persons of Spanish-American descent, whether they be of purest Spanish origin, or half Indian, half Mexican immigrants from below the border—and hence a people apart from the Americans among whom they dwelt. In the old days the Aguilars had been a power in the land, and even yet they preserved the traditions of their lineage, or rather it was Madame Aguilar who held fast to tradition, while Anita passively followed in her wake.

"It is not well to live alone." The senora spoke as confidently as though the words were original with herself. "Thou art twenty-one this day, and never has a daughter of the Aguilar been unwedded at that age. But I have arranged a marriage for you. You will marry the son of Don Felipe Ramon a month from today. Tomorrow we will begin the selection of your bridal garments."

Anita stared at her mother aghast. When she used that final tone it was useless to argue. but—

"I have no wish to marry."

"Every woman wishes to marry," came the senora's placid answer. "If not for the man, then for the sake of the adventure."

"I did not know that Don Felipe had a son." Anita's frontal attack having failed, she skirmished for a flank attack.

"Don Felipe married outside his caste. Since the death of his wife the boy has lived with her people. Don Felipe is determined that his son shall marry one worthy of the proud Ramons, and who more worthy than an Aguilar?"

"If he has never seen me, perhaps he would not wish to marry me," hopefully suggested Anita.

"A glance in thy mirror should tell thee otherwise," And Madame Aguilar laughed softly, as she rose and left the room.

Anita crossed the room to the long glass that hung between the two windows. Critically she surveyed herself. White skin with just the faintest tinge of rose in the cheeks, crimson lips, lustrous dark eyes and hair, yes, she was good to look upon. She smiled her satisfaction at the reflection, and two rows of pearly teeth became visible. That she would be desirable in the eyes of men she could not deny. Once she would have rejoiced in the knowledge, but now—She turned away in a sudden gust of fury.

Tyranny and a glimpse of freedom has made many a rebel, and for months rebellion had been growing in her soul. A year ago, two years ago, she would not have minded this marriage so much; rather she would have welcomed it for the adventure it offered. Anything, any fate that would have freed her from the dull monotony of life within her mother's home she would have accepted. For with the exception of church-going, and a rare

call now and then upon an old friend, she had hardly set foot outside the gates that guarded the old house, to which her mother clung, despite its shabbiness and its inconvenience. All her knowledge of the outside world she had gained from books and her various governesses, each chosen from some poor but proud family, such as merited the favor of the once mighty Aguilars. Their ability might be open to question but their blood never.

Then had come the great war, and charity opened even the gates of the Aguilars. Anita joined the Red Cross, and entered into the activities of the young girls of the church. For the first time she was allowed to come and go unattended. Once she marched in a parade, and though her mother shook her head, she could not refuse the demands of patriotism and charity.

Peace came and the gates of the Aguilars closed again, but closed upon a rebel. Why must these things be? Why could she not live as other girls lived, the girls she had met during her days of war work? They had freedom to go and come as they saw fit, to have friends of their own choosing, even lovers. And they were good girls, too, as good as she, perhaps better, for they obeyed their mothers with willing not rebellious hearts.

And now she must marry this Don Felipe whom she knew would be most detestable. He would be like his father, fat, lazy, good-natured enough, but hateful. Before this she had rather liked the old don, with his stately courtesy, but now she saw him as he was—a coat of smooth veneer cloaking a nonentity. And his son would be like him, only younger, more conceited, and more confident of his own attractiveness. Anita had had her dreams of romance, dreams which now could never come true. Instead there would be naught but a prosaic wedded life based upon a foundation of sordid convenience.

But though rebellious at heart, Anita submitted—she knew she must. Too often had she tried to resist her mother's will. Again and again had she been worn down by the senora's calm, unruffled firmness. One might as well try to crush a pillow by stamping upon it, as to oppose that resilient will. If only there were some other with whom she might flee the bondage that awaited her, even as did the maids of old romance? She counted over the few men she knew—all more or less distant cousins. Some were married, others were too old, others mere boys; none of them fitted her need. With a hopeless sigh she cast away her dreams of love and lovers.

But the selection of the bridal outfit did not begin on the following day as the senora had scheduled. It was the day of the homecoming of the young men of the church who had gone forth to war, and Anita was to serve at the refreshment booth. Madame Aguilar had given a reluctant consent.

"For this one time, yes, then these things must cease."

To Anita the service was an ordeal. She was painfully shy in the presence of these stalwart young men, and she served them silently with downcast eyes, leaving the smiles and the kindly greetings to her companions. Only once did she give more than a fleeting glance to the man she served. He was tall, blue-eyed, and unmistakably red-headed, and he was gazing down at her with profound admiration. As the betrothed of another she should have resented that ardent gaze, but she did not. Instead, she was conscious of a delightfully wicked thrill. He fumbled with his cup and saucer, and she noticed that one arm was carried in a sling. A quick sympathy moved her to speak to an unknown man for the first time in her life.

"Oh, you're hurt!"

"Just a scratch," he smiled back at her. "A little souvenir I collected in France."

She liked his smile; it so lighted up his face and warmed his blue eyes. Somehow it swept away her diffidence, he was so big and friendly.

"You are glad to get back?" It was a banal question, but Anita was on unfamiliar ground.

"You bet I am, and so's everyone of us. No country like this, and no girls like American girls."

The baldness of the compliment was softened by the smile which accompanied



A Rich California Land Owner "Before the Gringo Came." (From an Old Colored Print)

it. Anita smiled in return, though his words gave her a pang of misgiving. If he knew her Spanish origin perhaps he would not considered her a real American. To cover her confusion she busied herself with the dishes before her. She was relieved when someone called to him from across the hall.

"This way, Phil, you're wanted."

So that was his name—Phil—Phillip, no doubt. How fine it sounded, and how well it fitted him. She wondered what other he possessed, but then, what did it matter? She was to be the wife of another in a few weeks. Friends, flirtations, were not for her. A tear of self pity splashed down upon the cake she was cutting.

Later she was less busy and could look about her. She did not leave her station to mingle with the crowd. She knew few people, none of the young men, and she shrank from the embarrassment that would be hers, if her girl friends sought to introduce her to brothers or cousins. She found a seat in a corner of the booth and watched the throng. She was not long in discovering the soldier with whom she had spoken. He was standing apart like one who is in the midst of strangers. Also he was staring in her direction in a most discomfiting manner. As their glances met he nodded and approached her. Terror seized her; what had she done that thus he should presume? Then pity for his apparent loneliness swept away her fears. She smiled as he drew near and beckoned him to a seat at her side.

"Your friends, you have not found them?" she asked.

"My home is far away and my friends are not here. A comrade invited me, otherwise I would not have come," he explained with an apologetic air.

His fear lest he be held an intruder aroused the hospitality of the Aguilar blood. She strove to assure him of his welcome, and so striving forgot her timidity. They talked of many things, or rather, he did the talking while she listened and asked a shy question now and then. He spoke of days in training camp, aboard transport, in the camps of France, but of his battle experiences he did not speak, and she liked him for that. He did not pose, neither did he boast; in all things he was a proper hero.

A stir in the throng apprised her it was time for departure. "Miss Aguilar, may I see you home?" asked this surprising soldier, as she rose to go.

She stared her astonishment. "You know my name? How did you discover it?"

"Military life teaches us ways of finding out what we wish to know. But it was an easy matter. I asked one of the other girls at your booth, and she was a good scout and told me."

"Then you know I am Spanish and not a real American—"

"You're American enough to suit me; as for your people, if they are all like a certain representative—" he waved his hand airily as though dismissing the subject for all time.

Just how it had come about she could not tell, but already they were outside the hall and on their homeward way. Never had such a thing happened in all her life. It was a terrible thing—so she had been told again and again—to walk alone with a young man, but she was enjoying it every step of the way. She liked to hear him talk, she liked the proprietary air with which he took her arm at every street crossing, she liked the gentle deference of his manner. But what would her mother say?

Madame Aguilar did not say anything. She was busy about her household duties and did not see. And though the front gate was locked fast as usual, the narrow side gate which opened on the little garden in an angle of the house had been carelessly left open, so there was no need for Anita to ring the bell. At the gate she turned to dismiss her escort.

"May I call?" he asked with military directness.

Anita sighed. "I am Spanish and my mother permits me to have no callers."

"But if I were to bring a whole sheaf of references, from my colonel, the chaplain of the regiment—"

"It would be of no use, unless you could prove you were of our race."

"Alas! I am half Irish and wholly American." But though the words were tragic he did not seem to be despairing.

"How, then, can I see you?" he asked.

"You cannot see me at all. The gates are kept locked, and no one comes in except by invitation."

"They could be climbed," he countered recklessly. He swarmed up one side of the gate showing how the scrollwork offered hand and footholds.

"But the sharp points at the top," she objected, interested in spite of the rules of propriety.

"No obstacle at all in comparison with the barbed wire of the trenches. And a few corks would work wonders for making this fence safe for aspiring democracy."

"Would you dare?" she gasped incredulously.

"A man would dare much rather than remain outside forever," he smiled, then as suddenly he grew grave. "But if you forbid, why, of course I won't."

"Then we must needs say good-bye," she returned with a sigh. Why could not such a delicious moment last forever?

"Do you ever sit in the garden?" he asked abruptly, unmindful of her dismissal.

"Very often, especially in the evening."

"Then I shall come often to the gate, and look through and see you, and talk with you if you'll let me."

"I forgot to say that my mother sits in the garden also."

"Nevertheless, I shall come. Surely I may serenade you—play the bear—is not that what your people call it? Then I shall be adopting your own customs, so perhaps she will not be angry."

"But the serenading—the playing the bear—it is done no more. The Americans laugh and we are sensitive to ridicule."

He waved his hand toward the narrow alley upon which the side gate opened.

"See, it is secluded; there are no neighbors near; the trees hide the place from the street beyond. There would be no one to see or laugh."

"But my mother, what would she say?" she asked, half won by his persistence.

"'A noble caballero,' let's hope she would say."

Then he dropped his banter and his tone became serious.

"But if it would cause you distress, we'll cut out the serenading. But surely I may come to the gate once in a while and speak to you through the bars, little friend. Unless yo do not wish me for a friend——?"

She could find no answer; either she



She Found a Seat in the Corner of the Booth and Watched the Throng.

must condone his presumption or dismiss him abruptly. "Adios," she breathed softly, and turned away.

He stood for a moment as though hopeful she might relent, then spoke a soft goodnight and departed. She watched him striding away in the gloom, a stalwart manly figure, till he turned the corner and passed from sight. She sighed, then as swiftly she smiled. He was gone—presumably for all time—he would forget—but she would remember, and about him weave many a fanciful romance. To while away long hours of loneliness, Anita from childhood had amused herself with a fascinating game of make-believe. Hitherto, she had woven impossible romances about the heroes she had met in

books, but now one in the flesh had appeared, one fit to be the theme of many a wonderful tale. She would marry Ramon —that was a fixed conclusion—but meanwhile she would deceive herself by pretending that this soldier was he whom she was to wed. Disillusion would be the outcome, but for a time at least she would revel in the deception.

Anita was a distinctly feminine creature, despite her longing for untrammeled ways, and beauty expressed in soft colors and shimmering fabrics always made an irresistible appeal to her Spanish soul. So the shopping excursion to the big stores was a joy in itself, apart from the make-believe fancies with which she was surrounding it. But had her mother known of the fantastic thread of romance that the girl was weaving into every yard of silken fabric, every knot of ribbon, and every bit of lace, the senora would have fainted then and there.

The day passed, and the shoppers returned homeward. Advancing years had never robbed Madame Aguilar of her passion for dainty footwear which displayed to advantage her high instep, so it was not strange that rheumatic pains induced her by unwonted exercise should send her speedily to bed as soon as dinner was over. Anita, grateful for a moment alone, slipped into the garden, where under the witchery of flower perfume and soft moonlight she lost herself in sweet reverie. A night for romance if ever there were one. She would pretend that her hero lover was coming, would soon be here. A measured tread upon the flagstones to the alley aroused her, and he was standing at the gate. At the same moment she called down blessings upon the forgetfulness of old Marta, the cook, who had left the key in the lock upon the inner side.

A moment more and he was sitting opposite her with only the little tea table between, his manner as cool and collected as though such a call were an everyday event. His casual manner steadied her. No doubt he was in the habit of thus dropping in upon girls of his acquaintance, and his talk bore witness to the fact. He did not make foolish compliments, or even indulge in the half teasing banter of their previous meeting. Instead he spoke of ordinary things, such as his home in a far away city and relatives near and dear to him. Her shyness vanished and she found herself talking to this stranger as freely as if she had always known him. Not until he rose to go—he did not stay long—did the conversation take a personal turn.

"You'll let me call again, will you not, Miss Aguilar?"

"If my mother does not object," she answered demurely, though to be strictly truthful she should have said: "does not learn."

He smiled as though he feared not the displeasure of all the stern mothers in the world, and went away. Had she then a wicked, wicked heart, that thus she should flirt with one man while promised to another? And she could so easily have set everything right. Just a few words—"I am to be married soon, so I must ask you not to call." That would have been the honorable course, but the words had remained unspoken. Acting upon a sudden impulse she took the key from the lock and slipped it into her bosom. There were other keys to the gate; perhaps her mother would not notice that one was missing.

The next afternoon Don Felipe Ramon came to pay his formal call, just as he had done each week ever since Anita could remember. Stout, genial, and companionable, courteous in the extreme, he had always been a welcome visitor, but today she shrunk from him as from a harbinger of grievous things to come. True to his Spanish nature he did not mention the subject nearest his heart till he was ready to go.

"Ah, little daughter, a beautiful bride he will have, that young son of mine. And thou mayest have pride in thy husband also, for he is not bad to look upon, even though his features are those of his ugly old father. Yes, a handsome pair you will make to stand before the priest at the altar."

If only Don Felipe were not her mother's friend and guest! Then might she use words that would do justice to the

(Continued on Page 91)

Ah Choo

By Esther Barbara Bock

IT WAS a hot afternoon in late September. Only one seeder in the San Joaquin packing house was running, but that one to its fullest capacity. Its noisy hum mingled with the ta-tap, ta-tap, ta-tap of the nailers; the thud of full, or the clatter of empty cases, as the carriers helf-dropped, half-set, them down; the clink of tin upon zinc as twenty pairs of hands banged the forms about; the soft slap of the cartons as the weighers flung them from the forms onto the buttoners' tables; and above it all the shrill chatter of the women and girls.

The seeder crew, or its equivalent, could be found in any packing house in California. A few were Americans, in the early thirties and young still; the majority were Italians and Portuguese, women old beyond their years, and young girls with pink cheeks, curly black tresses and dancing black eyes.

Into this din the quick-eyed foreman led Ah Choo; to stop by the side of a sweet-faced young woman who stood watching the girls. "You'll have to use this chink for carrying boxes, Mabel," the foreman said, "for I have to put Tony on the stemmer and it's impossible to get white men. You can let Frank do all the weighing." He turned to the celestial. "Here, Charley, you see these full boxes? You carry 'em over here and put 'em by the scales. You savvy?"

"Ya, ya, me savvy," returned Ah Choo. He was taller than the average Chinaman, his eyes even more almond-like, but the slip-slap of his sandals sounded the same, his queue was wound as correctly about the shaven part of his head, and to show that he understood he grabbed a case filled with cartons and quickly, easily, set it in the place designated. Instantly, at every buttoners' table arose the cry of "box."

The Chinese stood bewildered, wondering if the call had aught to do with him, then deliberately went on carrying the full boxes his almond-shaped eyes saw. When, at one table the cry became insistent, he sought the young woman whom the foreman had addressed.

"When him cly 'box,' him mean me cally?" he asked.

"Yes, Charley," was the response. "And you want to hurry, for the boxes get in the way and the girls can't work so well. This order must go out, too."

"All lightie, me hully," Ah Choo promised. He tossed his little black hat into a corner, tightened his queue, then put the full strength of his slim young body into the work. His sandals rhythmically slapped the floor as he hurried

empty-handed, or walked slowly under the weight of two or more boxes. At the end of half an hour the perspiration was dripping from his face.

Finally Frank began to assist him, but still his task was arduous, and as he worked he became conscious of being the target for the women's tongues. Added to the physical labor were gibes, ridiculous questions, and mimicry of his own language to endure. One crimson-lipped Italian girl, rebellious curls flying about her face, especially tormented him. She mocked his English, teased him about his sandals and "pig-tail," until his ire rose. And so it happened that, as he turned angrily to reply, his left hand remained upon the last case he had deposited by the scales just as Frank approached carrying two full cases which he dropped upon the others, and, unknowingly, upon Ah Choo's hand.

Ah Choo ejaculated wildly in his own language, the hot anger in his heart instantly turning against Frank. Thrusting his hand under the eyes of the American he showed the nail of the index finger severely mashed, the blood oozing from it. Frank's apology he refused to accept, and his pulses throbbed furiously as, tormented by derisive laughter or absurd advice from the girls, he strove to tear from a soiled prune sack a strip with which to bind the wound. To have told Frank and the girls his opinion of them in the most fluent curse words available would have been a pleasure, but, true to Chinese love for gain, he controlled the torrent of vile language rather than jeopardize his promised twenty cents an hour. Sullen, his face sallow, he struggled with the sack.

"Don't use that dirty thing, Charley." He heard a low, compassionate voice at his elbow and turned to see the sweet-faced girl tearing into strips her own handkerchief. "I'm very sorry it happened and I'll tie it up for you."

Ah Choo was deeply touched by the unexpected kindness and that second became the gentle girl's slave. He wondered why she was so different from the others, and finally asked her.

"I don't know, Charley," she replied. "I didn't know I was different."

"You velly diflent f'om him," Ah Choo responded emphatically, nodding toward the seeder girls. "And my name no Chally," he added. "My name Ah Choo. I likee you callee me Choo."

"All right, Choo."

Solemnly he surveyed her as he waited for her to continue, hoping that she would reveal her name. At last, hesitatingly, he suggested, "You no tellee you name."

The girl, busily wrapping the mashed finger after having carefully wiped the blood away with a damp cloth, smiled; then answered, "My name is Mabel Marten."

"Mabel—Malten," repeated Ah Choo, thinking how suitable it was to the soft brown hair and hazel eyes. "Him pletty name—likee girlee. You lettee me callee you Malten?" he asked, using her last name in Chinese fashion. Again he waited for a reply, watching the slim white hands complete the bandaging. Never before had he seen such beautiful hands. "You catchum hands likee Tchi-Niu."

"Like—what?" Mabel demanded in amazement.

"Tchi-Niu. Him velly gleat goddess. You gleat, too. You fo'eleddy, Malten?"

"Yes, I'm forelady, Choo. There!" she exclaimed, knotting the string. "That is tied and I hope it won't hurt very much."

"You velly good. I askum spilits makee you happy and bling—"

"You had better go to work, Choo," the girl interrupted him. Frank can't keep the boxes away alone."

"Ya, ya, Malten, me hully," he agreed eagerly, the gentle reprimand falling upon his heart softly as the touch of silk. Strenuously he bent his young body, a body used to leisurely tasks, to the work.

Jeers from the foreign girls multiplied, including jokes about the forelady, but the gentle touch of her fingers upon his, the smile of her hazel eyes, lingered with him and he only laughed good-naturedly at their sallies. Thereafter it was not the two dollars a day which made his work alluring; but the certainty that he would talk with Mabel Marten each day. Into his brain crept the conviction that her pearly skin, brown hair and hazel eyes, formed such loveliness that Sie-Thao

could never have surpassed. And when, at four o'clock that afternoon, she stopped by him to inquire about his finger, he knew that her heart was as beautiful as Ko-Ngai. He longed to tell her so, but fearing she had never heard the legend of "The Great Bell," remained silent.

Several months before Ah Choo had purchased a pair of American shoes; had found them less comfortable than his sandals, so had not worn them. But in his room on the night of that eventful day he sought them out from a collection of Chinese trappings; things for religious worship, incense, candles, and numerous wooden gods. Among the latter was a representative of Tan Yuen, the god of the heart, which he carefully removed from the heap and placed upon the small table whereupon stood the wooden tablets containing the names of his ancestors. Both were duly worshipped and as it was the twenty-third of the month he also prostrated himself before the image of Ho-Lih-Ta-Tee, the god of fire.

The next morning he discarded his sandals, put on his new shoes instead, and prided himself upon being dressed American style; little dreaming that the overalls and jumper of faded blue denim revealed his nationality as plainly as his native raiment could have done.

During the days which followed he toiled tirelessly, or if tired, he was spurred on to renewed energy by a smile of approval from the forelady. Not for an instant did he want her to think the work was too heavy for him, so no matter how the perspiration rolled down his yellow face, or how wet his clothing, he continued to do his work and part of Frank's also.



In the San Joaquin Packing House.

One day as he was hurrying by in response to a persistent call of "box," Mabel stopped him.

"It isn't your place to do all the carrying, Choo," she remonstrated. "Frank should carry at least one out of every four and weigh them, too. So let him do something the rest of the day."

"He, he!" the celestial laughed. "Malten velly good but him Choo velly stlong man. Him Flank littee, only stand

so high." He laughted again as he held his right hand on a level with his armpit to indicate the five feet, six inches of the American. "Him Flank no count. Him tellee me him no know gleat-glandfather's name. He, he!"

"I'm no account, neither, then, Choo," Mabel returned smilingly, "for I don't know my great-grandfather's name."

"Oh, him girlie, him no matter. I know him ancestors back beginning Ming dynasty. Wo'ship him evely night."

"And what will it bring you to worship them?"

"Oh, him bling gleat happiness," Ah Choo answered, curiously puzzled about a people which cared naught for the goodwill of its forefathers. Why evil spirits did not visit terrible disasters upon them he could not understand. Suddenly fearing that something of the sort might happen to Mabel Marten, he continued, "I bling Malten Chang image tomollow, some day buy him forgiveness hairpin. Him mally, then him wo'ship him husband's ancestors. Savvy? I bling him image Tan Yuen. What say?" He concluded anxiously, afraid this daughter of a strange people would refuse his gods.

"Yes, I understand, Choo. At least I think I do. When I marry I worship my husband's ancestors and not my own, isn't that it?"

"Ya, him savvy." Then he added: "You no likee image?"

"Indeed I should, Choo, and you can tell me all about how to worship them," was the reply.

Ah Choo's heart beat sposmodically. He laughed for several minutes the giggling laugh of the Chinese. "Bling him tomollow. What fo' you no mally?"

"No one wants me, I guess."

"Wha' fo'? Him heep good. I callee Ko-Ngai. Some day I tellee all bout gleat bell." For several seconds more he stood trying to think of something else he might offer, or something nice he might say, but the legend of Ko-Ngai was uppermost in his mind, the cases were fast filling around the table, so he laughed again, said something about bringing the images in the morning, and resumed his work.

Happiness such as he had never known surged through his heart during the remainder of the day. His eyes sparkled, his lips twitched often in silent laughter, and that night he worshipped long before Tan Yuen, long before the ancestral tablets. He also searched the little Chinatown for an idol of happiness; and, having found it, returned to his room, lighted candles, burned incense and bowed to the floor before it. At last he retired, satisfied that all evil spirits were pacified.

The packing house had no opening on the south, so the girls entered by walking several yards along the platform, then passing in by the stemmer and winding their way between full and empty sweatboxes to the seeder tables. Ah Choo knew this, so he waited by the entrance the following morning. Under his arm were the precious wooden idols, wrapped in purple and red striped paper.

After the five minute whistle had blown, and a chilly fear was creeping into his soul, he saw the forelady, a wide-brimmed, brown straw hat upon her dainty head, emerge from behind an empty freight car which was waiting for seeded raisins. He stood awkwardly, first on one foot and then on the other, as Mabel approached. He smiled broadly, showing his yellow teeth; but, somehow, his carefully chosen words of salutation remained unspoken.

It was for her to speak first.

"Hello, Choo," she called gaily, "how are you this morning?" Her gaze fell upon the fantastic package. "Oh, you've brought the images, I know, Choo. It's so nice of you. I thought of you and how you were worshiping, last night, when I went to bed. Are they heavy?" she asked, taking them gingerly.

"No, him no heavy. Him light. I bling incense and candles so you can wo'ship, too. You wo'ship Chang and him keepee evil spilits away. Wo'ship Tan Yuen, always have good heart." He glanced about, there was no one near. Furtively he stepped inside the doorway. "I show you." He knelt hastily, for several seconds touching his forehead to the floor. "Him lightee candles and burnum incense, and then makum bow. Savvy?"

"I think so, Choo," Mabel responded, a flash of merriment in her hazel eyes which the celestial misconstrued.

The whistle blew.

"Velly nice girlie," he had only time to say, and placed his hand upon Mabel's shoulder for an instant as they walked toward the seeder table.

No star shines forever brilliant and clouds from various sources flit between. A casual remark from one of the women dimmed the light in Ah Choo's soul. Although it was addressed to him as he stood waiting for three more cartons to fill the case, there was no thought of inflicting distress. A buttoner, after politely requesting him to shut the door, had added, "That north wind is so cold."

Ah Choo's almond-like eyes widened. He pointed to the open door and demanded excitedly, "Him callee that north?" He stood in terror, the seconds seemed minutes, as he waited the woman's reply.

"Of course that is north. What did you think it was, south?"

"Ya, ya; I think so south. Flank, him telle me him south. You say him north?"

"Of course it's north and I wish you'd shut the door," the woman retorted sharply.

Ah Choo closed the door, then turned, gazing about in search of someone to help him in his despair. He spied the forelady coming from the stemmer, hurried to her side and began pouring forth the story of outrage perpetrated against him.

"Flank, him lie to me; he tellee me that door south when one leddy say so him north. I askum you, Malten, cause you heep velly good girlie. You telle me light. What way that door?"

"The woman told you the truth, Choo. It is north," Mabel answered promptly, looking inquiringly at the Chinese. Finally she asked, "What difference does it make if it is north? Frank was only joking, of course. He is always tormenting someone. I wouldn't worry about it. Try and forget it."

The young celestial heard; but he was too dazed at the chaos he saw portending in his own life to sense the remark about Frank, or to answer immediately. His offense was great, how great only the north god knew, and terror clutched him lest Yuen Ming in his wrath send evil spirits to take from him his happiness. A movement at his side recalled to him the girl's words. "Him no joke, Malten. Him Flank lie!" he exclaimed passionately. His face was contorted, one moment terror predominating, the next livid anger, as he continued. "Him tellee me him south so me spittee out that doo' heep many times evely day; now Yuen Ming take many hundled days off Ah Choo's life. Mebbe so, him takee twelve year. Mebbe so him send evil spilits to hu't Malten, cause Ah Choo likee Malten. Mebbe so him makee me sick, mebbe him no lettee lain. Yuen Ming velly stlong god. Flank him lie! Sometime when me angly me say Melican swear words and Flank him lie so me turnee south while all time me swear north. Yuen Ming no likee. Flank—"

He saw neither the amusement in the hazel eyes, nor the dawning pity, as Mabel interrupted his eloquent flow of language. "But, if you didn't know, Choo, how can the north god blame you? Surely he wouldn't punish you when you thought you were doing right, would he? I wouldn't worry about it."

"Malten velly good girlee, but Malten no understand. Yuen Ming no scuse iglance. He velly gleat god, other gods laugh at him." He shook his head in dismay.

"I hope he won't punish you, Choo, and you mustn't feel too blue about it. It will all come right. You just go to work and don't think about it at all," counseled the forelady. "That's a good boy," she added cheerily, as with a ghastly smile he followed her advice—at least about the work.

Work, and to work he was compelled, for while he had been talking the cases had filled to amazing numbers, relieved at least the tenseness of his muscles; but his brain still raced at fever heat, speculating upon the impending calamities. And when his almond-shaped eyes saw Frank deliberately take the forelady's hand he attributed it as an evil omen from Yuen Ming. His heart gladdened, however, at the frown of annoyance which crossed Mabel's white brow, and slowly he worked his way to within a few feet of where they stood, a little apart from the seeder table. There, with his back toward them and his arms hanging loosely at his sides,

he listened despite the accumulating boxes.

"So you won't go with me to the picture show?" Frank was asking.

"I've told you 'no' a dozen times," Mabel replied impatiently.

"Aw, go on, whatcha givin' to a feller? You needn't think I'm goin' to be an easy guy. Honest, Mabel, you're the swellest lookin' girl in this town. I'm comin' to see you," Frank insisted.

"You let me alone," Ah Choo heard the forelady command, but his head remained rigid, his face stolid. "I've told you not to come to see me," she continued. "I'm working too hard to be up nights."

"I'll bet you don't tell that to every man," Frank jeered. "I saw you chinin' the chink awhile ago. He looked excited enough to be proposin'. Great big stiff—wish that foreman would give me somethin' worth workin' with. Ain't you goin' to let me see you sometime, dove eyes?"

"You are obnoxious."

"Oh—what? Say, what's a girl like you workin' in the packin' house for?" Frank asked curiously.

"Because my eyes failed and wouldn't let me finish Normal School, if you must know. Why don't you weigh those boxes?"

"Got somethin' better to do," Frank answered promptly. "You don't know what a swath you're cuttin'. Tony said yesterday he was goin' to steal you. Suppose the chink will be wantin' you next to decorate his harem. Gee, won't you lord it over the China girls?"

"Be still!" came the indignant command. "I know you think you are being funny but you are not. I don't want you to bother me again this way. Go to your work or I shall turn you in to the foreman."

"Kidder? He'll be kiddin' you next. That's all I was doin'." came Frank's parting remark.

Passive, not a finger moving, Ah Choo stool while each word reached his brain clearly above the drone of the seeder or the idle talk of the workers, and burned therein. A red light floated before his eyes, a slumbering rage leaped into a sudden blaze demanding revenge, and murder was born in his soul. A man had lied to him; the same man was torturing the girl he loved. Quietly he resumed his work.

As he placed a box near Frank there was a tremendous urging to bring it down with crushing effect upon the brown head of the American. The fact that Frank was gaily whistling ragtime, unconscious alike of Chinese hatred or Mabel's disdain, was an added irritant to Ah Choo, and his long fingers itched to choke back the melodious trills pouring forth so joyously.

Swiftly a plan was forming in his brain. To him the killing of a viper that bothered either Malten or himself meant no more than the killing of an ox for the sacrifice to Confucius. And perhaps, if he killed Frank, the great god Yuen Ming might realize that he had not insulted him purposely, thus punishing lightly; perhaps only taking two or three hundred days away from his life. But the world must not know, for Americans had queer ideas about such things, frequently appraising the earthly life higher than that of the spirit.

With the cunning of his race he conquered his repulsion, thrust into the background the bitter aversion he felt toward the weigher, and for the first time since his employment returned Frank's raillery. When the whistle blew they were laughing and jesting like friends.

Although the whistle had blown, Ah Choo lingered about his work until he heard Kidder tell Frank that he must work that night either in the dried fruit house or on the stemmer. Frank chose the stemmer, at which the Chinaman grinned and sauntered carelessly out the southernmost door of the building.

Upon reaching his little shack he went deliberately about his preparations. While his rice boiled for supper he sharpened a long, shining knife, which, after numerous tests of the edge, he laid conveniently on the table. His rice cooked, he ate heartily, then devoted himself to the religious rites of the evening. Candles and incense were burned before the ancestral tablets, before which he prostrated himself. Finally, the worship of his departed dead attended to, he took from a shelf a wooden image

of Yuen Ming, placed it on a low, satin-covered table by the side of the idol Buddha, lit more candles and incense, knelt down, and for the half hour that his forehead pressed the dusty floor chanted over and over, with lightening rapidity, the prayer, "O—me—to—fuh, o—me—to—fuh, o—me—to—fuh."

It was close to nine o'clock when he arose to his feet. A few minutes later, with a paper bag folded in one pocket and the knife carefully hidden under the shabby black coat, he slipped noiselessly from the house. Cautiously he stole through the crooked path into a dark alley, which he followed to its end. Then, at last compelled to enter a lighted street, he pulled his hat far down over his eyes, kept in the shadows as much as possible, and walked hurriedly. Instead of following the sidewalk on Court street, he went through the school yard, but when he again entered an alley he kept in it until he arrived at the packing house. There he sneaked between freight cars until he reached the main entrance at the north end of the building. Hugging the wall he tiptoed under the office windows, inside of which worked the busy bookkeepers. Before entering the narrow hall he paused a moment, then quickly crossed the illuminated space between it and the dark passage which separated the bins, in which ran the carriers. There he felt safe, as it was unlikely that the graded fruit would be removed that night.

At the south end of the passage he found his egress blocked by stacks of empty boxes so he turned into a bin filled with dried peaches, clambered over them and a moment more was perched upon the board partition which separated the peaches within from the passage without. From there he dropped lightly to the floor; where he stood listening intently. Only the noise of the press, or the talk of the pressmen, disturbed the stillness. Finally, moving softly, he proceeded between full and empty boxes, or sacks of dried fruit, until he could observe the door which opened from the dried fruit house into the raisin house. Once more he waited. Carefully, caressingly, he pulled from under his coat the long knife.

At last the roar of the machinery suddenly ceased. The time for action had come. He crept nearer the passage, where he could see the men as they came from the raisin house. They came alone and in pairs. The sixth was Frank, alone.

Cautiously Ah Choo called. Frank stopped. The low call again. He started toward the shadows of the boxes, into the blackness of the bins. He passed a black, narrow opening. Then behind him crept noiselessly a dark form and just near the last bin it lurched forward. There followed a soft thud. . . . A moment later Ah Choo stood holding his knife, blade downward, waiting for the blood to drip therefrom. He made no move until the sound of the last footfall, the footfall of Kidder, died away. Then he knew there was no one in the building except the night watchman and himself—and the thing at his feet.

Perhaps it was midnight, when, having heard the watchman walk toward the raisin house, he sheathed the knife in the paper bag, slipped both under his coat and carefully felt his way out of the building. Outside, as before, he kept in the darkness and shadows and alleys, through which he made his way to his own shack. There, he washed and wiped the knife, burned the paper bag, coat, and overalls, stretched himself upon his couch and slept soundly until dawn.

Placid and imperturbable as the most stolid of the his race he appeared at work the following morning; in his breast the feeling of a disagreeable duty well done. Malten would be bothered no more. And she seemed to him more lovely, more desirable, in her freshly starched, blue gingham dress that morning than ever before. He longed to talk with her, and approached her once, but full cases stacked about the scales bothered her. At last he saw her go to the foreman and soon a little, gray-haired man was rapidly weighing the cases and pushing them on to the lidder.

Close to noon, while the seeder man was steaming out the pipes and the noise was deafening, Ah Choo saw a young Portuguese rush to where Kidder stood by the stemmer, speak hurriedly a few words, and then the two walked swiftly

toward the dried-fruit house. A little shiver of fright shot from the celestial's head to his heels. A few minutes later all the men had followed the foreman, while the women stood about conversing excitedly in groups of four or five. When the stemming process ceased Ah Choo heard the name of Frank on every lip. He saw the forelady, her face white, talking with Kidder and slowly approached them.

"Somet'ing velly bad happen?" he inquired.

"Frank is dead, murdered beyond a doubt," Kidder returned brusquely.

"He, he, he! Flank him no go die," Ah Choo said, laughing doubtfully. "You jokee."

"No, I'm not joking," the foreman declared sternly. "There isn't a doubt but what he was killed. I thought it funny he didn't show up for work this morning, but evidently he didn't get home last night. The constable and sheriff are already here, and maybe they can find some clue. It was a rotton piece of work." He looked at Mabel Marten.

Shortly, after revealing a bit more detail about the murder, Kidder returned to the dried fruit house, leaving Ah Choo and the forelady standing alone.

"Flank him go die him no bother Malten no mo'e," the Chinaman remarked, but a startled expression in the hazel eyes raised to his silenced him.

"Did you work last night?" Mabel demanded abruptly.

"No workee," Ah Choo replied, meeting unfaltering the girl's searching gaze. "No workee. Me go home, eatee lice, wo'ship two, t'ree, fo', fi' hours, then him go bed, sleepee till day blake. Wha' fo' Malten ask?"

"Oh, I just wondered," was her only response as she turned and walked away. She avoided the dried fruit house.

Without appearing to do so, Ah Choo kept himself well informed regarding the progress the authorities made in finding Frank's murderer. The result was very gratifying. No clue could be found;

(Continued on Page 87)

SONG

By Dan Weaver.

The flower has its fragrance,
The stars, the sky above;
The sun, its golden pathway,
But you and I have love.

The tears that come with sorrow,
The broken, sobbing sigh,
Will vanish with the dawning
Of love's light in the sky.

And so, when in the evening,
Life's lamp is burning low,
The thought that love was with us
Will make our whole life glow.

Forest Giants

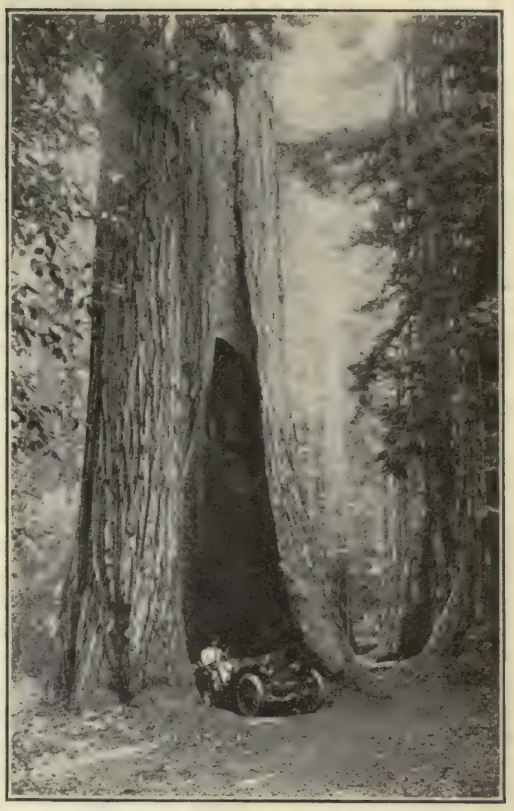
Gregarious Habit of the Sequoia

The Robin Hood of the California Wildwood

By Professor W. T. Clarke

University of California.

"Trees were but rivers of sap and woody fibre, flowing from the atmosphere, and emptying into the earth by their trunks, as their roots flowed upward to the surface."—Thoreau.



WE READ in the second chapter of Genesis, the eighteenth verse: "It is not good that the man should be alone." We find that this idea has been the underlying principle governing the race since time immemorial. Man is a gregarious animal and has so far as history tells us always had the grouping habit. First the groups were family affairs. Ties of blood gave the group its cementing element. The ruler of the group was the patriarch who also usually was the founder of the group. He was a despot and had the power of life and death in his hands, so far as the group was concerned.

These family groups developed feuds, the one between the other and this forced the coalition of certain groups for offensive and defensive work as against other groups or combinations of groups. In this wise was developed the clan or tribe. Following this development came the evolution of the **community** or combination of two or more tribes or clans. Up to this time the development of the gregarious habits were due for its impelling cause almost entirely to the instinct for self-preservation—protection either from human enemies or from wild animals. The scheme was a success so far as its primary object was concerned, but the bond between the group, the clan or tribe and the community was loose and ill-knit and small jealousies between rival patriarchs and petty chiefs kept up a constant turmoil and gradually because of these conditions we find the nation developed. Made up perhaps of groups, clans or tribes and communities but close knit and coherent, acknowledging some central government and upholding it in matters of moment, both great and small.

Whether the underlying cause has been protection, better development of trade facilities, a desire for a better assurance as to the future, it matters little, the basic fact remains that man is a gregarious animal and to this condition may be traced in large measure his success in the struggle for existence. Among other animals the same characteristic is found in occasional cases in much less degree and nowhere do we find in the lower animals that success in the scheme of Nature that man seemingly has attained. One of the

causes at least, and perhaps the most important, is the inferior development of the habit of gregariousness. What might be the fate of man were the characteristic well developed in some other group of animals is an interesting subject for speculation. However, the idea is to be touched in the speculative field only and in that field no definite satisfaction may be expected.

Among the trees in wild nature we find, in certain species, the gregarious habit well developed yet where we see the habit highly developed, there we find that it is a handicap so far as protection from man is concerned. In the Coast Range mountains of Central and Northern California is found the redwood (Sequoia sempervirens). It extends sparsely as far south as Monterey and occasional specimens are found even further south. The redwood, granted the soil conditions, moisture conditions, and if other items of its environment are good, has the gregarious habit well developed. Why the redwood should show this habit and many other varieties of trees thriving in the same environment should not show it is a fact difficult of explanation, yet an existing fact.

With the gregarious habit well developed, the trees growing, stately and grand, in great communities, yet there is an air of aloofness to the individuals as though they were to say, "Circumstances may have thrown us together, yet we are individually sufficient unto ourselves." This spirit of the redwood will impress itself surely upon the mind of the observer. There also is something sinister about the redwood as though it were inhabited by some evil genius. On a lowering, stormy day, especially is this impression most strongly given. Old woodsmen, it may be because of some superstition, are prone to keep away from these trees on such days. The redwood is treacherous. Great limbs fall for no apparent reason quite as much on quiet days as on stormy days. Then the tree itself is likely to topple over at any time. Spend a night in quiet, calm weather in the redwood forest and your rest is almost sure to be disturbed by the crash of falling limb or tree.

In human communities we find individuals who are in the community but not of it, moving aloof, alone, self-centered. Such individuals while they give the impression of being above the common herd, yet they are not the ones to whom we go with our human needs and anxieties. The redwood makes much the same sort of appeal to the person who studies it.

Yet there is another phase to the matter. If "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom," then surely the redwood is entitled to a hearing. Many of these trees have stood, grand and aloof, since the beginning of the Christian era. I have seen in the forest a tree that was at six feet above the ground, ninety-six feet in circumference. I do not mean to be understood as speaking of this tree as the biggest in the forest. It was not, but I happened to be personally acquainted with this particular tree. Counting the rings, one for each year, and time, long time, is shown by its growth. If the spirit of the redwood were to give voice to its knowledge we surely would have a narrative of the facts of history which would clear up many doubtful points.

The fact that the wood of the redwood tree is most valuable for all lumber purposes, is very resistant to decay, takes a beautiful finish for inside work and withal is not refractory, makes it a wholesale victim to the logger and mill-man. Its final fate in our civilization is natural and to be expected and yet, aloof, sinister, somber though the tree may be, it is with a pang we view the work of the woodsman.

Two thousands years of growth; a few short hours of deft labor with axe and saw and then we hear the long drawn cry, "T-i-i-mber"! The requiem dirge of the tree is sung and with a mighty crash it lies prone upon the shuddering earth. No, the fate of this tree is not pleasant to contemplate. Its gregarious habit has not helped it in any small degree.

A storm is impressive at any time whether we are in the crowded town, the open country, the mountains or the woods. The careless strength that Nature can show makes us feel our own weakness and dependence upon some higher power. A storm in the redwoods has all the impressiveness that a storm can have and to this

is added the very real danger of falling trees.

I wish to give an incident in my own experience to illustrate that matter. I was, one winter, the guest of friends at their country place in the redwoods on the Noyo river. The home was arranged, for the comfort of guests, in a rather unique way. There was a large central building comprising kitchen, dining room and living room. Spacious porches surrounded this building on three sides. From these porches a wonderful view of tree-covered mountains and giant redwoods was spread out. One could drink in a panorama of the beauties of Nature that was soul-satisfying. Bungalows and cabins, placed at convenient distances from this main or central building, were used for such guests as were fortuate enough to enjoy the hospitality of my genial host and charming hostess. I had spent the day in rather strenuous exertion inspecting the orchards connected with the place and with true hospitality my host and hostess permitted a fairly early retirement on my part. I occupied a cabin by the riverside and the sound of rushing waters was soothing to the nerves. A bright fire blazed in the open fire place and a plentiful supply of logs assured its continuance. Outside, signs of a storm could be felt and seen; inside the cabin all was warmth and serenity. It took me but the briefest time to get to bed, and soothed by the conditions, sleep came almost immediately. Suddenly or so it seemed to me, I was violently shaken by the shoulder and a hoarse voice coming from the blackness behind an electric torch adjured me to get up in a hurry, get dressed and come to my host and hostess at the main house. A violent storm had sprung up; a redwood tree dominated the cabin and there was great danger of its coming down or of falling limbs crushing through the cabin roof. Impressed and alarmed I got into my clothes in record-breaking time and betook myself to the path to the main house. Just as I got into the path there was a swish and roar and heavy thud to one side of me but to my excited senses very near. No damage done, but the sight of the next morning showed the noise and shock to have been caused by a falling limb fully eight inches in diameter at the butt. It had come down butt end first and impaled the earth to the depth of two feet some twenty feet from where I was when the fall occurred. Near enough to be very impressive and to cause me to go and stand not upon the order of my going. At the main house I found my host and hostess and the various people connected with the establishment all up, dressed and ready for a quick move if it became necessary.

From the broad front porch we could see in the fitful light a giant redwood sway and writhe in the stress of the storm. What was perhaps more impressive we could hear now and then a sharp report like a pistol shot—fibers snapping in the giant tree—and we knew that if just the right ones broke this tree would come crashing down and the direction of its fall could not be foretold. Yes, it was awe-inspiring! Racing clouds, writhing and twisting in the gale could be seen in the dim light and we discussed with some admixture of philosophy the grandeur of the scene and the storm gods' wrath and power. Suddenly our specious flow of words ceased. There was a roar, a crash, the earth shook violently and we knew a big tree had come down and at the same time had not hit the house. We had just begun to breathe normally when the frightful sound was repeated and shortly it came again. Three giants had fallen near the main house in less than half an hour. Examination the next morning showed that the smallest of these was six feet in diameter, the largest eight feet in diameter at the breaking point. One does not need a vivid imagination to picture what the result would have been had any one of the three fallen on the house! Through it all, the most composed member of the party was the Chinese cook and his stolidity was decidedly steadying. Amidst familiar surroundings he kept a fire going and served hot coffee frequently to the other thoroughly disturbed members of the group.

The storm passed and the next day my gracious hostess promulgated a bit of practical philosophy. The axemen were ordered out and all trees dominating the house and cabins came down. I have

gone into detail in this matter to preface a moral: No matter how you may be impressed with the strength, beauty and sturdiness of the redwood tree do not place your cabin or camp in its seeming protection. The sinister spirit of the redwood is likely to wreak vengeance because of your familiarity.

And withal it is a wonderful tree, grand, impressive, solemn, useful, serving the needs of man with the stored products of the centuries!

In our woods, especially in the Coast Range of mountains though also frequently seen in the Sierra foothills is another tree, the Madrone. Gregariousness has been spoken of as conducive to success in the struggle for existence, yet the Madrone has not developed this habit and still survives, a full success in its own way. It is a friendly tree if I may use such a term. It is occasionally symmetrical in form, more often grotesquely gnarled and twisted. It reminds one of people we sometimes meet and describe as being picturesquely homely. The description fits the Madrone perfectly. Its red-brown to dark red, smooth bark and glossy light green foliage gives it a uniqueness of appearance that allows one to single it out at a distance. Because of its bark and foliage color and its fruits, Bret Harte apostrophizes the tree thus:

"Captain of the Western wood,
Thou that apest Robin Hood!
Green above thy scarlet hose,
How thy velvet mantle shows;
Never tree like thee arrayed,
Oh thou gallant of the glade!

"Where, Oh where shall he begin
Who would paint thee, Harlequin?
With thy waxen burnished leaf.
With thy branches' red relief,
With thy polytinted fruit,—
In thy spring or autumn suit,—
Where begin and oh! where end,—
Thou whose charms all art transcend?"

Our idea of Robin Hood and his merry band, under the greenwood tree, was that in spite of their profession (or was it because of the profession?), they were a jolly lot of cut-purses. The Madrone leaves the impression on one's mind of careless good-nature. In the spring its masses of waxy white blossoms give the tree a chaste appearance. In the late fall it decks itself with masses of brilliant red and mottled fruits and has a decidedly holiday-like appearance. Not stately, not grand, not aloof, but apparently willing to accommodate itself to our mood—willing to be friends with the other trees and with man. It is practically useless from the timber point of view so the logger does not seriously molest it. Its bark is not useful as is the bark of the oak so the strippers leave it alone. Man is not its enemy and the elements do it small if any damage. In spite of these advantages the Madrone does not form great groups and on the whole we are glad of this. Gregariousness in the end causes the wholesale destruction of the redwood while the Madrone escapes this fate. You may place your cabin or camp in the friendly neighborhood of the Madrone and be sure it will give you no uneasy moments. If you desire quiet its whispering will cease. If your mood is more jocund it will laugh with you in the breeze. A truly friendly tree and as a friend demanding naught but to be friendly.

Other trees of course will take your attention. The tan-bark oak with its velvety leaves; the California laurel (bay) tree, stiff and prim and somewhat forbidding; the Western maple with its broad and beautiful leaves; the stately white pines like plumes held aloft by the roadside. The catalogue of them is long but each has its individuality and the study of them is absorbing.

Of them all the redwood shows the gregarious habit in greatest degree; the tan-bark oak and white pine in less degree; the others not at all. Those with this habit suffer most at the hands of man. Undoubtedly "it is not good that the man should be alone." The Creator's wisdom is all embracing. The grouping habit, however, is an element of danger to the trees that develop it. The rule that is good for man is not good for his tree neighbors.



Cupid Victorious

Magic Effects of a Little Mild Deception.

By Kenneth Udell

GRACE and Ashley had quarreled. It had not been a very important subject on which they had differed, nor had that difference of opinion been a very great one, an impartial observer might have argued. Yet was the breach deep and insurmountable, for of such was the fibre of their temperament.

A tedious week had passed. Grace, sitting in her neat, tiny room at Mrs. Fleming's boarding house, found herself admitting that it was positively childish for two grown people to quarrel over such an insignificant matter.

"But that's just another reason why Ashley ought to apologize," she decided, making a hasty dab at an insistent tear. "Even if he doesn't think a girl ought to work after she gets married, he could certainly concede the point without hurting himself any. The stubborn old thing!"

She flung herself down on the bed and wept tears of vexation. Two little dimples that loved to play peek-a-boo around her inviting mouth were homeless now. Only their cousins that were sometimes to be observed in the curve of her elbows continued to dance, unaware of the gloom that had settled on their mistress.

A light knock sounded on the door. Grace took two quick strokes with a filmy bit of handkerchief, and opened the door.

"It's only me, Miss Whitford," said her caller, a faded little woman with quite gray hair, a thin voice, and the most sympathetic eyes in the world. "I was coming up, so I brought your mail. Well, I've got some mending to do, so I mustn't waste any time."

Grace took the proffered letter with a word of thanks. It bore no return address, but the handwriting resembled what little she had seen of Ashley's. With a gasp of astonishment she tore it open and her eyes sought the signature. It was! With quickened pulse she read it through.

"Dear Grace," it ran, "I was wrong, and I want to be forgiven and have your friendship again. Please forget what I said. If you can forgive me, be ready to spend the evening with me tonight. I will be there about seven-thirty, and I am going to hope that you will be waiting for me.

"Your friend,

"ASHLEY.

"P. S.—Let's not even mention our quarrel, or this letter, then there'll be nothing to spoil our pleasure."

"Oh, the old dear," cried Grace, hugging the letter rapturously. The dimples were again in possession, and two sparkling eyes above them shone with happiness.

"And I'll wear—let me see."

She dived into the miniature clothes closet, to pick and choose and reject, and choose again.

* * * * * *

Ashley Moore, about the same time on this same Saturday afternoon, wearily climbed the front steps of his modest rooming house. He was somewhat exhausted from a long, solitary tramp through the suburbs, but it was his mental exhaustion that had taken the spring out of his step. For the thousandth time he had been mentally reviewing the evening of his quarrel with Grace, and the more he thought of it the sillier it all seemed. What sense was there in Grace flying off the handle like that, and taking the thing so seriously? Well, maybe she'd see she was wrong when she had thought it over a while—anyway, he couldn't crawl back calling himself names and begging for forgiveness.

"Hullo, what's this?" He had been idly turning over the little pile of letters on the hall table, and had unexpectedly come

upon one addressed to himself, in a woman's handwriting.

He read it half through before he even suspected whence it came, then his eager eye devoured the remainder at a glance, lingering for a fond moment on the signature. He felt the need of support, found a chair, and sat down. Then he read it through again, more slowly.

"Dear Ashley," it ran, "I am going to be bold enough to write you a letter of apology. I am so sorry that we quarreled, and I see now that I was in the wrong. Can't we just drop the whole thing, and start all over again as good friends? If you think so, come over and see me this evening. I am going to be conceited enough to expect you.

"Your friend,
"GRACE.

"P. S.—Suppose we don't mention our quarrel at all, or this letter, so we can forget it all just as quickly as possible."

With a great load lifted from his heart, Ashley sprang up, whistling, glanced at his watch, and dashed up stairs to his room with a strong and buoyant step.

"Will I be there?" he interrogated himself, as he briskly lathered his face a few moments later. "Will I be there! Oh, boy!"

* * * * * *

Seven-thirty saw Ashley Moore ascending the steps of Mrs. Fleming's boarding house, as it had so often in the past. Grace Whitford heard his firm step, and her heart fluttered. Then the bell rang, and she fluttered to the door, an extremely lovable creation in a summery flowered dress. Her cheeks had gained an attractive bit of heightened color from excitement.

Their meeting was outwardly calm enough. Each breathed the other's name, and their hands met in a grasp that was more eloquent than words.

"Let's go down town," suggested Ashley, as soon as he could find his voice.

"Isn't he handsome," was what Grace thought, as her eyes took in his virile young strength. He was good to look upon, straight of figure, steady of eye, and dressed in a blue suit that fitted to perfection. What she said was, "All right, but come in and say hello to Miss Jones. She's so fond of you."

Miss Jones, the colorless little woman who had carried the letter to Grace that afternoon, was, as always, exceedingly pleased to see him. She was an old maid, but a very romantic one. Mixed with her romantic trend, however, was a considerable amount of hard-headed business sense, that enabled her to fill very efficiently an office position of no small responsibility. Outside of business hours she spent her time devouring love stories and love poems; a match-making opportunity was to her the seventh heaven of delight.

While Grace got her hat and a wrap, Ashley chatted pleasantly with Miss Jones. She admired his good looks and attractive personality, but the love light that still shone in his eyes, that she adored.

Like a mother hen hovering over her chickens, she fluttered about Grace and Ashley as they took their departure. With such an ardent sponsor, Cupid should indeed have taken fresh heart, and renewed his attack on the susceptible young couple.

As their steps died away down the block, Miss Jones rocked gently in her chair, her novel lying forgotten on her lap. Her face wore an expression of complete content.

* * * * * *

Grace and Ashley had the evening of their young lives. It was a spring evening of exquisite warmth and charm, and the whole world seemed on pleasure bent. Ashley's suggestions as to entertainment and refreshment were inspirations, no less. That musical comedy at the Classic, what words can describe the rare harmony of its music, the scintillation of its humor, the gorgeousness of its costumes and scenery? And then the daintiest of midnight suppers, in a palm-shaded corner of Teall's, where the service was divine, and the dreamiest of music lent an air of romance to their conversation.

"I don't know when I've been so happy," said Grace, looking across at Ashley with eyes that shone with joy.

Ashley responded with an ecstasy of manner that brought a little flush of pleasure to Grace's face, and in that moment they were brought very near to each other.

A street car ride that held for them nothing of the commonplace brought them to the corner near Mrs. Fleming's, and under a sky of glistening stars they walked slowly to the house. Ascending the stairs on tiptoe, they took refuge in the shadow of honeysuckle that overhung the porch.

"Haven't we had a lovely time," breathed Grace, very near to Ashley, her rounded figure alluring, enticing.

"Grace, darling," whispered Ashley, coming nearer and taking her hands with ardent grasp, "I love you, dear. I love you. Darling, will you marry me—do you care for me? Tell me, dearest, tell me?"

Grace suffered him to retain her hands, then snuggled right against his bosom. He could feel her breath coming fast.

"Yes, dear; I do love you. Kiss me."

His arm was around her now. Their lips met in a long, long kiss. Gone now was any thought of their quarrel, of who was right and who was wrong.

"Oh, darling, isn't it wonderful," whispered Ashley, and they looked into each other eyes and saw the future lying bright before them.

A light flashed on in the sitting room adjoining the porch. Through the open window they saw Miss Jones and Mrs. Fleming enter the room. Miss Jones was apparently seeking one of her novels, for, this found, they turned again to go.

"And I just couldn't stand to see them drift farther and farther apart," Miss Jones was saying.

They stopped in the doorway, and Miss Jones went on.

"So I thought and thought, but I know they are both stubborn, and I gave up hope of reconciling them. If ever I saw a couple that were made for each other, it's Miss Whitford and Mr. Moore, but of course I couldn't tell them that. Then all at once the solution came to me. If neither of them would apologize, I would do it for them! So I just wrote a letter of apology to each of them, and signed the other's name. I was pretty sure neither of them would know the other's handwriting, but I tried to copy Mr. Moore's from some of this music he has given her and written her name in. And it worked just like a charm. If you could only have seen their faces as they went out tonight! My conscience didn't hurt me a bit after I saw how happy I had made them. I only hope they don't find out until it's all so old their common sense will make them drop it."

"Well, Miss Jones, I'm sure you meant well," said Mrs. Fleming, switching out the light as they stepped into the hall, "but I'm afraid—"

The door shut behind them, and Mrs. Fleming's fears were unheard.

On the porch, a silent drama had been enacted. Noiselessly Grace had drawn away from Ashley's embrace. She had straightened, had given him a glance that seared. Ashley, less subtle to express emotion silently, had none the less felt a great upheaval within him; pride was struggling to overthrow newly crowned love. With the shutting of the door, Grace spoke.

"So you didn't—" The cutting tone got no further.

"Grace! Your apology wasn't—you didn't—" Ashley floundered also.

For a long moment they were dumb. Lifelong pride battled with new-born love.

Then—they laughed. Cupid had won the day.



Ann's Dinner

Delectable Information on the Subject of Wild Iloatees.

By Flora Kinne

My Dear Sue:

OF COURSE, you know I am now doing light housekeeping (so light you can hardly notice it). I told you that, in my last letter. Well, it has its advantages and its disadvantages. I just hate to eat alone, but with food so high I can hardly afford to invite somebody in every day, to eat with me merely to keep me company.

However, last week an energetic friend of mine went hunting and killed a large number of wild duck which he proceeded to give to his wealthy friends; and then his generosity got the better of him and he gave me two mud-hens — "wild Iloatees" he said they were properly called.

Right there I saw my chance to have a pretty sumptuous feast and so invited in two middle-aged ladies, whom I had met at the Red Cross Rooms, and beyond the fact that each lived alone, and both happened to be interested in Theosophy (you know I can talk Rega Yaga Yoga as glibly as I can Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum) I knew nothing about them. But I jumped at the conclusion that the shabbiness of their shoes was not the result of daily sprints to the bank to make huge deposits.

So I invited them to dinner. The table looked really pretty. The Wild Iloatees were all dressed and looked plump and juicy. Remember I had never tasted of the delicious bird myself, but expected it to be like wild duck.

My guests arrived on time, with a hungry look on their faces. The fowl were frying nicely in the pan, and the potatoes were baking in the oven when the telephone rang. By the way, I wish when a baked potato is cooked it could have the power of crying out: "I'm done. I'm done!" but alas, it has not; and when I stuck the fork into it to see if it were done, why the outside was hard as a brick, and its condition inside still remained a mystery to me.

Well, I answered the phone, of course, and it was Maud. She wanted to tell me all about the election in the Woman's Club, and you know, not being used to getting a regular meal I absolutely forgot the mud-hens until I smelled smoke. When I rushed back to the kitchen I found the lovely birds like cinders. Then I remembered the potatoes and turned out the oven fire and next I opened all the doors and windows to let the smoke out of the house I had just warmed for my guests.

Naturally I picked out the least burned portions of the wild-eyed-loatees (for such they now looked) and served them with apologies.

Old Mrs. Samuelson was fortunate, in being able to call to her quick aid the perfectly bona-fide excuse that her religion forbade her eating flesh. Of course, I accepted the excuse, although I could hardly call this flesh; it looked to me more like charcoal. Nevertheless, I didn't blame her.

Mrs. Tomkins was game and stayed for the big show, and ate a quarter section of one breast, and was just struggling with a gizzard when she asked:

"What is a Wild Iloatee? Is it a cross between a duck and a mud hen—or what?"

Instead of telling a perfectly nice little white lie, and thereby clearing an already over-charged atmosphere, I thought her question indicated more or less of a knowledge of wild fowl and wishing to learn something about the habits of the

(Continued on Page 85)

Stories From The Files

The Western Master's Creation of "Miggles"

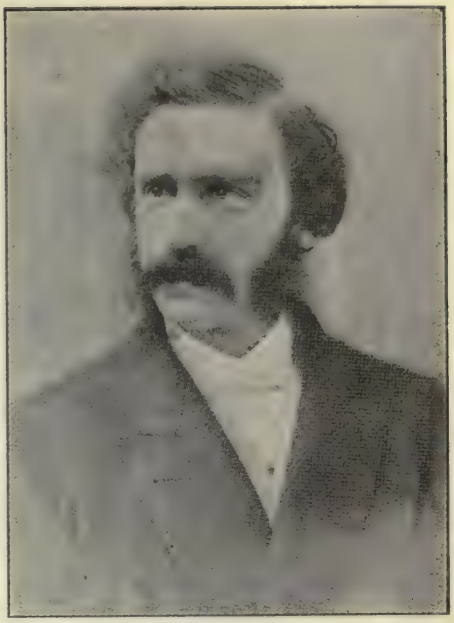
Conventions Shocked by the New School of Fiction

By E. Clarence O'Day

Judging by the files of the Overland Monthly, in which appeared the early work of Bret Harte, the great California master of fiction, was not a voluminous writer. Either that, or his editorial duties on the Overland Monthly, took up too much of his time, to permit of his contributing many stories to the pages of his magazine. In the writing of verses he appears to have been more assiduous. No doubt it was for the better that his stories were few and carefully prepared, as the foundations of his literary fame were thus more securely laid. There is nothing of the slipshod order to be found in the early writings of Bret Harte, as published in the Overland Monthly, in the years 1868 and 1869.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp," Harte's first story for the Overland Monthly in August, 1868, the month after he became editor No more prose fiction from his pen appeared until the next year when he added to his celebrity by publishing "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and "Miggles." The latter is considered by many to be the equal of any story by Harte, though most critics consider his first two works of fiction in the Overland monthly, superior to it.

"Miggles" is remarkable as showing a treatment of conventional morality which was new in western fiction. Twenty years before in France, Dumas, in his "La Dame aux Camelias," had made a sentimental appeal to puritanism for the "erring sister," more obedient to the dictates of the heart than the rigid social code. The Magdalen is one of the oldest characters in literature, but New England literature neither pilloried nor pitied, but calmly ignored her existence. Western fiction as exemplified by Harte broadened the field. In the story of "Miggles" Bret Harte chose as the heroine a woman of the Wild West who had lost her fear of the conventions but not her femininity, nor above all her womanly tenderness of heart, toward the man who had figured in her revolt against the proprieties. "Miggles," wandering in the forest primeval with her grizzly bear, or nursing her paralyzed human companion amidst the mountain pines, is in her human characteristics a Western modification of the Dame of the Camelias,



Bret Harte in 1868

dazzling admirers at the Paris opera and abandoning it all for a sentiment.

The reception accorded "The Luck of Roaring Camp" convinced Harte that the reading public was not supersensitive about adherence to the old stereotyped forms of fiction, which were as precise as the rules of a Sunday school.

He introduced some pretty rough characters in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and the public did not suffer the spasms of outraged propriety which the magazine publishers had feared. Feeling the ground firmer under him with each exploration of new fields, Harte presented to his delighted public, the admirable western story of "Miggles" which is here reproduced, precisely as it appeared in the Overland Monthly of June, 1869.

WE WERE EIGHT, including the driver. We had not spoken during the passage of the last six miles, since the jolting of the heavy vehicle over the roughening road had spoiled the judge's last poetical quotation. The tall man beside the judge was asleep, his arm passed through the swaying strap and his head resting upon it—altogether a limp, helpless-looking object, as if he had hanged himself and been cut down too late. The French lady on the back seat was asleep, too, yet in a half-conscious propriety of attitude, shown even in the disposition of the handkerchief which she held to her forehead and which partially veiled her face. The lady from Virginia

City, traveling with her husband, had long since lost all individuality in a wild confusion of ribbons, veil, furs, and shawls. There was no sound but the rattling of the wheels and the dash of rain upon the roof. Suddenly the stage stopped and we became dimly aware of voices. The driver was evidently in the midst of an exciting colloquy with some one in the road—a colloquy of which such fragments as "bridge gone," "twenty feet of water?" "can't pass," were occasionally distinguishable above the storm. Then came a lull, and the mysterious voice from the road shouted the parting adjuration:

"Try Miggles."

We caught a glimpse of our leaders as the vehicle slowly turned, of a horseman vanishing through the rain, and we were evidently on our way to Miggles.

Who and where was Miggles? The judge, our authority, did not remember the name, and he knew the country thoroughly. The Washoe traveler thought Miggles must keep a hotel. We only knew that we were stopped by high water in front and rear, and that Miggles was our rock of refuge. A ten minutes splashing through a tangled by-road, scarcely wide enough for the stage, and we drew up before a barred and boarded gate in a wide stone wall or fence about eight feet high. Evidently Miggles, and evidently Miggles did not keep a hotel.

The driver got down and tried the gate. It was securely locked.

"Miggles! O Miggles!"

No answer.

"Migg-ells! You Miggles!" continued the driver with rising wrath.

"Migglesy!" joined in the expressman, persuasively. "O Miggy! Mig!"

But no reply came from the apparently insensate Miggles. The judge, who had finally got the window down, put his head out and propounded a series of questions, which if answered categorically would have undoubtedly elucidated the whole, but which the driver evaded by replying that "if we didn't want to sit in the coach all night we had better rise up and sing out for Miggles."

So we rose up and called on Miggles in chorus. Then separately. And when we had finished, a Hibernian fellow passenger from the roof called for "Maygelle," whereat we all laughed. While we were laughing the driver cried "Shoo!"

We listened. To our infinite amazement the chorus of "Miggles" was repeated from the other side of the wall, even to the final and supplemental "Maygells."

"Extraordinary echo," said the judge.

"Extraordinary d—d skunk!" roared the driver contemptuously. "Come out of that, Miggles, and show yourself! Be a man, Miggles! Don't hide in the dark; I wouldn't if I were you, Miggles," continued Yuba Bill, now dancing about in an excess of fury.

"Miggles!" continued the voice, "O Miggles!"

"My good man! Mr. Myghail!" said the judge, softening the asperities of the name as much as possible. "Consider the inhospitality of refusing shelter from the inclemency of the weather to helpless females. Really my dear sir—" but a succession of "Miggles" ending in a burst of laughter, drowned his voice.

Yuba Bill hesitated no longer. Taking a heavy stone from the road, he battered down the gate, and with the expressman entered the inclosure. We followed. Nobody was to be seen. In the gathering darkness all that we could distinguish was that we were in a garden—from the rosebushes that scattered over us a minute spray from their dripping leaves—and before a long, rambling wooden building.

"Do you know this Miggles?" asked the judge of Yuba Bill.

"No, nor don't want to," said Bill shortly, who felt the Pioneer Stage Company insulted in his person by the contumacious Miggles.

"But my dear sir," expostulated the judge, as he thought of the barred gate.

"Lookee here," said Yuba Bill, with fine irony, "hadn't you better go back and sit in the coach till yer introduced? I'm going in," and he pushed open the door of the building.

A long room lighted only by the embers of the fire that was dying on the large hearth at its further extremity. The walls curiously papered, and the flickering firelight bringing out its grotesque pattern. Somebody sitting in a large arm-chair by



How "Miggles'" Mighty Watchdog Must Have Looked.

the fire-place. All this we saw as we crowded together into the room, after the driver and expressman.

"Hello be you, Miggles?" said Yuba Bill to the solitary occupant.

The figure neither spoke nor stirred. Yuba Bill walked wrathfully toward it and turned the eye of his coach lantern upon its face. It was a man's face, prematurely old and wrinkled, with very large eyes, in which there was that expression of perfectly fratuitous solemnity, which I had sometimes seen in an owl's. The large eyes wandered from Bill's face to the lantern, and finally fixed their gaze on that luminous object, without further recognition.

Bill restrained himself with an effort.

"Miggles! Be you deaf? You ain't dumb anyhow you know;" and Yuba Bill shook the insensate figure by the shoulder.

To our great dismay, as Bill removed his hand, the venerable stranger apparently collapsed—sinking into half his size and an undistinguishable heap of clothing.

"Well, dern my skin," said Bill—looking appealingly at us, and hopelessly retiring from the contest.

The judge now stepped forward, and we lifted the mysterious invertebrate back into his original position. Bill was dismissed with the lantern to reconnoiter outside, for it was evident that from the helplessness of this solitary man there must be attendants near at hand, and we all drew around the fire. The judge, who had regained his authority and had never lost his conversational amiability—standing before us with his back to the hearth—charged us, as an imaginary jury, as follows:

"It is evident that our distinguished friend has reached that condition, described by Shakespeare as "the sere and yellow leaf," or has suffered some premature abatement of his mental and physical faculties. Whether he is really the Miggles—"

Here he was interrupted by "Miggles! O Miggles! Migglesy! Mig!" and in fact, the whole chorus of Miggles in very much

the same key as it had once before been delivered by us.

We gazed at each other for a moment in some alarm. The judge, in particular, vacated his position quickly, as the voice seemed to come directly over his shoulder. The cause, however, was soon discovered in a large magpie who had perched upon a shelf over the fireplace, and who immediately relapsed into a sepulchral silence, which contrasted singularly with his previous volubility. It was undoubtedly his voice which we had heard in the road, and our friend in the chair was not responsible for the discourtesy. Yuba Bill, who re-entered the room after an unsuccessful search, was loth to accept the explanation, and still eyed the helpless sitter with suspicion. He had found a shed in which he had put up his horses—but he came back dripping and skeptical. "Thar ain't nobody but him within ten miles of the shanty, and that 'ar d—d skeesicks knows it."

But the faith of the majority proved to be securely based. Bill had scarcely ceased growling, before we heard a quick step upon the porch, the trailing of a wet skirt, the door was flung open, and with a flash of white teeth, a sparkle of dark eyes, and an utter absence of ceremony or diffidence, a young woman entered, shut the door, and panting leaned back against it.

"Oh, if you please, I'm Miggles!"

And this was Miggles! This bright-eyed, full throated young woman, whose wet gown of coarse blue stuff could not hide the beauty of the feminine curves to which it clung; from the chestnut crown of whose head—topped by a man't oil-skin sou'wester—to the little feet and ankles—hidden somewhere in the recesses of her boy's brogans, all was grace—this was Miggles, laughing at us, too, in the most airy, frank, offhand manner imaginable.

"You see, boys," said she—quite out of breath and holding one little hand against her side, quite unheeding the speechless discomfiture of our party, or the complete demoralization of Yuba Bill, whose features had relaxed into an expression of gratuitous and imbecile cheerfulness—"You see, boys, I was mor'n two miles away when you passed down the road. I thought you might pull up here, and so I ran the whole way, knowing nobody was home but Jim—and—and—I'm out of breath—and—that lets me out."

And here Miggles caught her dripping oil-skin hat from her head, and with a mischievous swirl that scattered a shower of rain-drops over us; attempted to put back her hair; dropped two hairpins in the attempt; laughed and sat down beside Yuba Bill, with her hands crossed lightly on her lap.

The judge recovered himself first and essayed an extravagant compliment.

"I'll trouble you for that thar hairpin," said Miggles gravely. Half a dozen hands were eagerly stretched forward; the missing hairpin was restored to its fair owner; and Miggles, crossing the room, looked keenly into the face of the invalid. The solemn eyes looked back at hers, with an expression we had never seen before. Life and intelligence seemed to struggle back into the rugged face. Miggles laughed again—it was a singularly eloquent laugh—and turned her black eyes and white teeth once more toward us.

"This afflicted person is—" hesitated the judge.

"Jim," said Miggles.

"Your father?"

"No."

"Brother?"

"No."

"Husband?"

Miggles darted a quick, half-defiant glance at the two lady passengers, who, I had noticed, did not participate in the general masculine admiration of Miggles, and said gravely:

"No—it's Jim."

There was an awkward pause. The lady passengers moved closer to each other. The Washoe husband looked abstractedly at the fire; and the tall man apparently turned his eyes inward for self support at this emergency. But Miggles' laugh, which was very infectious, broke the silence.

"Come," she said, briskly, "you must be hungry. Who'll bear a hand to help me get tea?"

She had no lack of volunteers. In a few moments Yuba Bill was engaged like

Caliban in bearing logs for this Miranda; the expressman was grinding coffee on the veranda; to myself the arduous duty of slicing bacon was assigned; and the judge lent each man his good-humored and voluble counsel. And when Miggles, assisted by the judge and our Hibernian "deck passenger," set the table with all the available crockery, we had become quite joyous, in spite of the rain that beat again the windows, the wind that whirled down the chimney, the two ladies who whispered together in the corner, or the magpie who uttered satrical and croaking commentary on their conversation, from his perch above. In the new bright, blazing fire we could see that the walls were papered with illustrated journals, arranged with feminine taste and discrimination. The furniture was extemporized, and adapted from candle boxes and packing cases, and covered with gay calico, or the skin of some animal. The armchair of the helpless Jim was an ingenious variation of a flour barrel. There was neatness and even a taste for the picturesque to be seen in the few details of the long low room.

The meal was a culinary success. But it was a social triumph—chiefly, I think, owing to the rare tact of Miggles in guiding the conversation, asking all the questions herself, yet bearing throughout the frankness that rejected the idea of any concealment on her own part. So that we talked of ourselves, of our prospects, of the journey, of the weather, of each other—of everything but our host and hostess. It must be confessed that Miggles' conversation was never elegant, rarely grammatical, and that at times she used expletives, the use of which had generally been yielded to our sex. But they were delivered with such a lighting up of teeth and eyes, and were usually followed by a laugh—a laugh peculiar to Miggles—so frank and so honest that it seemed to clear the moral atmosphere.

Once during the meal we heard a noise like the rubbing of a heavy boot against the outer walls of the house. This was shortly followed by a scratching and sniffling at the door. "That's Joaquin," said Miggles in reply to our questioning glances; "would you like to see him?" Before we could answer, she had opened the door, and disclosed a half-grown grizzly, who instantly raised himself on his haunches, with his fore paws hanging down in the popular attitude of mendicancy, and looked admiringly at Miggles, with a very singular resemblance in his manner to Yuba Bill.

"That's my watch-dog," said Miggles in explanation. "O he don't bite," she added, as the two lady passengers fluttered into a corner. "Does he, old Toppy?"—(the latter remark being addressed directly to the sagacious Joaquin).

"I tell you what, boys," continued Miggles, after she had fed and closed the door on Ursa Minor, "you were in big luck that Joaquin wasn't hanging round when you dropped in tonight."

"Where was he?" asked the judge.

"With me," said Miggles. "Lord love you; he trots round with me nights like as if he was a man."

We were silent for a few moments, and listened to the wind. Perhaps we all had the same picture before us—of Miggles walking through the rainy woods, with her savage guardian at her side. The judge, I remember, said something about Una and her lion; but Miggles received it as she did other compliments, with great gravity. Whether she was altogether unconscious of the admiration she excited—she could hardly be oblivious of Yuba Bill's adoration—I knew not; but her very frankness suggested a perfect sexual equality that was cruelly humiliating to the younger members of our party.

The incident of the bear did not add anything in Miggles' favor to the opinion of those of her own sex who were present. In fact, the repast over, a chilliness radiated from the two lady passengers, that no pine boughs brought in by Yuba Bill and cast as a sacrifice upon the hearth could wholly overcome. Miggles felt it; and suddenly declaring that it was time to "turn in," offered to show the ladies to their beds in an adjoining room. "You boys will have to camp out here by the fire as well as you can," she added, "for thar ain't but the one room."

Our sex—by which, my dear sir, I allude of course to the stronger portion of humanity—has been generally relieved

from the imputation of curiosity, or a fondness for gossip. Yet I am constrained to say, that hardly had the door closed upon Miggles than we were crowded together, whispering, snickering, smiling, and exchanging suspicions, surmises, and a thousand speculations in regard to our pretty hostess and her singular companion. I fear that we even hustled that imbecile paralytic, who sat like a voiceless Memnon in our midst, gazing with the serene indifference of the Past in his passionless eyes, upon our worldly councils. In the midst of an exciting discussion the door opened again, and Miggles re-entered.

But not, apparently, the same Miggles who a few hours before had flashed upon us. Her eyes were downcast, and as she hesitated for a moment on the threshold, with a blanket on her arm, she seemed to have left behind her the frank fearlessness which she had charmed us a moment before. Coming into the room, she drew a low stool beside the paralytic's chair, sat down, drew the blanket over his shoulders and saying, "If it's all the same to you, boys, as we're rather crowded, I'll stop here tonight," took the invalid's withered hand in her own and turned her eyes upon the dying fire. An instinctive feeling that this was only premonitory to more confidential relations, and perhaps some shame at our previous curiosity, kept us silent. The rain still beat upon the roof; wandering gusts of wind stirred the embers into momentary brightness, until, in the lull of the elements, Miggles suddenly lifted up her head and throwing her hair over her shoulder, turned her face upon the group and asked:

"Is there any of you that knows me?"

There was no reply.

"Think again! I lived at Marysville in '53. Everybody knew me there, and everybody had the right to know me. I kept the Polka saloon until I came to live with Jim. That's six years ago. Perhaps I've changed some."

The absence of recognition may have disconcerted her. She turned her head to the fire again and it was some seconds before she again spoke and then more rapidly:

"Well, you see I thought some of you must have known me. There's no great harm done, anyway. What I was going to say was this: Jim, here—" she took his hand in both of hers as she spoke—"used to know me, if you didn't, and spent a heap of money upon me. I reckon he spent all he had. And one day—it's six years ago this winter—Jim came into my back room, sat down on my sofy, like you see him in that chair, and never moved again without help. He was struck all of a heap, and never seemed to know what ailed him. The doctors came, and said as how it was caused all along of his way of life—for Jim was mighty free and wild like—and that he would never get better, and couldn't last long anyway. They advised me to send him to Frisco to the hospital, for he was no good to any one and would be a baby all his life. Perhaps it was something in Jim's eye, perhaps it was that I never had a baby, but I said 'No.' I was rich then, for I was popular with everybody—gentlemen like yourself, sir, came to see me—and I sold out my business and bought this yer place, because it was sort of out of the way of travel, you see, and I brought my baby here."

With a woman's intuitive tact and poetry, she had as she spoke slowly shifted her position so as to bring the mute figure of the ruined man between her and her audience—hiding in the shadow behind it—as if she offered it as a tacit apology for her actions. Silent and expressionless, it yet spoke for her; helpless, crushed, and smitten with the Divine thunderbolt, it still stretched an invisible arm around her.

Hidden in the darkness, but still holding his hand, she went on:

"It was a long time before I could get the hang of things around yer, for I was used to company and excitement. I couldn't get any woman to help me, and a man I dursent trust; but what with the Indians hereabout, who'd do odd jobs for me, and having everything sent from the North Fork, Jim and I managed to worry through. The doctor would run up from Sacramento once in a while. He'd ask to see 'Miggles' baby,' as he called him, and when he'd go away, he'd say, 'Miggles; you're a trump—God bless you;' and it

(Continued on Page 83)

Votaries of Terpsichore

Three Lively Old Mesdames and a Young Scamp.

By Maurice Dekobra

THEY were three inseparables—three fat women with double chins, and made it their custom to take tea every Friday in an elegant tea-room in the rue Caumartin.

One of the three was Madame Cilicate, the wife of a wholesale merchant of umbrellas in the fauborg Saint Denis. She had forty-seven years, diamonds of nine carats and haunches boursouflees. Another of the three friends called herself Madame Humus, widow of Doctor Humus (nose, throat, ears). She carried, gaily, fifty-two autumns. The third lady was Madame Lajartrousse, the wife of an army contractor. She was round and plump and reminded one of a fat quail stuffed with red berries. The trio had between them one-hundred-and-fifty years, or less, and were determined to make the most of the remainder. Their talk was of follies and escapades, new dances and fine dinners. They adored the histories indiscreet and devoured the worldly scandals. They dressed themselves like youngsters of seventeen years and found their joy of life in the places of amusement.

On this particular day Madame Lajartrousse arrived at the tea, glowing with pleasurable anticipation.

"Ma cherie," said she to Madame Cilicate, "somebody has told me of a place in the rue Montaigne, where one can dance her feet off—such opportunities! Sigovia, who runs the place, guarantees dances for all. It is the last word in dancing. . . Allons. . . Let us go next Tuesday. But where is our friend, Henriette? What keeps her late?"

Madame Humus just then arrived. She appeared flustered. She seemed to be a prey to some lively emotion.

"Oh, ma petite Yeyette!" sympathized Madame Cilicate. "What troubles you? Why are you late?"

The "petite Yeyette," by the way, weighed about 300 pounds without her millinery. She flopped herself into a fauteuil.

"Ah, do not speak to me! I have just come from a scene with my son. What a scamp is that Rene! The portrait of his father in every way."

"A scene? A scene with that love of a boy Rene?" protested Madame Lajartrousse.

"A scene with Rene—and he such a darling!" commented Madame Cilicate.

"Yes. I have had a scene! I have had enough of the antics of that little darling of twenty-two years, who is on the go from morning until night and never misses anything from night to morning. I have told him that he has to turn over a new leaf at once or I shall stop his income. 'Cut it all out, my boy,' I said to him. 'You are old enough to make a living.'"

"What a cruel mother!" exclaimed the other women.

"Yeyette, I will marry off your boy for you. I will present him to Madame Clabotte, who has a charming daughter," offered Madame Cilicate.

"A nice present to make a mere child!" sniffed the angry mother.

The wrath of Madame Humus calmed itself. The conversation turned to Sigovia and his wonderful place in the rue Montaigne, where unknown, one could enjoy tangoing. Allons! Let us meet there! they cried and clapped their hands.

* * * * * *

The three friends seated themselves in a niche decorated in black and gold, where the teapots were representations of electric lights, the tablecloths were strewn with leaves of the water lily. The dancers pursued their amusement upon a

florescent parquet; the jazz-band was illuminated with rays of ultra-violet, and the waiters vested in organdy with electric contrivances under their arms, so that the transparent material of their costume made them look like huge fireflies.

"It is adorable here," said Madame Cilicate, face-to-fate with the old ladies.

"It is a decoration of Bagdad," murmured Madame Humus.

"One tango or I die!" sighed Madame Lajartrousse, in turning between her feverish fingers the largest pearl in her necklace.

For one-quarter of an hour they viewed the fox-trotting couples. Then all of a sudden Madame Cilicate said:

"It is very jolly here, but where are the partners for us to dance with?"

They did not realize that they were deceived as to dancing partners. They did not comprehend that the tangoers who patronized the place preferred ladies of an age less certain.

At half-past five, Madame Humus expressed her displeasure by crying out high:

"You find nothing here but insufferable ennui!"

She wished that Sigovia would be informed of that remark, and he was. Sigovia was a man of affairs, consumed at the same time by a dancing talent. He divined that the three old ladies, eager to dance, might spread an ill-report of his establishment. It would be necessary to stop that. Then he stepped toward Madame Humus with gallant smile, and in phrases unctuous as those of a prelate, proposed to put them in the way to enjoy dancing, if they would contribute twenty francs for the object. Madame Humus and her friends produced the required sum with a good grace and Sigovia disappeared.

At the bar of the dancing place he called to one of the young men lounging there, a cigarette between his lips, and seeming to be connected with the establishment.

"Hey, Bobby," said he. "See! Here are twenty francs. Go and dance with the three fat old chromos seated at table 5."

The youth named Bobby, yawned, drew the back of his hand across his blond locks to smooth them, buttoned his jacket carelessly and languidly approached the black and gold niche. But three screams of amazement issued from it. Madame Humus, Madame Cilicate and Madame Lajartrousse had recognized Rene!

CAMP FIRE IMPRESSIONS.

By Burton Jackson Wyman.

Smoke from the camp fire is
  Spectral shapes in the air;
Gently a cool wind is breathing,
  Laden with perfumes rare.

Orbs of the heavens are glowing,
  Plaintively night birds call;
Musically waters are flowing,
  Guarded by pine trees tall.

High are the peaks firm and massive,
  Mantled with snow so white—
Sentinels time-scarred, impassive,
  Faithful by day and night.

Los Angeles In Embryo

A Pioneer Lady's Impressions of a Future Great City.

By Amelia B. Neville

SO MUCH is being written, and said, of the wonderful growth of Los Angeles in the last decade, it may be amusing to contrast its present aspect with that of fifty years ago. At that time, no one dreamed that it could ever become a rival of San Francisco. Such an idea would have been regarded as the raving of a lunatic; but time works many wonders.

I had recently come to San Francisco, and hearing so much about the beautiful climate of Southern California, determined to pay a visit to Los Angeles before taking up my abode—for a few months at least—on a sheep ranch in the vicinity of the city.

There was but one way of reaching Los Angeles in those days, and that was by the little steamer, Senator, which made the trip twice a month between San Francisco and San Diego. Leaving on Saturday, August 3, 1861, my husband and I started on what I called, "my trip of discovery."

It was pretty rough most of the time. The Senator was a very small steamer, but said to be a good sea-boat, and as a roller she was assuredly in a class by herself. There were moments when I thought she would roll over and come up the other side.

About daylight on Sunday morning we reached San Luis Obispo—or rather the landing place for it—and from then until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, small boats were carrying ashore the freight from the steamer. On steaming out to sea, the water was found very rough and the wind cold, until we rounded Point Concepcion about 6 o'clock. It then became smoother and we were enabled to dine in comparative comfort.

We arrived at Santa Barbara at 2 o'clock a. m. on Monday, and lay to in order to land some passengers. About noon the same day we anchored off San Pedro, the port of entry for Los Angeles.

San Pedro was incapable of receiving our small steamer, and it had to anchor outside, while a little steam tug, which looked as if it might fall to pieces, came out and took the passengers ashore. The tug fitted the diminutive port and the port the wretched tug.

As soon as we reached shore, I was packed away in the inside of the coach which awaited us, three on a seat and every one occupied. The heat of the trip to Los Angeles was awful, as unfortunately my seat was on the sunny side. After we left the sand dunes behind, the dust was stifling.

The first few miles the journey was desolate and dreary to a degree, and the road rather hilly. The remainder of the way was chiefly through a dried-up, flat, though the portion of the country under cultivation was rather pretty. We had a very careful driver who went very slowly over the bad parts of the road, but made up for it when we came to a better part, by setting his four horses off a full gallop such as I never before experienced.

It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached Los Angeles and found the first view of the place almost Oriental. The atmosphere was heavy with heat, the sky of the blue tint peculiar to tropical countries. In the distance were groves of tall pines and cocoanut trees, and underneath them were grouped camels, then employed in the military service of the United States. One could almost fancy being in the Far East. It was the most attractive scene I had observed since leaving San Francisco.

The stage deposited us at the Lafayette hotel, a one-story structure built of adobe bricks in the Spanish style of architecture.

After passing through the central hall, we found ourselves in the square open court, upon which all the rooms opened. It was rather pleasing, being laid out in grass with borders of flowers all around. We were forunate in getting the largest room in the house, opening off the courtyard. It was so large that the bed seemed to occupy a very small space in it, and there were doors at either side opening on courts, so when both doors were open a current of air went through the room.

We went in to the coffee room for our dinner, which was served on a small table near an open window, the food being just tolerable but the place literally swarming with house-flies and mosquitoes. Ice was apparently an unknown quantity, for I never saw a particle of it during the whole of my stay in that southern paradise, so I simply could not eat. As for the butter, it looked like half-melted lard, and I wondered if it had not been made according to the Arab formula—pouring milk into a goat-skin bag, and swinging it back and forth until the butter "came." It was full of little particles of earth and small hairs innumerable. So it is needless to say, butter was not one of my articles of diet during my stay in Los Angeles.

The coffee room had proved so awful, to say nothing of the guests who were almost entirely men of the roughest type, it was decided that we take our meals in our own room, and by degrees I became accustomed it it. The room was quite cool, for we kept both doors open most of the time; but shall I ever forget by feelinng of horror, when, waking in the night I saw a huge cockroach, apparently the size of my palm, crawling up the wall at the head of the bed!

Those were crinoline days, and my hoops had become rather out of shape during my trip on the Senator and the stage, so the next day we went out to try to find a dry goods store to replace the damaged contrivance. We found there was only one dry goods place in the town, and after wandering through the establishment without encountering a human being, we found the proprietor fast asleep on a box on the sidewalk, his straw hat drawn down over his face to shield him from the blazing sun.

We took a walk around to see the surroundings, first up the hill at the rear of the hotel from which we had a good view of the town. The place consisted, mostly, of one-story adobe, flat roofed houses, with here and there a brick one. The town had a tumble-down decayed appearance, but the country around seemed green and pretty. We did not go very far because of the dust, and the lower part of the town literally swarmed with Mexican "greasers."

The next morning we drove out in a buggy to the sheep ranch, about eight miles away. The road was level and fairly good, but intersected by many parched water courses which caused a sharp descent, a short twist, and a steep ascent on the other side, making it no easy task to keep the vehicle upright.

The ranch house we found to be a small white cottage shaded by a large tree. This place looked very well, and we found everything prepared to make us comfortable. First we had lunch served outside under the tree, and then we took a walk up the canyon and had a look at the sheep. The atmosphere was so clear it made my eyes ache. The ground was dried-up and brown. The great lack seemed to me to be water, which had to be brought from a spring in the canyon, and its mode of conveyance a whiskey cask. By the time the water had reached the ranch, it tasted like a weak and tepid whiskey toddy.

After a few hours I decided that ranch life was not for me. We returned to the hotel about dusk, and there we remained during the six weeks that business kept my husband in Los Angeles.

My chief occupation was horseback riding which I greatly enjoyed, especially after Mr. J. Lancaster Brent had placed at my disposal a fine large bay American horse. My first rides were on a little mustang. On the back of the big horse I had many delightful rides. The heat was certainly terrific out on the plains, and I sometimes felt as if the sun were shining on only one place in the whole world, and that was right between my shoulders. Looking across the level plains I could see the shimmering haze of heat, like what one could see over the top

of a stove pipe. In some places the wild mustard quite overtopped us, horses and all, as we rode through it. The whole country was full of gopher holes, and it was wonderful to see the natives ride their mustangs over the treacherous burrows at full gallop and never sustain a fall. All that gopher prairie is now covered by the City of Los Angeles.

A number of the pioneer ladies called upon me during my visit to Los Angeles, but social pleasure was not my purpose. One of my visits was to the ranch of Mr. Thomas Dibble, who gave us a fine luncheon; another to the ranch of Mr. Brent where we had afternoon—not tea—but fruit and wines, and to San Gabriel, to see the Wilson vineyards and orange groves, and my friend, Sue Wilson, afterward Mrs. Barte Shorbe.

We sat on the wide cool veranda, from which the view was extremely pretty, while we ate grapes and drank wine. Then Sue took me down to the wine cellars, where there were piles of casks containing 180 gallons of fine home-grown wine in each. Then we looked at the orange trees, some very large and laden with fruit, both ripe and unripe and many in blossom, all three kinds at the same time.

There were some very pretty walks around Los Angeles, especially the one toward where the United States troops under command of Captain Howard were encamped, all of which I would have enjoyed, had it not been for the terrific heat. The one that pleased me most was through the Sansevain vineyard, which was cool and shady and had hard beaten paths. One arbor over which vines were trained, was 800 feet in length. All the vines were laden with grapes. Of the large English walnut trees there were fine specimens on irrigated lands supplied by little ditches, fed from the river. I had quantities of fruit sent to me every day but could not use one-quarter of it.

Business arrangements being at last concluded, we returned to San Francisco by the steamer Senator in September, and never did I experience greater pleasure than when entering the Golden Gate once more. Though I enjoyed my visit to Los Angeles very much, I never cared to see the town again, not even since it became what some of them call "The Metropolis of the Pacific Coast."

THE GENERAL SHERMAN TREE

By Katherine M. Peirce.

Thou fluted column of the mountain wood,
Thou shaft of beauty, graceful, massive, fine!
What countless years thy buttressed base has stood
Upon this stylobate whose perfect line,
A mighty master of supreme design
Spread for his colonnade. Thy towering form,—
Thy burnished splendor mid the leafy pine,
O'er-tops the forest and defies the storm.

What art of time can match thy matchless fame?
What beauty grace thy own imperial art?
Since He who made thee placed His deathless name,
And deathless purpose in thy living heart,
And set thy glory in this tranquil shade,
Till time shall cease and living beauty fade.

Juggling Wires of Fate

What an Honest Hustler and Some Printer's Ink Can Accomplish.

By James E. Nugent

SAMUEL INGRAM REYNOLDS, editor and proprietor of the Gold Bar Bulletin, correspondent of the Sunday Capital, and representative of the Amalgamated Press, placed the cover on his typewriter, closed the roll top desk, before the cracked mirror over the composing room sink, brushed back the few remaining hairs on his dome of thought and straightened his necktie. Gathering a bundle of exchanges and donning his hat he locked the office door and slowly walked up Main street. His day's work was ended.

He noted a mud puddle at a crossing and made a mental memorandum which promised trouble for the street superintendent. At the postoffice corner he watched the tail lights of a fruit train as it disappeared around a curve on its journey eastward, and smiled:

"There's the pay streak that's a sure shot every year. Booms may come and mines may go but the fruit grows on forever."

Two blocks farther on he turned into a yard, the center a neat white cottage surrounded with a lawn and flowers. His wife appeared at the door followed by a boy of five, who gave "Daddy" a noisy welcome.

While eating the evening meal there was a ring at the door. Mrs. Reynolds admitted a boy from the telegraph office who handed a message to the editor. It read:

Reynolds, Gold Bar, California.

Ask L. C. Hughes why he left New York, where been and what doing the past year. Rush.

SUNDAY CAPITAL.

"Great Suffering Shades of the Secluded Sierras! That Capital man must believe I am running a detective agency, combining the talents of a Sherlock Holmes with the resources of the Burns and Pinkerton bureaus. The last maverick I rounded up for him I walked from Missouri Hill to Blue Dog and found him slopping dishes in Greek Mike's hasherie.

"This Hughes may be a long lost heir, a stray sheep from the Reno divorce colony or the crown prince of Milpitas. I don't owe him anything and it is not probable that he will walk in on me and supply the answer to this query, so it is up to me to get out and hustle.

"Well, mother, I'm off on another wild goose chase," and bidding his family good night, he departed.

At midnight Reynolds tramped into town, after a search through construction camps, where he examined time books carrying the names of natives of Hindustan, Halifax, Argentine to Africa. Hotels, hobo camps, lodging houses and the jail were searched without obtaining a clue to the much-wanted Hughes.

"All I can say is that Hughes is sure lost and will be for tonight unless he puts in an appearance mighty soon," murmured Reynolds, as he stood on a street corner. The doors of Big Foot Kelly's saloon swung to and fro. The lights and laughter looked and sounded inviting. The doors closed with the correspondent on the inside.

The Sunday Morning Capital carried a story, with a Gold Bar date line, saying:

L. C. Hughes, member of a prominent New York family, who has been spending a year in California, left on the Limited for home. He has made a fortune mining and expects to return within a few months and develop some properties near Gold Bar, in which he has acquired an interest.

A year had passed. The editor-correspondent, having many things to do, had forgotten the lost New York man and his troubles. He was busy one afternoon when a stranger entered the office.

"Are you the correspondent of the Sunday Capital and Amalgamated Press?" asked the visitor.

"I am," replied Reynolds.

"I am a stranger in California, seeking

information which I believe you can supply. Are you at liberty for half an hour?"

"Oh, yes."

"So you will thoroughly understand the situation I will go over the circumstances or happenings, give you briefly a sketch of my life and the purpose of my questioning. In fact, there is a mystery I want cleared up.

"I am the son of well-to-do parents. My father is one of the big business men of New York. I was given all the advantages and acquired many of the habits of other young men similarly situated. I had made a fool of myself, not in a criminal but silly way. Father, enraged at my supposed worthlessness, shut the door in my face after telling me that not another cent of his money would I get and that I would have to depend on my own resources.

"I answered rather bombastically that I would and could care for myself. It was easier said than done. With the few dollars I had in my pocket I started west and it was a matter of but few days until I was broke and hungry. I discovered then than an untrained and inexperienced man could not open the door to early success. It was a bitter struggle.

"I suffered many privations, blistered my hands and strained my muscles. I drifted from job to job for a year and learned many lessons. I know now that a man cannot live on the world unless he makes some returns for the benefits he receives and find that pride precedeth adversity and humility is the better virtue.

"When all of this had soaked into me I decided to return, acknowledge the error of my ways and ask for an opportunity to make my way upward within the sight of friendly eyes. I neither wrote or sent word in any manner that I was on my way. Imagine my surprise to find my parents at the station and my welcome as hearty as any prodigal could wish for. I accepted the goods the gods offered and asked no questions. I succeeded in establishing myself as a worker and doer and am now a partner in business with my father."

"If we learn to swim he must get into the water," interrupted Reynolds."

"I will now come to the point," resumed the stranger. "Friends and acquaintances asked many questions concerning California, its industries, particularly mining, and how it happened that I had engaged in it. I evaded answering, as I didn't know a thing about this State, had never been in it, nor would I know a mine if I should fall into it. A chum finally gave me a clue. Said he had seen in the papers, previous to my arrival, that I had made a fortune in mining.

"I consulted the files in the New York newspapers and found this," and he handed Reynolds a printed copy of the message wired over a year before.

While the editor was looking at the clipping the speaker continued:

"I have followed that thing up until I have reached you and I believe you hold the key to the mystery." He settled down in the chair and awaited a reply.

Reynolds searched a file of telegrams and handed the one he had received from the Sunday Morning Capital to his visitor. He read it and re-read it.

"Why should the Capital send you any such message and where did you get the answer?" demanded the stranger.

"Have a smoke," said Reynolds as he handed out a cigar and lit one himself.

"The Lord only knows why he sent the query. We get many of similar character. Most of them are more explicit, give a man something to start on or a line to work from. This is one that could be called almost a total blank. The answer is simple. I sent the story after I had fulfilled the requirements."

"You what?" gasped his interrogator.

"I found the man, got his explanation and wrote it out."

"I am afraid I hardly understand it yet. You say you found the man?"

"Certainly; that's what I started out to do. To make it more plain I will try and recall the happenings of that night.

"I scouted around every place I imagined the man could be, asked every one I knew and many I did not if they knew any man named Hughes. Picked up a false lead or two, investigated them and kept on. At midnight was about to give it up.

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"Stood on the street corner and got a hunch. You know newschasers, gamblers and women are often the victims of such emotions. They don't believe the world is wound up and run on a time card and are always open for suggestions.

"My hunch carried me into Big Foot Kelly's saloon. There I found a rough and noisy crowd of construction men, one after another shouting 'fire in the heading,' which, in the language of the hard rock man, means, 'Look out,' 'get busy,' or in a saloon, 'everybody have a drink.'

"During a lull in the racket, I asked Kelly if he knew a man named Hughes. Before he could answer a big strapping six-footer, dressed as a miner, came back at met:

" 'What in h—l do you want to know for?'

"Information from a man under the influence of liquor is not to be overlooked, even if legend teaches otherwise, so I engaged the profane individual in conversation, bought sundry drinks and finally induced him to come down here to the office and 'talk things over.'

"Right here on the desk he spread out drafts for seventeen thousand dollars, scattered a couple of hundred dollars in coin on the floor, said he was going to New York after he had 'taken in the city,' as San Francisco is known locally. I had taken him and all his money from the saloon where he was drunk and buying drinks for as tough a gang as ever came over the 'Hump,' the hobo name for the Sierra Nevada mountains.

"I knew that if he ever struck the city by the bay there would soon be another prospector hiking for the mountains or desert, without a cent in his pocket. I realized if he was to be saved from himself the saving would have to be done in a hurry.

"As I was wondering what to do in the matter he dozed off. I figured out a scheme and—well, it worked. With the assistance of Yardmaster Tracy I loaded him into a car billed for Denver. I also put in a can of water and some provisions, at the bottom of which I placed several dollars in silver. He was off.

"I wired the story, substantially as you have it there, and the next day forwarded his drafts and money to an address in Denver, which I found in his papers. He got them all right, as he wrote to me, gave thanks for the kindness, said he was 'sober and satisfied,' but anxious to get back and go to mining.

"There's the query, the answer, the circumstances, the whole story, from A to Izzard and soda to hock," and Reynolds relit his cigar.

The stranger smoked up, studied a few moments and began:

"To you it is all clear but to me there is yet a mystery. I know it is the grandest little message that ever flashed over the wires. It opened the doors of home, brought about a father's forgiveness, gave me a chance to make a place for myself without the humiliation of having to ask to be forgiven."

The stranger's face was wreathed in smiles and it was the editor's turn to be bewildered.

"I don't see how this story affected you but if it did in the way you say I'm more than glad. I fail to see any connection."

The visitor rose from his chair, walked to the editor and asked: "Who was this man you shipped to Denver in a box car?"

"L. C. Hughes."

"It isn't possible."

"Whether it is possible or not it is so. He had the papers to prove it. A draft for seventeen thousands dollars, letters and other documents ought to be evidence enough. I even have his letter from Denver on file and will get it."

"Never mind; I see the light."

"You what?"

"I've solved the puzzle. I am L. C. Hughes and so is he. You wrote a story about him and enough of it fit me to speed up the earth and smooth out a whole lot of wrinkles for both us—you might say, the Hughes family."

The editor rose from his chair and the men grasped hands. For a moment not a word was said. Hughes broke the silence.

"Don't it beat hell! An honest-to-God hustler and a little printer's ink makes two real men out of a couple of down-and-outs."

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LOTUS SALAD

LOTUS SALAD. By Mildred Cram. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mildred Cram's "Lotus Salad" is the story of Pug Fairchild, son of an American captain of industry whose interests are entangled in the mines of Magella, a mythical place supposed to be located in South America. Son is sent there to adjust difficulties and much fun follows. It is a Richard-Harding-Davis sort of story, set in a Richard-Harding-Davis kind of scene, and it out-Richard-Harding-Davises the most Richard-Harding-Davis story that incorrigible romanticist ever wrote.

WINE O' THE WINDS

WINE O' THE WINDS. By Keene Abbott. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.75.

"Wine O' the Winds," by Keene Abbott opens quite like some other western novels —with a broken-down stage coach. The hero, Dr. North, is forced to spend the night at Gilbert's Ranch where he meets the lovable Winnie Barton. He is won by her beauty but there is another girl. Alice Arden, to whom North had been engaged before he made the terrible mistake which caused him to renounce his profession, leave his home and go West. Alice presently comes to the West, bringing with her the children, two little orphaned nephews and a niece, to whom she is guardian. Winnie falls in love with North, but he remains loyal to Alice, and though Winnie separates them for a time, it is she who in the end brings them together.

THE SEARCHERS

THE SEARCHERS. By John Foster. New York: George H. Doran Company.

"The Searchers" by John Foster is a tale of London life in which adventure has its inning during a particularly dense fog.

The hero, Neil Forbes, comes upon a man with a knife wound in his shoulder and from that moment his troubles increase. Long centuries before Neil encountered the wounded man the Forbes of Glen Cuin had been signally honored by the favor of one of the Popes. This favor had taken the material form of a casket of precious stones, among which was the great Leopard's Eye; but the casket had never reached its proper destination among the Scottish hills. When the priestly messengers had found the castle of Cuin in smoking ruins, they had buried their Pope's gift and had written down the directions for its location so that the Forbes family might, in the years to come, recover the treasure that was rightfully theirs. One-half of these precious directions had been handed down from generation to generation of Forbes, but their significance had been lost. The other half of the paper had fallen by chance into the hands of an Italian criminal band, who henceforth styles themselves "The Searchers," to signify their untiring hunt for the fragment they required to complement their own.

The conflict between Neil Forbes, assisted by his friend Keene-Leslie, and the leaders of the secret band furnishes the plot for Mr. Foster's story.

SPAIN'S LATEST LITERARY GENIUS

Writing in the New York Times' Book Review Supplement Frances Douglas has the following to say of "Pilar Guerra," by Diaz-Caneja:

"In the Spanish literary world the most widely read novel at the moment is "Pilar Guerra," by Guillermo Diaz-Caneja. This

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novel is declared by the Spanish critics to be purely Spanish in its motif. The Christian name of the protagonist, "Pilar," is peculiarly Spanish, and her last, "Guerra," has nothing to do with war, but is a good old Spanish surname, which was once borne by a sculptor of renown.

"The first edition of 'Pilar Guerra,' was exhausted within a few days after its appearance. 'Pilar Guerra' is a picture of Spanish life, and, to judge by the heavy sale of the book, the Spanish people enjoy reading about themselves. The author lives in the heart of Madrid, and the city of the court possesses no secrets that are hidden from him. In 'Pilar Guerra' the reader catches glimpses of life in the pensiones, or casas de huespedes—boarding houses, in plain English; he is introduced into the homes of the aristocrats; he also penetrates the workroom of the famous sculptor, Angel Roberto.

" 'Pilar Guerra,' is first discovered as the teacher in a girls' school in the little pueblo of Araceli, where, in addition to conscientiously drilling the pupils in the 'Three R's,' she taught them to sew and to embroider, and instructed them in the catechism. Her love affair with Felipe, the teacher of the boys' school at the opposite end of town, would have reached a happy culmination had it not been for Luciano Burguitos, the son of the cacique, who was destined, according to his father, to become one of the leading sculptors of the Peninsula, a rival, perhaps, of the world-famed Benlliure."

Universal History

A new edition has been printed of "Tabular Views of Universal History," a work compiled by George Palmer Putnam and published originally in 1890, which contains a series of chronological tables presenting in parallel columns a record of the more noteworthy events in the history of the world. The new edition, prepared under the editorial direction of George Haven Putnam, brings the tabular survey down to the opening of the year 1919. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Miggles

(Continued from Page 70)

didn't seem so lonely after that. But the last time he was here he said, as he opened the door to go: 'Do you know Miggles, your baby will grow up to be a man yet and an honor to his mother; but not here, Miggles, not here!' And I thought he went away sad—and—and" and here Miggles' voice and head were somehow both lost completely in the shadow.

"The folks about here are very kind," said Miggles, after a pause, coming into the light again. "The men from the Fork used to hang around here, until they found they wasn't wanted and the women are kind—and don't call. I was pretty lonely. I picked up Joaquin in the woods yonder one day, when he wasn't so high, and taught him to beg for his dinner; and then thar's Polly—that's the magpie—she knows no end of tricks, and makes it quite sociable of evenings with her talk, and so I don't feel like I was the only living being on the ranch. And Jim here," said Miggles, with her old laugh again, and coming out quite into the firelight, "Jim—why, boys, you would admire to see how much he knows for a man like him. Sometimes I bring him flowers, and he looks at them as natural as if he knew them; and times, when we're sitting here alone, I read him those things on the wall. Why, Lord!" said Miggles, with her frank laugh, "I've read him that whole side of the house this winter. There never was such a man for reading as Jim."

"Why," asked the judge, "do you not marry this man to whom you have devoted your youthful life?"

"Well, you see," said Miggles, "it would be playing it rather low down on Jim, to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too, if we were man and wife, now, we'd both know that I was bound to do what I do now of my own accord."

"But you are young yet and attractive——"

"It's getting late," said Miggles, gravely, "and you'd better all turn in. Good night, boys;" and throwing the blanket over her head, Miggles laid her-

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self down beside Jim's chair, her head pillowed on the low stool that held his feet, and spoke no more. The fire slowly faded from the hearth; we each sought our blankets in silence; and presently there was no sound in the long room, but the pattering of the rain drops upon the roof, and the heavy breathing of the sleepers.

It was nearly morning when I awoke from a troubled dream. The storm had passed, the stars were shining, and through the shutterless window the full moon, lifting itself over the solemn pines without, looked into the room. It touched the lonely figure in the chair with an infinite compassion, and seemed to baptize with a shining flood the lowly head of the woman whose hair, as in the sweet old story, bathed the feet of him she loved. It even lent a kindly poetry to the rugged outline of Yuba Bill, half-reclining on his elbow between them and his passengers, with savagely-patient eyes keeping watch and ward. And then I fell asleep and only woke at broad day, with Yuba Bill standing over me, and "All aboard" ringing in my ears.

Coffee was waiting for us on the table but Miggles was gone. We wandered about the house and lingered long after the horses were harnessed, but she did not return. It was evident that she wished to avoid a formal leave-taking, and had so left us to depart as we had come. After we had helped the ladies into the coach, we returned to the house and solemnly shook hands with the paralytic Jim, as solemnly settling him back into position after each hand-shake. Then we looked for the last time around the long, low room, at the stool where Miggles had sat, and slowly took our seats in the waiting coach. The whip cracked and we were off.

But as we reached the high road, Bill's dexterous hand laid the six horses back on their haunches, and the stage stopped with a jerk. For there, on a little eminence beside the road stood Miggles, her hair flying, her eyes sparkling, her white handkerchief waving, and her white teeth flashing a last "good-bye." We waved our hats in return. And then Yuba Bill, as if fearful of further fascination, madly lashed his horses forward and we sank back in our seats. We exchanged not a word until we reached the North Fork and the stage drew up at the Independence House. Then the judge leading, we walked into the bar room and took our places gravely at the bar.

"Are your glasses charged, gentlemen?" said the judge, solemnly taking off his white hat.

They were.

"Well, then, here's to Miggles, God bless her!"

Perhaps He had. Who knows?

Ann's Dinner

(Continued from Page 64)

mud hen (outside of the frying pan) I said:

"Well, to be truthful, I'll tell you this is a mud hen."

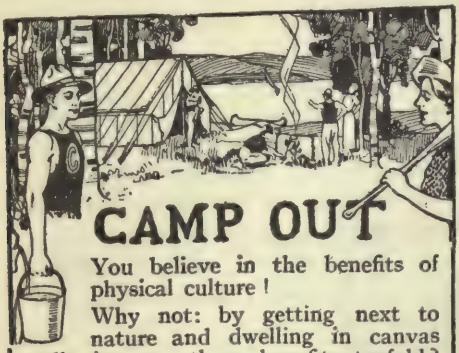
She looked a great deal more than a hundred per cent astonished, said nothing, but displayed a sudden interest in her baked potato, which was really O. K. when penetrated to its innermost depths.

It was plain to see that she knows something about the mud hen that she wouldn't have me suspect, for she didn't pretend to eat another mouthful.

As for me, I persevered and was loyal to the mysterious bird until I choked, jumped from my chair, excused myself and ran into the back yard where I coughed and choked until I withdrew from my throat an inch bone, which led me to suspect that the Wild Iloatee is a specie of fish.

It was painfully evident that the dinner was going badly, and I couldn't reach a satisfactory solution of the reason till my eye fell on the plaid skirt I was wearing. That skirt is a regular hoodoo; the fat lady upstairs warned me against wearing it but I insisted that I was not superstitious.

But that wasn't all. I made the tea in a dainty pot and put it over a slow fire to keep it warm, but when I went into the kitchen to get it, a gentle breeze had brown out the gas and the tea was cold;



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and the kitchenette smelled like a gas works.

It was just at this time that I offered up thanks for the wisdom I had shown in inviting two old ladies instead of one, for they could keep each other company while I was floundering in the mazes of cookery.

When I once more returned to join my guests in the dining room, the conversation had assumed rather personal proportions; and I was struck speechless by hearing Mrs. Tomkins say that she was in the city to dispose of a thousand acres of land belonging to her.

And here was I giving a charity dinner to two old, lonely, financially pinched ladies, that I thought had seen better days!

Well! suffice it to say that I have not as yet studied up on mud-hens, wild iloatees, or whatever they should be called; but that night at 11 o'clock, when I was still working over a pile of greasy dishes, I made up my mind that the next time I served the savory wild-fowl to unsuspecting guests, I should take no chances of burning them—I would serve them raw.

Lovingly,
ANN.

Toward the end of next month the Stokes Company will have ready a new novel by Harold Bindloss, "The Wilderness Mine," in which an ambitious young English engineer finds romance, hard work and plenty of demand upon his mother wit in connection with an abandoned silver mine in the Canadian wilderness.

Jennette Lee, who has written a number of novels and whose husband is Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Crowds," "The Ghost in the White House," and other books, has written and the Scribners will publish in August a novel called "The Chinese Coat," which tells how a striking piece of Oriental wearing apparel affected the lives of two Occidentals.

Ah Choo

(Continued from Page 56)

nothing could be done. In a week it had ceased to be the subject uppermost in packing house conversation.

The routine of the days again became normal. Ah Choo found many occasions to speak to the forelady, and invariably he told her of China. His happiness was boundless the day she expressed a desire to go there.

Anxiously, impatiently, he waited for an opportunity to tell her all that was in his heart. As most great opportunities do, it came unexpectedly. Some cartons had become misplaced and Mabel had found them in the dried fruit house; then had called Ah Choo to carry a crateful to the carton makers. It was just where she found the cartons, not twenty feet from where Frank fell, that the celestial poured forth his adoration.

He had thrown three or four bunches of cartons from the box into the crate when he suddenly straightened himself and said, "Him say one day that no one likee Malten, no one wantee mally Malten, so I tellee Ah Choo likee him velly much. Ah Choo say him mo'e better Ko-Ngai, mo'e pletty Sie Thao. Ah Choo mally Malten, buy him silks, satin dlesses, takee him China. Malten no have wo'k no mo'e. Ah Choo's father own live lanch fou' acres, China. Malten velly pletty, Ah Choo lovee—"

"Oh, Choo, do stop! You are only joking!" exclaimed the girl, interrupting the passionate proposal.

"Wha' fo'? Me no jokee, me likee Malten velly much. Ah Choo be velly ploud takee Melican girlee back China fo' wife. Malten heep good girlee, him no bleakee Ah Choo's heart. Him say ya?" he pleaded.

"I can't, Choo, I—" Mabel began, uncertain whether to be angry or amused at what he said.

"Wha' fo' Malten foolee Ah Choo?" the celestial demanded, a trace of anger trembling in his voice.

"I didn't fool you, Choo. We have just been friendly. I'm very, very sorry if you thought otherwise. You mustn't be angry, Choo," she sweetly pleaded.



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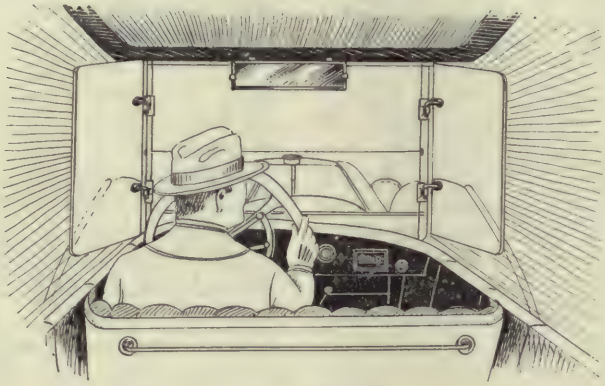
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For a moment the young Chinese failed to reply; then hope sprang again to his eyes. "Mebbe so next week Malten likee me mo'e. Him wait gladly. No hully Malten," he offered magnanimously.

"No, Choo, not next—"

"Oh, but Malten, him bleakee Choo's heart. Ah Choo lovee littee Melican girlee, him pay big plice, him wo'ship." Unable to voice his feelings stronger he threw himself upon his knees and touched the floor with his forehead. Three or four times he bowed low. A gentle touch of a hand upon his shoulder aroused him.

"Don't say any more, Choo," protested Mabel. "I am very sorry this has happened. You do not understand. I could never go to China with you and I will tell you something that no one at the packing house knows. We have kept it quiet because the girls are so rough about joking. For the same reason we have spoken to each other only when necessary; but I will tell you. I am engaged to marry Mr. Kidder, the foreman, and will become his wife in a few months—on the last evening of 1912, to be exact. We had better take the cartons in now," she concluded. "I hear the girls calling."

Ah Choo stopped mechanically, lifted the crate and followed into the raisin house. The words of the girl had stunned him; had throbbed through his soul and darkened his life like the sudden going down of the sun. Bewildered, struggling in the psychological darkness which had suddenly burst upon and enveloped him, he endeavored to bring a definite line of thought out of the chaos and emptiness. Dimly he wondered if his feeling was not akin to that of Pankoo when all was space about him.

His first coherent thought was that to go on seeing Malten each day, and the man she was to marry, was impossible. The vision of Frank, as he crumbled under the blow of the knife, presented itself, and as he wished that it had been the foreman a diabolical grin spread his yellow lips. A wild desire to run and clutch quick-eyed Kidder by the throat took possession of him. That would punish Mabel Marten, which he already wished to do, but it would also bring retribution upon himself, and that he wanted to avoid.

However, the Americans who thought themselves so wise did not know of the straw image and its revenge—a revenge which often led to the insanity or death of its victims. At the thought of death, the wonderful, great revenge, one commonly taken among his own people, flashed across his mental screen. He looked about him, at the women working, looked out the window into the pale autumn sunshine; looked to where Mabel Marten stood, one brown curl escaping and brushing across her pink cheek, her eyes fixed upon the other end of the room. Quickly his mind turned to the future, in which he saw nothing. There would be no proud home-going to China with a beautiful American wife; no woman of Sie-Thao's loveliness to worship with him; no wonderful women like Tchi-Niu to weave love into his life and bear him a son fair enough to cause tears of happiness. None of these things could be. The one motive left in life was revenge.

The remainder of the day dragged away. A slight qualm of Chinese greed passed through his soul as he descended the packing house steps for the last time and thought of the week's pay he would never receive, but his resolution remained unaltered.

With the exception of his own personal adornment, the preparations in his shack that night were no different than upon the night he had killed Frank. The knife was as carefully examined and sharpened, the ancestral tablets and the gods duly accorded worship. Slowly Ah Choo dressed himself for the last time. He donned a garment of finest satin, magnificently silk embroidered, and upon his feet slipped gold embroidered sandals.

When he left his shack he was an American no longer. Nor did he slink beneath the trees and through alleys; instead he walked boldly under street lamps or in the bright moonlight. He knew where Mabel Marten lived and thither he made his way. It was not late, but already the house was dark.

As he entered the carnation-bordered walk a great elation seized his soul, a demonical light shone from his almond-

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shaped eyes as he foresaw the evils that his spirit would wreak upon Mabel Marten and the man to be her husband. It would visit sickness, financial ruin, sin and hatred upon them; if men children were born to them they would either die in infancy or grow up unfilial; women children would enter lives of shame.

Softly he tiptoed up the steps, listening intently, then with the inscrutable smile of the oriental he stretched his length before the door, lying upon his back. His right hand fumbled beneath the elaborately trimmed blouse, drew out the long bladed knife and sent it swiftly, surely, into his own pulsing heart.

Anita, The Rebellious

(Continued from Page 48)

occasion? But she stifled her wrath and voiced a demure objection.

"It may be that this son of thine would not care to wed me, should he chance to see me."

"Not so, little one. Already we have arranged it—the good madre and I—that he should see thee when thou knowest not, for we would not have him driven away with frowns and poutings. Eager he is for the marriage morn, and meanwhile he would see more of thee. When may I bring him to call?"

The furious temper that was her birthright flamed into being.

"Unless he would earn my undying hatred let him keep away! I will meet him at the altar, if I must, but till then let him leave me to my unhappiness," she flared hotly, while Don Felipe chuckled till his stout sides shook, chuckled as though at a most excellent joke.

In blazing wrath she fled away to the garden. The deceiving tyrants! The underhand arch-plotters! Thus to bring this stranger to spy upon her while she wove many happy dreams of fancy whose joy was reflected in her face. He had looked upon her youth and her beauty, and now he desired her, quite as though she were a fine horse or a new and shining automobile. And she hated him, hated his very name, which was all that she knew of him! If only Phillip, her dream soldier, were present, she would cast aside all maidenly modesty, and entreat him to save her from the fate that was hers. But Phillip did not come that evening, and flaming rage cooled to sullen resignation.

But though young Ramon respected her wishes, in other ways he played the part of the lover to perfection. Her favorite flowers—her mother must have told him her preferences—arrived daily, together with books and candy, and though she hated the giver, she found delight in the gifts. Then came a ring with a huge diamond, one of the Ramon heirlooms in a new setting, and though at first she refused to wear it, she wove about it a dozen romances in which her soldier bore a leading part.

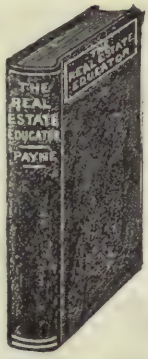
As for Phillip, he came more and more often and strangely enough, her mother had not learned of his visits. But then her rheumatism was more and more troublesome, and she seldom sat in the garden after nightfall. When she did so, Anita sat in a state of nervous dread lest the soldier walk unwarily to his doom, but so far nothing had happened. And though like a dutiful daughter she prayed that her mother be speedily restored to health, yet if she must needs suffer, it was well to make the most of the opportunity her indisposition offered.

Not always were the evenings spent in the garden. Once after long persuasion —it was the day her mother spent in bed —he induced her to accompany him to a moving picture show. At another time they boarded a car and rode to Long Beach, where they sat on the sands and gazed out over the broad Pacific. That was but the beginning of many outings, and though at the outset she had feared lest she encounter someone she knew, she grew bolder as she came to realize that such plebeian amusements were not patronized by the artstocrats of her acquaintance. Curiously enough, she had not learned much of the soldier. He positively refused to talk about himself, and she was still too shy to press her inquiries. And always before her was the consciousness that their friendship was to

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be of short duration, so what did it matter who or what he was?

But as the day of her marriage drew near her long slumbering conscience awoke. She must, she must tell this admirer without delay. But still the days went by and she did not speak. She now wore her engagement ring, hoping that he would guess its significance, but he displayed no curiosity. And then came the last night, the eve of her marriage. This night she must tell. He would despise her always for the deception she had played, but that was no more than justice, and perhaps it would be for the best. And then he came, straight and tall as ever, but with a newly lighted flame in his eyes. Ah, woe, that it should be her doom to quench that flame forever!

"You must never see me again, never!" she began hurriedly lest her courage fail her before the ordeal was over.

"And why not?" he asked carelessly. "Is the good mother, then, so very angry?"

"It is not my mother—she does not know as yet. It is because I am to be married tomorrow—married to another."

There was a moment's silence, while she waited with bent head that she might not see the pain in his eyes.

"Tell me about it," he said softly at length.

"You know how it is—we Spanish marry whom our parents select, not those whom we have learned to love. And my mother has chosen the son of Don Felipe Ramon to be my husband, and the marriage is all arranged for tomorrow. I should have told you long ago, but I found much happiness in your friendship. Pray forgive me if you can."

"You don't pretend to love this Ramon?" he asked, after a little pause.

"I have never seen him.

"And yet you are to marry him?"

"It was arranged by my mother as is the custom of my people."

"You have given him no promise?"

"I have worn his ring; that in itself should be a promise."

"But it's monstrous. How could you ever submit to such tyranny?"

"Because my will is too weak for rebellion. And in the beginning there was no one else whom I loved, so it did not seem to matter."

"And now—is there someone?" he asked breathlessly.

She was silent. Suddenly, without warning, he put both arms about her and drew her close. He bent his head but her face was hidden against his shoulder. There was a little struggle, and then he kissed her. She tore herself free, but he caught her hands and stood facing her.

"Anita, you're mine, all mine."

"No, Phillip, it can never be."

"I don't see why not," he returned stubbornly. "You're not married to that Ramon chap yet. Why can't we slip away and be married before he shows up?"

She tried to evade the question. "Let's pretend it can happen! I've dreamed it again and again. I've put myself to sleep with it—night after night—even though I always woke up crying afterward."

But he would not enter into her mood. Instead, he took her in his arms again and kissed her. "Sweetheart dear, I'd give the world to have that dream come true. And we'll make it come true."

"It is too late," she returned sadly. "Think of the scandal! Why, everything is ready—my gown—the wedding breakfast—and the guests are bidden."

"All the better, we'll give them a surprise," he laughed. Then he grew serious. "Do you really think I'm going to let you marry Ramon?"

"But how can I do anything else?" she asked with a pathetic little sigh.

"Simply by getting up early tomorrow morning — before anyone is awake. There's time to make arrangements. I'll be waiting for you at the gate here, and we'll slip away and be married by Father McCready—chaplain of my regiment, you know. He'll help me fix it. And don't forget to wear that wedding gown!"

He was sweeping her off her feet and she sought to stem the tide by voicing the first objection that occurred to her.

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believe I could do it"—he chuckled impishly—"I know the coachman—he was in my company."

She had to laugh at his impudence, but though he begged and pleaded, she would make no promise. Perhaps—but there she stuck, and finally he desisted.

"Let your heart decide, sweetheart. If you love me truly you will not fail to meet me here."

"And if I do not come?"

"Then may Ramon succeed where I have failed." And without further word he turned away.

She resisted a longing to call him back. Then with an unwonted resolution in her bearing she walked back to the house. Already she had decided.

Shortly before the hour for early mass he was at the gate. Nor had he long to wait. Anita, lovely in her white gown and filmly veil, stole forth from the house and hurried to meet him. Rapturously he kissed her, while she exclaimed delightfully over the orchids he had brought. And he had fulfilled his jesting boast, for the state coach of the Ramons, resplendent in new paint and upholstery, stood at the end of the alley.

"And you dared to do that?" she gasped.

"I did," he chuckled, as he handed her in.

At the church door she faltered, but his hand upon her arm urged her onward. And who was the pretty girl and the young man in khaki who were coming forward to greet her?

"My two cousins, Rose and Patrick O'Neil," said Phillip.

She murmured a polite something. So this amazing bridegroom of hers had provided not only a bridal coach but bridal attendants! But somewhere an organ was playing, and she found herself walking up the aisle to the altar where Father MacCready stood in wait.

The ceremony was over, and Anita on her husband's arm, turned away from the altar. But who were these two smiling at her from the foremost pew? Who but Madame Aguilar and Don Felipe Ramon! Nor was that all. The morning light coming through the stained glass windows touched the snowy locks of the old don with a ruddy glow and brought into relief his fine profile. With a catch of her breath Anita glanced from him to the man at her side. Line for line, the features were the same.

"Who are you?" she whispered.

"Forgive me, dearest. I am Phillip—Felipe Ramon."

"There is nothing to forgive," she murmured.

At the door they clustered about her—the few guests who had been bidden to the ceremony.

"Ah, little daughter," said the old don when it came his turn to kiss her, "a Ramon he is with the features of his ugly old father, though his eyes and hair are the good gift of his Irish mother—May the saints rest her soul! And an Irish heart he has, in that he would have no wife unless he be given the privilege of winning her. And listen—thy good madre has quite recovered from her rheumatism."

The Runaway Girl

(Continued from Page 42)

antly, "but, say, if going to work will make a hit with you, I'd be willing to start in as an office boy. And at the end of that year you mentioned. I'm—"

"Maybe," she laughed roguishly.

"——I'm going to take you to South America on a honey-moon."

"And we'll act as if we have been married for—Oh, ever so long."

"Sure! We'll have an occasional spat—you know, just make believe, so no one will get wise."

"Oh, that will be splendid, but Jimmy—" Her voice took on a plaintive tone—"that wasn't true about the champagne supper for the chorus girls, was it?"

"Why, of course not, dearie. That was only a joke the fellows at school told about me. There wasn't a girl in the whole world that I cared a whoop about until I met you, and then something seemed to tell me——"

But from this point on all love stories are the same. Let us, therefore, draw the curtain before this tale becomes commonplace.

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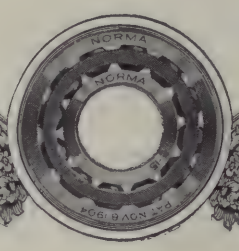
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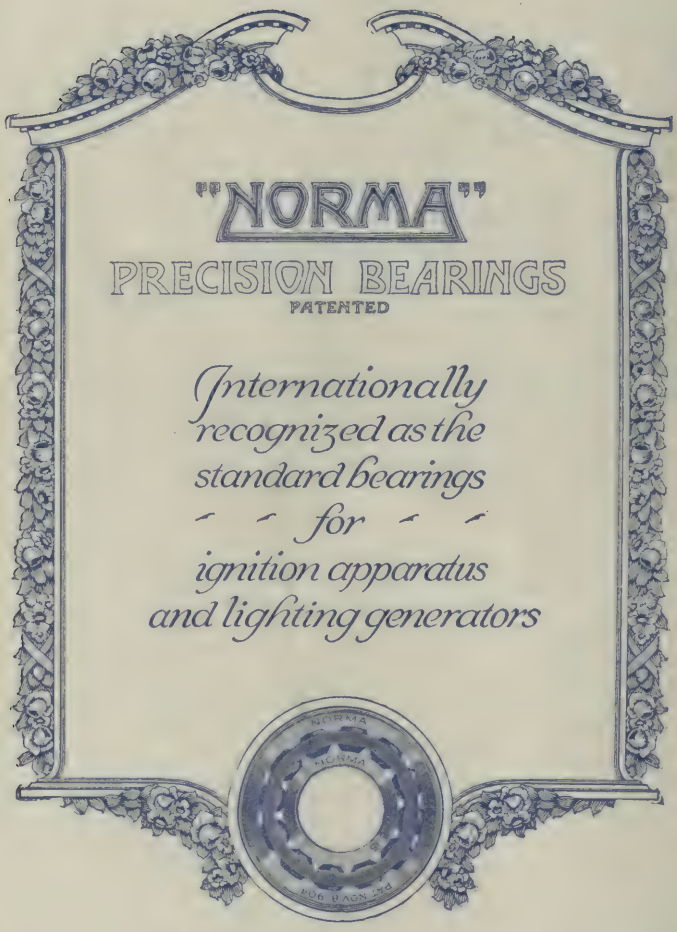
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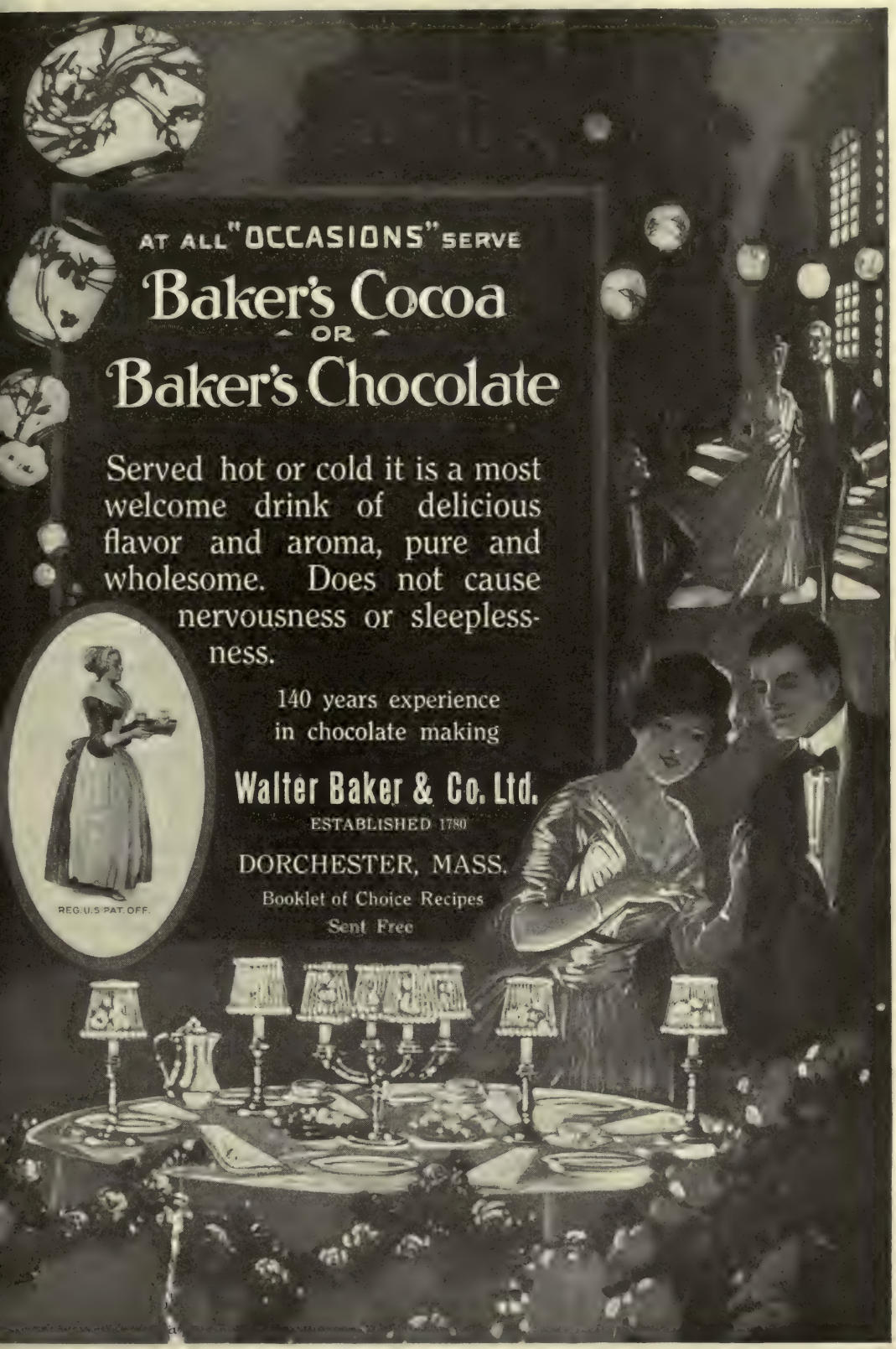
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Proposed School Nationalization

By Thomas E. Flynn

MANY good citizens are surprised by the extraordinary commotion over the removal of the principal of a public polytechnic school in San Francisco. The affair has attained the dimensions of a municipal scandal, and both sides of the controversy are aired in the newspapers and on the platforms. There has been a strike of the pupils of the polytechnic school. Indignant parents have sought the Mayor of San Francisco and presented him with a numerously signed protest against the dismissed principal's discharge. Secret societies are said to be agitated over the affair and threatening reprisals. Civic societies are asking if the public schools cannot be cleaned of small-town politics. All this agitation is most inexplicable to many citizens. We have a large and costly municipal machine to regulate the public schools, and a change of any teacher's position should be a mere trivial detail, to be performed by the well-paid Board of Education.

But in the present instance the Board of Education does not appear to enjoy the full public confidence and the Mayor, as final municipal arbiter, has not stilled the tempest in a teapot.

For such it is—this acrimonious quarrel of the public and the school authorities of San Francisco—when considered by itself, and not as part of a coming storm of protest against State schools which the clouds in the political skies portend.

The little personal affair in San Francisco is only interesting as one of many symptoms that public sentiment toward the public school system of America is changing. The public school is no longer sacred from criticism. Not long ago it was held akin to sacrilege to intimate that civilization had created anything more essential to the advancement of humanity that the "little red school house". There had many of our best statesmen received their primary culture. There had the seeds of true democracy been cultivated, we were told. Evermore should the Goddess of Liberty stand guardian at its portals, her shining sword a menace to all critics; but in recent years many people have come to the front, full of the arrogance of pedantry, perhaps, and thrown figurative bricks at the windows of the revered little red temple of backwoods scholarship.

From out the universities, so many and so worthy in America, has come the scientific proclamation that criticism is the first of all things that intellectual effort of every kind should welcome. Truth is the basis of human progress and criticism is the crucible in which truth proves its quality. Above all things, the public

schools should be held in the blazing focus of pitiless criticism, to demonstrate their efficiency or the lack of it, declares the new class of educational critics.

Just before the world war there was an incipient conflict of higher education and the common school system. Several university dons, including some eminent California professors, found serious defects in the common school system. Undoubtedly the growth of such university criticism would have led to wider attacks on the American public school methods of organization and education, had not the great war occurred. Now, the confusion of public thought, caused by the war, has nearly passed and doubts of the worthiness and efficiency of the American public school are again finding expression. The San Francisco school incident, already referred to in this article, indicates increasing public distrust. In San Francisco the protest against the dismissal of a school principal broadened into a strike of students, who wished to have the cashiered teacher reinstated.

The strike of those San Francisco students, was pointed out as an example of the opposition of the rising generation to lawful restraint; but that would not fully explain the intensity of the demonstrations against the Board of Education. The students and their parents who signed a protest, which was delivered to the Mayor of San Francisco, evidently believed that political favoritism had more effect in the public schools than scholarship.

The many attacks on the school system have made an impression on the American mind and in the next year or so we shall find a more searching light than ever before, illuminating all parts of the educational machine.

To state the matter plainly, there is an organized opposition to the public school system, with the evident intention ot carrying the matter into Congress, and nationalizing the schools by an amendment to the United States Constitution.

It was plain to all thinking persons that if Prohibition could be decreed in the Constitution, and the sovereign powers of the States ignored, other great public changes, including school nationalization, might be accomplished in a similar manner.

Under the Constitution no power has been delegated to Congress to regulate or control education in the several States. The wise heads that thought out the provisions of the Constitution did not forget that the school system of the new Federation of States would be one of its most important functions: but they sanely believed that the safest course lay in trusting the States with educational supervision. Until the principle of National teetotalism was legislated into the United States Constitution, no one dreamed of wresting from the States the power of regulating their public schools. To seriously suggest such a thing would have seemed as radical as to propose the conversion of the office of President of the United States to a permanent dictatorship.

Scarcely has National Prohibition been incorporated in the Constitution, however, when we hear of a legislative plan to deprive the States of their public schools and hand over their control to the Washington Government. The Smith-Towner bill, to nationalize schools, is directly in line with the new idea that a paternal government at Washington shall regulate all the details of a citizen's life, and of his young progeny as well.

Good legal opinion on the Smith-Towner bill is that the proposed measure is highly objectional. The bill is intended to involve other interferences in the local affairs of the States and make those subdivisions of the United States nothing more than geographical distinctions. A policy of "Federalization of Education," as it is called, would lead to a demand for a Constitutional amendment to vest centralized supervision and control in Congress.

Such increase in Federal power and diminution of State authority would be prejudicial to the best interests of the Nation and of the States. The creation of a new executive department to be known as the Department of Education, with a Secretary of Education at the head thereof and as such a member of the President's cabinet, would bring the sub-

ject of education into politics as never before.

Amongst the propositions in connection with the nationalization of schools, is that the States shall receive Federal subsidies for increases of teachers' salaries, and general betterment of the school system. This plan is opposed on the ground that if the State schools once began to receive such Federal support they would lean more and more on the national prop, and lose initiative, and individuality. The acceptance of Federal subsidies would be but the entry of the camel's head into State councils. Soon the whole body of the intrusive animal would crowd out all others.

It is argued that some selfish taxpayers would favor the shifting of the school load to Washington, but that argument cuts little figure. The American taxpayers everywhere have been notable for their uncomplaining liberality to the schools.

One of the dangerous effects of incorporating National reforms in the United States Constitution is that such a method of politics makes it possible for minorities to control in the adoption of Constitutional amendments. We have created so many new States with sparse populations, that it is practicable for thirty-six of them, with only 45 per cent of the Nation's population, to dictate an amendment. Thirteen of those thirty-six States have a total population of less than 5 per cent of the entire American population, but their legislatures have a power of Constitutional amendment, as great as if they represented highly populous centers.

The present movement toward nationalization of the schools is another and very significant proof that local government in the United States continues to lose public confidence. Many good but misguided citizens believe that the centralization of all the governments of the United States, would be advantageous, instead of a calamity. It is true that the richest State now can hardly bear the crushing loads of Federal, State and city taxes. Three separate and extravagant governments are ruinous, but still preferable to a beaurocratic tyranny at Washington, prescribing all the details of a citizen's daily life including the education of his children in a nationalized and standardized school under the control of politico-educational faddists.

Some advocates of school nationalization may say that a politico-educational faddist from Washington could not be a worse selection than the walking delegate of a labor union who was favored for president of the San Francisco Board of Education not long ago because of his political pull. The answer to that would be that the voters of San Francisco could not stop the political deal by invoking the recall and putting the responsible municipal politicians out of office; but getting rid of a Washington bureaucrat approaches the impossible.

The hope that some Federal bureau at Washington can reach a much higher grade of efficiency than State boards of education, is based on the fallacy that mere change of residence and title can convert inefficiency into efficiency. But who are the people that rule at Washington? Are they not chiefly the Toms, Dicks and Harrys, that we knew as petty local politicians, and whose opinions at home were rated far below par. By virtue of a railroad ticket to Washington, and the acquisition of a Federal salary these local incompetents become vested with magical powers of statecraft, and speak on grave public matters with the authority of official supermen.

"What is the Congress of the United States?" asked a senator not long ago, in speaking at San Francisco, before an audience of representative merchants and professional men. "Why, Congress is only a legislative body composed largely of fourth-rate lawyers unable to make a living at home!"

If that definition of the central legislative body of American be correct—and the senator who voiced it has had considerable experience in Washington—what might he say of the Federal bureaus, that are becoming legion, and one of which would undertake the reconstruction of the public schools under a nationalization plan?

The outlook for the schools under Federal bureaucracy might be more encour-

aging, if the States were able to hand over to Washington some system, which met at least partial approval from representative educators. But the differences of opinion on what the public schools most need, are so wide and conflicting, that nationalization would mean little else than total reconstruction—a complete making over, a re-creation by politicians; and everybody knows in advance what that would mean.

The only point on which there seems to be unanimity, is that the public schools are not fulfilling their mission, and intelligent parents are taking alarm at the failure.

An unsparing indictment of our public school system has just appeared in the form of collected papers and addresses of C. H. Grandgent, L. H. D., professor of Romance Languages in Harvard University and corresponding member of the Academia Della Crusca. The book is entitled, "Old and New," and bears the imprint of the Harvard University Press and the Oxford University Press, and so it has all the outward symbols of literary respectability. The author, enumerates his credentials as a critic of educational systems, capable of making intelligent comparisons. In his boyhood he attended eight different schools, seven public and one endowed; later he was a student at three universities, situated respectively in America, France and Germany. During seven subsequent years his business was inspecting schools. In addition to that he had been a university teacher, both in America and France.

If any fault could be found with this list of qualifications it would be on the score of its length. It is not as a cosmopolitan, however, but as an American that Professor Grandgent surveys the educational field in the United States and gives this unwelcome appraisement of our intellectual condition:

"What the American people need more than anything else is plain knowledge; for we are a woefully ignorant nation."

This disparaging estimate by a Harvard professor, would be more painful to our national pride, if we accepted it as absolutely correct. Speaking for myself, I believe that Professor Grandgent has allowed his critical faculty to be obscured by a desire to score heavily against the Modernist methods of teaching. He has fallen into the error of substituting generalization for precise fact.

To calculate the total knowledge of the American people, and compare it with the total knowledge of some other great civilized nation is beyond the powers of all the professors in Harvard, for there is not data sufficient for the purpose. The various governments in their census tables try to enumerate the literates and illiterates, and from those figures deductions as to the learning of the populations are made. The methods of public tuition are also to be taken into account; but at the best such data is to be received with extreme caution. So is Professor Grandgent's conclusion, that we are "a woefully ignorant nation," which of course implies comparison with other nations marvellously well informed. Where are they?

The professor's estimates of American pedagogy are more useful. Here he proceeds according to first-hand knowledge of facts. His cosmopolitan experience should make him a valuable witness, and he evidently desires to be fair as well as frank in his arraignment of our educational methods.

When this Harvard professor asserts with emphatic positiveness that our American school boys lag years behind European lads of their own age, his charge cannot be nullified by declaring that the Yankee boy is the peer of any in mental brightness and resourcefulness. Professor Grandgent cheerfully admits that. Nevertheless Young America absorbs necessary knowledge with less celerity than Young France, for example.

The asserted superiority of European schools is attributed to the Spartan discipline which forces on the pupils a set of studies that American pupils and parents would not tolerate. The vital importance of the child's influence in the American school system is dwelt on by Professor Grandgent. In a community where public instruction is directed by a committee, chosen by parents who in their turn are controlled by their children, strict school standards are impos-

sible. In the last analysis the American pupil shapes his educational career. Parents fear to oppose the young sovereign, and teachers take care that they do not incur the displeasure of the parents by discipline which has any suggestion of harshness. In fact, school, to the American youth between six and eighteen years in Professor Grandgent's opinion, is "merely one element in a highly variegated existence."

Education is not a series of alluring incidents in the life of a school-child in Europe. We have Professor Grandgent's word for it that European pupils "are in a state of bondage."

> Their whole life from six to eighteen years centers in school. The first thing that strikes an American educator on entering a French school is the bleakness of its atmosphere. Handsome though many of the structures be, there is scant suggestion of comfort within. Bare and chilly, the rooms offer no invitation to luxurious ease. The second impression that one gets—if one wait for a second—is an impression of intense mental activity. There is none of the somnolence and little of the inattention that pervade an American classroom. The teacher is really teaching not merely "hearing lessons"; and the learners are really learning. Moreover, they are learning things which from our point of view, are far beyond their years. This estimate is corroborated by further inquiry. As we watch what he does in school and at home; as we converse with him and discover his modes of thought, we are forced to conclude that from start to finish he is forging so rapidly ahead of the American boy that on graduation from the lycee, at seventeen, he will be almost if not quite the equal of the American A. B. of two-and-twenty.
>
> When I call him the equal, I mean that he has as plentiful a supply of knowledge, as ready and accurate a judgment, as mature an understanding, as great a power of application. ...ional...
>
> Intellectually ... n time, if encou... is some five years ahead of our sons. Physically he compares pretty well with an American of his own age. He has worked hard but he has lived wholesomely and has enjoyed a fair allowance of play. Sports, while yonder they do not take precedence of study, are nevertheless pursued with a keen zest.

In spite of the better scholastic results of the foreign schools, Professor Grandgent has a warm spot in his heart for what he terms "our happy-go-lucky method" with the abundant opportunity it affords our children for wholesome exercise. To change it for a sweat-shop European school system does not appeal to him, but he sanely reminds his public that American must henceforth meet new conditions of world competition. We are no longer isolated. We must train our rising generation for a race of the swift. As Professor Grandgent expresses it:

> The time has gone when the ideal American type is the unlettered barefoot boy who arrives in town with two cents in his pocket and promptly becomes a multimillionaire. Soon there will be no place for the incompetent and the seat of the half-competent will be hard. Fierce internal competition must continually raise the standard of acceptability, as it has been raised in France. Painless pedagogy will soon be a thing of the past.

In reading Professor Grandgent's indictment of our school system, one gets the impression that there is "a wholesale desertion" of the public schools by pupils representing the more prosperous class. A principal of a large school is quoted as declaring that "parents are discovering that their children are getting next to nothing in the public schools."

The high school principal's explanation of the deterioration was, that the public schools, for the past ten years, have been teaching theories to teachers instead of knowledge to pupils. The educational field he declared is infested with pseudo-pedagogues, or, colloquially speaking, half-baked experts, whose influence is as strong as it is pernicious. Having collected some information about school ad-

ministration, and the history of pedagogical speculation, a set of arbitrary formulas, some bits of dubious psychology, and, above all, an imposing technical vocabulary, the pseudo pedagogues are accepted as prophets, and given control of our schools. This is the age of bluff when pretenders live on the fat of the land.

In our public schools, experienced and conscientious teachers complain bitterly of the destructive efforts of ever-changing and absurd theories. Teachers are forced to keep up with the kaleidoscopic novelties invented by educational cubists. Most of the school hours are devoted to experiments and records and the wonder is that the luckless pupils acquire anything of practical value. Even in such a simple art as writing the average high school student's best performance is more suggestive of hen-tracks than copperplate.

When it is plain that the public schools are suffering grievously by the influence of ill-informed theorists, transference of school authority from the States to the Federal bureaucracy, would be national insanity—translation of unfortunate pupils and teachers from the sizzling pan of incompetency to the fires of ignorance, politics and graft.

At present the bulk of bureaucratic work at Washington is done by "experts." Expert is a title which covers a multitude of sins of omission and commission. The nationalization of the public schools would set loose a plague of educational experts, similar in number and destructiveness to that which devoured Egypt. As to the qualifications of the "Educational Expert," Professor Grandgent has carefully informed us in his book. Hear him:

> Do not believe that the Educational Expert is a person who has ever educated anybody; no, he is one whose business is to tell others how to do it; his experience having been gained, not in a school but a laboratory. In the old days, a teacher who had distinguished himself in his work, would in time become principal of a school; then, as the years went on, if he proved himself capable, he might be made superintendent. That was the kind of superintendent on whom we used to rely. It is all different now. The teaching and the supervising functions are different from the start; some are trained to teach, others to superintend.
>
> Loaded to the muzzle with statistics, principles of management, educational theory, and pedagogical psychology, the expert is prepared to apply to the children the very latest system of intellectual feeding, and to exact from the teacher all the calculable motions of maximum efficiency. He talks a language of his own, almost unintelligible to the layman.

If we can accept the conclusions of Professor Grandgent, hard conscientious study is not necessary to the graduation of an American boy. Nothing short of death can prevent his acquisition of a diploma, and he can obtain it, although in his scholastic preparations "he may never have done anything right." The basic principle of public education in America at present, declares the Professor, is that study shall be robbed of all its disagreeable features and a college degree made such a snap that every child is virually born a Bachelor or Master of Arts. Professor Grandgent, ironically suggests that the popular demand for scholastic distinction without study be met by conferring a Bachelor of Arts degree on every child at its birth. The objection to that subtle suggestion for tickling parental pride, is that degrees would be even of less value than now, when a street sweeper receives $6 a day and college instructors are lucky to get over $3. However we try to expunge hard study from the schools, the fact will remain that there never has and never will be a royal road to education. A scholar is not made such by just calling him one, any more than a thistle can be converted into a rose by a change of botanical terms.

Admitting all this, and conceding that the American public schools have serious drawbacks inseparable from our present [illegible] condition it must be

conceded that they have been a great boon to mankind. They may turn out pupils who are five years behind European students, trained under concentrative systems, but they have been a tremendous aid in the national incorporation of unpromising material, cast upon our shores by many foreign countries. The melting pot of America has been a marvel and inspiration to the world, and the public schools have been the chief factor in its efficiency. Although the present tendency of the world is decadent, the American public schools have helped to level up rather than level down the raw material of new Americanism. The masses may not have been made into myriads of Admirable Chrichtons, but they have been made capable of comprehending, in some degree, the greatness of their national inheritance. Our schools have helped to preserve the strong national spirit, which finds expression whenever the occasion arises.

Like every form of human endeavor the public schools must undergo some change or cease to function. Ceaseless change is the visible register of progress or decay. In a young and virile nation like ours, continuous decadence of the public school system is unthinkable. The time may have come to criticize their methods but not to abandon them to the tender mercies of a Federal bureau for reconstruction.

That our States and cities are capable of directing all needed reform in the public schools is shown by what has already been accomplished in various parts of the United States. Not every public school system in America, is like that of San Francisco which contemplated the appointment of a walking delegate of a labor union as president of the Board of Education, in compliment to his political pull. Several American communities, in the older and more conservative centers, have attained an educational status of which any metropolis in Europe would be proud. All through the United States thousands of patriotic and conscientious teachers are trying to do their full duty to their pupils, in spite of all handicaps imposed by educational and other demagogues. In time, if encouraged by a proper public spirit and supported by a public press which set patriotism above advertising profits, even the public school system of San Francisco would be a pride to the millions of good citizens in California.

While in matters of pedagogic details, the elimination of theoretical humbugs and the expulsion of demagogues, our American public schools have serious work to accomplish, the most invidious influence to be overcome, is the Modernist propaganda that the world is being made over on new planes; that we shall all be guided by a special Providence, friendly to every form of extravagance and vicious pleasure and radically hostile to the Ten Commandments.

The world has never seen a period, when a new generation so unhesitatingly repudiated the long-established moral code of its ancestors. For nearly two thousand years the Mosaic Decalogue gained in force and effect in the civilized world, but within the last decade there has been a revolt against all conventions, which consigns to perdition whatever in Society, Art, Literature and Politics was held praiseworthy. We now see exalted to the pedestal of Sublime Respect all that the moral censors had catalogued as unspeakable. The scriptural admonition to "honor thy father and thy mother," must be prefixed by "Don't" to comply with the ethics of Modernity. The commandment against bearing false witness, is modified to sanction rank perjury if it will be better for your bank account. The grave warning against murder is construed as a joke, while the homicide record stands at something like 11,000 killings a year, and most of the slayers go scot-free. The inhibition of theft, can hardly be regarded as serious when private profiteers take the little left by Government tax collectors, and the admonition against coveting thy neighbor's wife is merely a rhetorical flourish, wholly irreconcilable with the increasing records of the divorce court. The scriptural injunction against laboring more than six days is the only one which finds ready acceptance amongst the Modernists, for their plans of mundane reconstruction, seem to contemplate the ultimate classifi-

cation of all useful work as a crime against humanity.

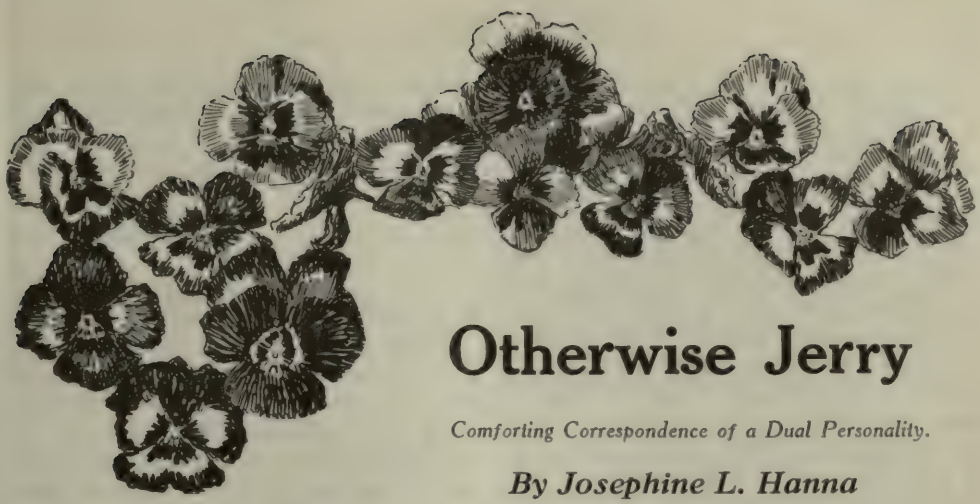
The world has experienced various decadent periods, where new generations decreed the repudiation of established standards of civilization. The tides of human progress, like those of the ocean, ebb and flow, but never rest. The impressive magnitude of the present revolt against the conventionalities is a manifestation of world democracy. Never have the masses enjoyed so many privileges as now, when most of the dynastic kings and emperors are thrown in the discard, and the hoi polloi, make and unmake the codes, with sublime disregard of economic laws and the experience of their forefathers. Scientific thought has impaired the solidarity of transcendental faith and the churches complain of the popular desertion. The former worshipers are more interested in speed laws than homilies on salvation, for their creed admits only of the present moment, and sufficient unto the day are the evils thereof. Let the morrow take care of itself. All conquering, omniponent democracy having the world made safe for it, is endeavoring to remake the world on new lines by tabooing all olden models.

In the bygone days, the king was the arbiter elegantiarum. The nobility, aristocracy and the plebs, took heed of what he wore and how he spoke and the moral codes he practiced. Thus there were established standards of honor, of courtesy, and all that passed for the amenities of civilized life. They came down to us from the days of chivalry, and their extermination would leave us in rather a difficult situation. It is no easy task even for a triumphant world democracy to construct out of its inner consciousness, and without any models, a complex social structure, which shall surpass the achievement of all the ages.

So far the recreation has been chiefly productive of Jazz—Jazz Politics, Jazz Ethics, Jazz Music, Jazz Dancing, Jazz Art. It would seem appropriate that the four corners of the civilied world, safe for democracy, should be marked by mammoth statues of the great god Jazz, who is so vigorously shouldering out of popular esteem all other divinities.

Of course this world revolt against reason is but temporary hysteria accentuated by the conditions following a terrible war. Truth and sanity always assert themselves. Vice and virtue inevitably regain their true relations. The pendulum perpetually swings and the world, however disturbed by unusual forces, always regains its correct poise.

It would be an absurd forecast of American history, that having accomplished so much in their national life of less than two hundred years, the American people suddenly became bereft of all their characteristic sanity and forcefulness, and passed into a state of moral deterioration and decay. The American people can be relied on to resist destructive innovations, adverse to the teachings of their sturdy forefathers. Their public schools, properly developed under intelligent State control, will be the most powerful factor in the preservation of the commonwealth in peace, honor and prosperity.



Otherwise Jerry

Comforting Correspondence of a Dual Personality.

By Josephine L. Hanna

DO YOU BELIEVE in dual personality? I do! You see I had two personalities myself, and that is why I believe in it. I think everybody does, only they won't admit it.

My two personalities were "Geraldine" and "Jerry". They were just as different as they could be, and yet they got along beautifully, even if they did cause each other a good bit of worry. The trouble was that Geraldine always required so much money, and Jerry didn't have it to give to her. But Jerry loved her, just the same and used to write to her quite frequently. Some folks would have written a diary, I suppose, but it always seems so silly to write to nobody, so Jerry wrote to Geraldine, and sometimes Geraldine wrote back and it seemed more like writing to somebody real instead of writing to a fencepost. They were funny little letters and I thought perhaps you might like to read them, too, so here they are and may some other Jerry in the world obtain a little comfort from them.

August 15, 1919.

Dear Lady Geraldine:

I love to call you "Lady" Geraldine, because it fits you so. And you love to be called "Lady" Geraldine, though you are too polite to say so. But I know you like it, because you are really me. You are my other self, who has never had a chance to live where people could see you, but who is alive under the outside "me," just the same. Ever since I was a little girl I have played with you and pretended I was you, but I have never really been "you." Some day I am going to be you, though, and meanwhile I am going to write to you to keep you alive until I can really let you live.

Mother never let me play with other little girls very much when I was little, because I couldn't afford to play with nice little girls, and she didn't want me to play with bad ones. That is why I played with you so much. If I hadn't, you might have died a long time ago. I am glad mother did keep me away from bad little girls, because now you can live some day, and the other me—the one that it writing this letter—can die and leave you in peace. I know you are going to live, Geraldine, dear, because I have it all planned out just how I am going to give you a chance when I finish college.

Yes, I am going to college! I had forgotten that I hadn't told you, but that is to be your chance for existence. I haven't any rich uncle or godfather who is going to put me through, otherwise you might begin to live now. But just wait until I finish working my way through college, then Jerry will quietly pass out of existence and you, "Lady" Geraldine, will begin to live. And you will live, too, though you may have to learn how to use your wings at first. But you will use them and you will fly so high that you will forget that Jerry, the drudge, ever existed.

Ever since I was a little girl, I have wanted to go to college. I used to read stories about college life and college people, and just ache to go. When I was

in high school I made up my mind that I was going. I had to work my way through the last two years of high school, and it wasn't much fun, but all the time you were there with me, and I knew you would come out all right in the end. When I finished high school I didn't see how I could possibly go to college, and for a year I worked in a stuffy office and rarely ever spoke to you. Only once in a while I put on a pretty dress I kept hung up in my closet, and pretended I was you. Those were the times I went to see Billy's mother. Billy's mother is a Lady who was a Geraldine once, but who had to go back to being a Jerry when Billy's father died. And if Billy were a girl he would be a Geraldine, too. But Billy is only a boy and doesn't know the difference between a Geraldine and a Jerry. Billy's mother knows, though, and she makes me almost feel as though I were a Geraldine already, when I go to see her.

For a year, you remember, I worked in an office, and all the while the chances for going to college got slimmer and slimmer. Then, all of a sudden my chance came. It wasn't a thrilling story-book chance, like I had dreamed of, but it was a chance and I took it; a lady in a college town wanted a college girl to stay with her and help her with the housework for her board and room. The minute I heard it, I said, "That college girl is going to be me!"—and it is.

Here I am in my new room in that lady's house, writing in my new diary, and you, Lady Geraldine, are going to live! Billy's didn't want me to come because he said I would have to do "menial tasks," and besides he said he would miss me, but Billy's mother said, "Run along, Jerry, dear, and work your way through college if you want to. You will be just that much bigger and better for having done it, and in the end you will have something to show for it." She didn't know that I was planning on killing myself off, and letting you live instead, but if I had told her I am sure she would have understood. As for Billy—he is working his way through a little college near where he lives, and I don't see why he thinks I can't.

Good night, dear Lady Geraldine, and keep your spirits up; you will live yet! Four years seems like a long time, but what are four years, compared to a whole lifetime?

Lovingly,
JERRY.

August 18, 1919.

Dear Darling Lady Geraldine:

College is the most wonderful place! I have been here three days and I have seen so much and heard so much in those three days and I feel like a balloon. If anybody should stick me with a pin I am sure I would pop—loud! You have been enjoying yourself so much, dear Lady, even though you couldn't see out very well. But you have been absorbing it all through me, even though I haven't had time to really sit down and think it over.

I am going to like the lady, Mrs. Livingston, with whom I am staying, too. She is so lovely to me, and has three nice girls, high school age, and two funny little boys. She seems to realize that you are here with me, Lady Geraldine, even though I have never shown you to her. That would be very bad manners and besides, you wouldn't like to be placed in the position of cook, which Jerry occupies.

Yes, Geraldine, I am a cook! I am not a cook lady—I am just a plain cook. Even Mrs. Livingston can't make me forget that, no matter how nice she is to me. If I did forget it, then you might begin to live and that would never do, because you would have to cook and do dishes and clean house—terrible! You must never do those things, Geraldine. I will not let you. When I do those things, I am just Jerry and you are downstairs in my closet, fastened up in my one pretty dress. That is where you belong—in pretty dresses—anyway.

My duties are very simple. In the morning, I dust the downstairs. Then I go to college and at night I get dinner and do the dishes. On Saturdays I am to clean the whole downstairs with the vacuum cleaner, too, and to dust it. That is all I have to do here, and all day long I go to College. Every time I say that word I say it with a capital "C," because it sends such thrilly little feelings

all over me that I have to shut my eyes tight and hold my mouth shut with my hands to keep from squealing. Of course I must never do anything so unladylike as that, because I must always remember that while you aren't really alive now, some day you will be. Then you will live in my body, and other folks will remember that Jerry was unladylike, and they might not see that you have come to take her place.

All my life I have known what I was going to study when I came to college. It is a very ladylike study and will fit well with your name, "Lady Geraldine," when you get ready to use it. It is music. I have chosen that not only because I think you ought to know it, but because we both love it and want it more than anything else.

My most interesting course is the one in History of Music. I have so much fun finding out about all the musicians. Most of them were Jerries who wanted to be Geraldines, but not very many of them got to, except for short periods at a time when they were writing their music. They must have been Geraldines then. Most of the people say those moments were inspired moments. But I don't believe they were; I believe the musicians were just wanting to be Geraldines and that was their way of doing it, at least for a short time. After all, a Geraldine is just the fulfillment of a Jerry's dreams of happiness.

I am not exactly settled in all my classes yet, but I know pretty well what they are going to be like and I am going to love every minute of college work. I am going to be very busy, though, so I shan't have much time to write to you, but I will never forget you for a moment and you must always keep me reminded of the fact that I must be a lady, for your sake.

Your adoring other self,

JERRY.

August 25, 1919.

Dearest Lady Geraldine:

College is wonderful and I love it to pieces and I'm not a bit tired of it, but I would like to be at home right now. I don't think I'm homesick, because I am too happy for that, but I would like to see the folks at home just for a little while.

A letter from Billy just came and it sounded so much like him that I could almost see him. But then when I got through reading it and looked up and he was not there I almost forgot I had you. I just sat and stared out of the window until a tear splashed on my hand, then I jumped up and stuck Billy's letter in the envelope and got out my diary to write to you.

You are such a comfort, Lady Geraldine. I don't know what I should do without you. Billy is a nice boy, but he doesn't understand me as well as you do. I wasn't crying because I wanted to see him, anyway—at least I don't think I was. No, I'm not quite sure I wasn't. I just felt lonesome and sorry for myself and forgot that all the time I had you to talk to.

Billy really isn't the least bit sympathetic, anyway. He thinks I won't stick it out up here; but we'll show him, won't we, Geraldine. Why, he even said that if I ever got tired of college to let him know, because he would always be waiting for me. The idea! As if I would marry him. Why, Lady, dear, if I married him you never would get a chance to live. He's nothing but a poor civil engineer. Of course, he says he won't always be poor, but I'm not going to take a chance on losing you, and you couldn't live in poverty.

Why, I feel better already for having talked to you. Guess I'll do something now, so good night, dear Lady. I'll answer Billy's letter when I have more time to spare.

JERRY.

September 15, 1919.

Dear Neglected Lady Geraldine:

It is almost three weeks since I have written to you, but for once in my life I don't have to feel ashamed of neglected correspondence. You have been with me all the time and you know just how busy I have been. And besides, you have enjoyed yourself almost as much as I have. Every once in a while you have peeped out of your hiding place and stepped in front of Jerry and looked upon the world in your own right. There was

a time I played the piano for the professor in musicianship. That was really you, not Jerry, that played. And when I was invited up to that sorority house for luncheon, it was you who went and ate there, even if you did have on Jerry's old clothes. Jerry had taken good care of her clothes because of you, and Jerry has also practiced using good table manners because of you. You must never forget that, Geraldine. But the time you took Jerry's place the longest was the night of the big Freshman rally. It was you who sat there with all those other students around the big bonfire; it was you who laughed and talked to your own kind; and it was you who sang the college songs with your whole heart. Oh, Geraldine, I can hardly wait until you can be me all of the time. You left Jerry at home that night hung up in her big apron on the kitchen door.

Of course you went right back to the closet the next morning, and you stayed in Jerry's body all evening, and that night, too, after you got home. And the next day, when Billy's letter came I didn't shed a tear. Why, Geraldine, when you begin to live you will be able to pick any kind of a man you want for a husband, while I, Jerry, can only attract poor men like Billy. Of course Billy is nice and he can't help it because he is poor, and he will make a very nice friend after you are married. But I mustn't ever let Billy marry me because he would be marrying you, too, and would be very bad for you. I have to keep saying that so I won't forget it, because you must live at all costs.

Lovingly,
JERRY.

November 24, 1919.

My Dear Lady:

The last time I wrote to you I thought I would write you at least once a week, and here it is over two months since I have written. But they have been a busy two months, as you know, and Jerry has been predominant most of the time. I had a birthday in October, and am twenty-one years old. That seems awfully old, doesn't it, Geraldine, and just think! We will be twenty-four when we finish college. I wonder if anyone will want to marry you then, Geraldine. You will be rather old, but perhaps I can make you look young with the aid of the beauty parlor and face doctors. Of course I shall have to make some money after I graduate before I can take you to be made young again. but it seems to be the only way out. And of course I have stopped telling folks when I have birthdays because they might count up my age some day when I don't want them to.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving day and you are going to be locked up tight in the closet because you mustn't interfere with me while I get dinner and serve it. I think I am going to enjoy getting dinner, but I would enjoy ever so much more just being you and sitting at the foot of the table with a nice big man at the head, carving the turkey and saying, "White meat or dark, Lady, dear?" Or perhaps he might say, "Please have some more cranberry sauce, Geraldine, dear." At any rate he would always call me "dear," and he would never call me "Jerry."

I don't think I shall be able to write to you again until after Christmas, because I am going to be awfully busy getting ready for the final examinations and after that will come the holidays and I am going home and have such a good time that I won't have time to write to you; but I will write you a big long letter when I come back to college.

I almost forgot to say that Billy sent me a lovely little lavaliere for my birthday. Of course, I sent it back to him, because he mustn't be allowed to think he is going to marry you. I really wanted to keep it because it was so pretty and made me feel like you when I tried it on. But I didn't, and he hasn't written to me since. I'm sorry, because I do like to hear from him and he would be such a good friend for you to have after you are married (to some other man, I mean).

Good bye, dear Lady, until after Christmas. Yours affectionately,

JERRY.

January 13, 1920.

Dearest Geraldine:

A whole month of holidays; Dear! but didn't we have a good time? Of course you did't get out much because I

didn't have enough pretty dresses in which to clothe you, but I had a good time even if I was just Jerry.

At first I wasn't going to let Billy come to see me because he had been so mean about writing, but he begged so hard that finally I let him come.

I put on my one pretty dress and made believe I was you, only I wasn't; all the time I was just Jerry, even if I did have on your dress. And just because I was Jerry, I was glad as I could be to see him. I tried so hard not to be glad, for your sake, Geraldine, but it didn't do any good. I was just plain glad and finally gave in and had a perfectly lovely time being glad. Then he took me to see his mother and all of a sudden I was Geraldine and I liked Billy just as well as when I was Jerry—even better. I even let him give me the lavaliere that I wouldn't take on my birthday, and it gave me such a nice, wealthy feeling when I put it around my neck. I have made up my mind, Geraldine, that you must marry a wealthy man —not just a man comfortably fixed—but a man with scads of money, and a big house and servants and everything.

I have been back in College three days, and of course I am glad to be here. I think I am being rushed by a sorority. You know, Geraldine, when a girl is being rushed by a sorority it means that the girls in that sorority are thinking of asking her to become a member. I would like very much to be asked to join, because it will mean a great deal to you when you begin to live, but I mustn't think too much about it because I might not be asked. Of course it will be you that will go to all of these affairs, because you would be more apt to make a good impression than Jerry would, so you must be ready to hop into your best dress whenever I want you to. Of course you can't really live yet without some more pretty clothes, but you will pass very well for the time being, and I do hope you make the sorority.

Yours anxiously,

JERRY.

Dear Little Jerry: January 18, 1920.

It is I, Geraldine, who it writing to you, Jerry, for the first time in my life. It seems very strange to be writing to you, but for the time being you have gone away and I have taken your place. I probably shan't stay very long, but while I am here, I must record my experiences so you will be sure not to forget them.

I am so happy, Jerry, that I can scarcely write. I made the sorority—my bid came this morning—and I met the Man Saturday night. He is just the man you would want me to marry, I am sure, and I am so glad to be able to make you happy. He is big and handsome and has tons of money; he has social position and is wild about me! He didn't say so, but I could tell. He looked at me just like Billy used to look at you, and I am sure he is the one.

Of course He doesn't know that you are working my way through college, and he mustn't ever know it, because when I become Mrs. Lady Geraldine it would never do to have the ghost of Jerry, the cook, lurking in the background. He doesn't know much about me, but I know a great deal about him—I found out from different girls. His name is Clyde Ainsworth. I am quite sure of him, but that is because you have trained me so well, Jerry. Even after you are dead and gone I will never forget what you have done for me.

But tonight I am so happy that I would like to be you so I could laugh and sing as loudly as I pleased. I feel that I shall leave presently, so good-bye little Jerry.

Your beloved new self,

LADY GERALDINE.

Dearest Geraldine: March 1, 1920.

Only two months and a half of college and then I must find some way to make money enough to pay for your tuition into the sorority. You cause me a good bit of worry, Geraldine, but I love you, just the same. I don't know yet what I am going to do, but I think I shall work in a hotel at some summer resort. I shall skin my hair back and wear glasses so no one on earth will recognize me, so don't worry for fear I shall ruin your reputation, dear. I wouldn't do that for anything.

Clyde is a wonderful man. I am sure you are going to be so happy with him.

He has asked you to marry him and I am so glad. That big diamond of his looks beautiful on my hand. Of course my hands will whiten up a lot when you get to be Mrs. Ainsworth. Then I shan't have to do any "menial tasks." Wasn't it Billy who said he didn't want me to do any "menial tasks?" Well, that was very thoughtful of Billly, but just see what I would have missed if I had taken his advice. I would have missed having you meet Clyde. Wouldn't that have been terrible.

You know, Geraldine, the first time Clyde kissed you I had the funniest feeling. I felt that you and I were both the same person and for an instant when his face was coming close I thought I saw Billy's face between his and mine and Billy's face looked awfully sad. But it was gone the next instant and I have never been troubled that way since. I wonder how Billy felt when I wrote him about your engagement? He wrote me a funny little note of good wishes for the future and that is the last I have heard from him. Wish I knew whether he cared or not. Of course it doesn't make any difference to me whether he does or not; because I am going to die pretty soon, anyway, and you are going to marry Clyde Ainsworth and live happily ever after. But if Billy did care, I feel a little bit sorry for him.

I don't think I shall write to you much longer, because you are getting beyond me and I feel that my days are numbered.

But Geraldine when you get to be Mrs. Lady Geraldine Clyde Ainsworth, don't forget about me and if you ever see Billy be nice to him.

Lovingly,

JERRY.

June 1, 1920.

Dearest Lady Geraldine:

I have come back to life and I am the most uphappy mortal that ever came up out of the grave.

It is not your fault that I am unhappy. It is my fault for leaving you so soon. I should never have left you waiting on tables at Carmel. A person can not be a waitress and a lady at the same time and I should have known it. But I didn't suppose Clyde Ainsworth would ever come way off down here for dinner. Oh, dear Lady Geraldine! No wonder you fainted when you saw him. And now he is gone and your ring is gone with him. He wanted to take you with him but of course you couldn't do that because the ghost of Jerry, the cook, would always have made you unhappy.

But he is gone and you are back in my closet and I am more alive than I ever was before. I don't think you ever will meet anyone so suitable for you again and am so tired trying to marry you off so I can die in peace.

Now I suppose I shall have to go back to college and work for my room and board. That's about the only thing I can

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THE VALLEY OF THE MOON

By Edna Poppe Cooper

In sunset's glimmering, the daylight dies;
Through pathless forests, night is on its way;
Dream meadows slumber 'neath star-studded skies;
And shadows stir before the dawn of day.

Now, vagrant winds sigh through the fields of corn,
While morning hours drift on to golden noon;
I find the woodlands where my dreams were born—
In fair Sonoma's Valley of the Moon.

Bread Upon The Waters

By Ethyl Hayes Sehorn

AT YOUR BACK, high up on the towering ridge to the north, the Sierra Buttes, that aggressive bulk of solid rock projecting its hoary domes some nine thousand feet above the sea, shone forth this day in emblazoned tremendousness with its glittering drifts of eternal snow. Huddled in the granite recesses of the crag's base, crystal lakes shimmered in summer sun. Below formidable mountain chains retreated in undulated divisions. And yet below—way, way below—down in the core of a rugged gorge, lay Downieville, most picturesque mining town of the "Turbulent Fifties."

This, however, is not a tale of Downieville, that wistful, romantic, historic queen camp of the sparkling Yubas, but a chronicle of her sons—a tale of love and great sacrifice—of friendship of great-hearted men, who shouldered their picks and their grubstakes and turned their backs on the lure of the town and set out valiantly and hopefully in quest of the golden thread that wove its way in the gravel leads that intersected the hills.

The days of the '50's, the '60's and the '70's had waned before our story begins (and it begins thirty years before it ends), so then, the middle of the '80's still fruitful, if e'en a little less colorful, found mining affairs edged on the brink of crippling laws—and beheld the glory of gold days departing.

We must go back to those days—back to the youth and the time of hope and burning ambition of one Thomas McKee and his partner, Andy Chapman, who forsook the lights of the town and the companionship of their fellowmen to stake out a claim and build them a cabin way up on the crest of a densely wooded summit, up where tall fir trees clinging bravely to steel hillsides, shot heavenward like long, slim spires. Way up in the high altitude where squaw cabbage and sweet balsam grew and the crimson snow plant thrived, the partners found the Elysium of long cherished dreams.

Thomas McKee sat on the little rude bench by the door of the cabin and whittled a stick and cussed.

"Why, that old scorpion, Driscoll's raisin' hell about our slickin's. He's jest lately joined the Grangers and he's tuk with the notion that nobody has any rights no more but the farmer—that's what he's thinkin' these days, Chapman."

Andy merely puffed at his rank old pipe and said nothing. Even in his youthful days Andy was a dour customer.

"He filled up the water ditches agin yesterday and swore he'd blow us and the diggin's to glory—and besides git the law on us—ef we didn't stop shootin' them tailin's down into Mohawk Valley."

Andy looked down the canyon where a school of little lakes mirrored the wake of the traveling sun.

"I think hydraulic mining is doomed," he said at last, and with much deliberation took the stale pipe out of his mouth and then in a minute or so with even more deliberation put it back in again and began to puff once more.

At the remark Thomas's temper flew out of bounds.

"You do—you saphead, you! That's a pretty thing to be a thinkin' jest when we have struck color and gravel and must have a good play o' water. The next time that old devil shuts the ditches off—I'll—I'll punch his head in."

"Oh, walk on about your business and don't listen at him," was Andy's advice to his excitable partner.

However, it was but two days later when Andy stamped into the cabin and startled his partner, whose week it was to be cook, by an unusual outburst of vehemence and denouncement of their farmer neighbor, Driscoll, in the little valley below.

"He's filled in the ditches, smashed the sluice boxes, cut holes in the hose and other cussed things too numerous to mention," raved the miner, "an' I caught him as he was leavin' and hollered to him, but he don't stop—only long enough to yell that ef eny more water goes over that hill he will come up and wreck our establishment. And right there's where I stops an' tells him—ef he does, I takes some fuse and some caps and enough powder and goes down and will blow his bloody ranch off the map! I warned him."

McKee meditatingly wiped his nose on the dish towel.

"That," he remarked at length, "was an apt remark. A good idear, a good idear."

"I hope it scares the old skunk," was Andy's comment.

The farmer was a man not easily scared it proved, to judge from his subsequent deeds and miscreant actions.

The law and its bidding was too slow for Driscoll. He was a man of quick action—also one of determination, and he made up his mind to settle his own difficulties with his offending neighbors in his own way.

And as they aggravatingly, persistently and uncompromisingly continued to run sluice tailings down the hill, Driscoll aggravatingly, persistently, uncompromisingly and methodically continued to heap violence upon their property.

"Ef you can build receivin' reservoirs to catch water, you kin build debris dams to retain water," he yelled at his arch enemies one day.

"Dams be damned!" had returned Andy.

"Ef I had my shot gun the recein' sieve I'd make o' you wouldn't hold even coarse debris," was the parry McKee flung after him.

One Sunday evening after a two days trip down to Downieville on a provision expedition, McKee and Chapman returned to find their cabin in ashes.

Without a second's hesitation the partners laid the crime at Driscoll's door.

Driscoll may or may not have fired the cabin. There was never any evidence to prove that he did and he could not be convicted on mere supposition. There were many to prove that the farmer had spent Saturday night and Sunday in Boozeburg, having what he called a good time—playing cards and poisoning himself thoroughly with the bibulous ambrosia. Anyway, there was no conclusive evidence to prove that he was the firebug, even if the majority did condemn him in their thoughts.

Nothing in the world could have persuaded Thomas McKee and Andy Chapman differently. Comrades might suggest that Andy had left too hot a fire in the stove—or that a spark escaped in some manner to ignite the roof, but with the miners, no, it could not be—no chance in the world. In their minds the whole thing was confirmed. It was but a part of the old potato raiser's love for vengeance and miserable and cold out in their ill-provised tent, they cursed him and villified him.

And all the while in his outraged heart, Tom McKee planned retaliation. But he kept his pet secret from Andy—for as bitter as Andy might be—as hard and as crabbed and as obstinate, he was, as McKee knew what others did not know, finely scrupulous. Andy might rave and roar and threaten with unreasonable excitement, but his principles were too solid,



Downieville, a Creation of the California Gold-Seekers in the "Turbulent Fifties."

too narrow, Tom thought, to dally in any by-paths of crime.

McKee, with no such fine conscience, decided to wait until the deed was done before consulting. Andy might rage—he might, even as he fumed, marginally appreciate, but he could not frustrate, it would be over!

So it was one noon when McKee came up the hill with a rollicking smile of all's-well-with-the-world on his weather tanned face, that Chapman met him at the door of the tent with a glance of unusual inquiry.

"Where you been?" was his abrupt question.

Tom flopped down on the ground and mopped his brow.

"I," he exclaimed vaingloriously, "have jest been about doin' a courageous man's work."

"Ye-ah," conceded Andy, "watchin' red ants run down a dirt hole, no doubt."

McKee laughed.

"Some better 'an that," he promised. "Say, down in Mohawk Valley they've been havin' fireworks. I've been about doin' what you threatened to do, but didn't have the innards to do. I jest went down an' blew ole Driscoll's house to glory!"

"You what!"

"I put twenty sticks of powder under ole Driscoll's house an' capped it—"

"My God!"

"I thought the mountain was goin' to be uprooted when she blew up!"

"Did anyone see you, Tom?"

"I hope not. I saw no one."

Andy scrutinized him, then said sarcastically:

"I see that you tuk precaution to wear my boots instead of your own. By Cripy, I'd thank you to keep your pedals out of my shoes."

McKee startled, looked down at his feet.

"Gad, Andy," he said, "I can't tell yours from mine unless I see them in the light. I got up before daylight to clear out before you woke up. Why in seven devils, can't you keep your boots by the side of your own bunk?"

"Say, with this yere tent so dang small, ain't I in luck if I keep them outer the bread box?"

"I tuk care to walk on stones and in the grass, but ef you are scared about it, I'll trade shoes with you. You keep mine an' I'll keep yourn."

"Thanky jest the same," tartily, "but I find that I favor my own comfortable boots to these corn pinchers of yourn. I'll take back my own shoes ef you don't mind."

Then Tom began to chuckle.

"I'd of liked to see ole Driscoll when he got home."

Andy collapsed on the bench.

"You fool!" he stormed, "are you a crazy man or a yegg—to be about destroyin' people's property? The outrage of it!"

"The outrage of nothin'. Didn't he start it?"

"Are you pickin' that blood sucker fer your model?"

"I'll say that I'm glad that I blew up the shack," Tom yelled.

"Not so loud," Andy cautioned, "I'm trying to tell you that you will be sent up—or I will."

"You? I'd like to know—"

"You'll know soon enough. I was comin' up the Mohawk trail myself a half hour ago—not so very long after your blastin' and who do I meet on the first summit but Bill Parsons—"

"The sheriff!"

"Bill's out lookin' fer some cabin pilferers who are plyin' their trade up round this way—an' as there was a telegram for you the operator trusts Bill to bring it up to you."

"A telegram fer me? Can't be, man, nobody sends me telegrams."

"Here it is," vouched Andy, "no mistake."

McKee took the telegram and looked at is dubiously.

"It's fer me," he said at length and ripped it open.

It read:

"Father died Tuesday. Feel that I must spend the rest of my days with you. Send immediate instructions to—

"MOTHER."

McKee handed the sheet to his partner.

"My father died," he said quietly,

"an' he was a fine old man," then with a glow on his face he heralded: "Say, ole Andy, the bread an' pie that we'll git to eat from now on will be somethin' worth talkin' about. Mother's comin'."

"What are you goin' to do—keep her in this old windy tent?" sour Andy wanted to know.

"No siree!" exclaimed Tom, "we're goin' to git busy at once an' build a regular cabin."

"Ye-ah," observed Andy, "ef the pen don't have us both before the foundation is laid."

* * * * * *

The cabin was never built. It was no time before the net of the law began to encircle them.

"I think you are right," McKee admitted finally. "The law is after me. What it can prove—I don't know, an' wouldn't care, it was worth it judgin' from what we hear of ole man Driscoll's fury. Ma's arrival an' the anticipation of havin' her find me a jailbird is the only thing that gits me."

Andy scratched his head and ridded his mouth of his pipe.

"I've thought it all out, Tom," he said, an' that thing mustn't happen. On top of your father's recent death that disgrace would be too much for the old lady. Imagine, to come way out here to find you in prison—or worse, both of us in behind the bars an' no one to provide for her!"

"Ef I only knew what evidence they've got," fussed Tom.

Andy laid his old pipe on the table. He was a man who offered homage to aged parenthood. He was a man who paid fealty to friendship.

"As I said, Tom, I've thought it all out an' there is only one way. The fracas must be settled by the time your mother gits here—an' you must be here to meet her. The only thing to do is—for me to go an' confess and give myself up."

McKee arose in such excited alarm that he nearly tipped over the lamp.

"Andy," he said, "don't speak on. It's useless talk—that. I'll go to Parsons myself tomorrow an' let him turn me over to the Plumas county sheriff, ef I must keep you from bein' a bloomin' fool—"

Andy was calm and as usual determined and obstinate.

"All right then," he argued, "you'll have your mother come and find both of us in the jug. You know that I had nothing to do with the blast but you could not convince the public of that in a hundred years. For some peculiar reason I'm not popular—you are. It's easier, it seems, to associate me with malice than to couple you with it—"

"It's because they ain't got the sense to know you right, Andy."

"As I said, I'm not popular. You are. I think I can make them fall for my story jest on that account—an' on account o' it being' me that threatened Driscoll with powder. I won't git morn't a few years and in the meanwhile you can keep up the assessment work on this little cropping an' take care o' your mother. Explain to her that I am a good enough fellow but got a bad temper, so she'll know I ain't a thug an' won't be set against me when I get out—"

"I'll do nothin' of the kind. I'll tell her the truth—an' Parsons, too—"

"Ye-ah? An' what'll you gain by it? I told you that I'm bound to be sent up. Nobody'd believe you even ef you did make a confession. What's the use o' both us goin' when one ought to stay out?"

"You're stretchin' the truth a little there when you say I wouldn't be believed—"

"Hold on. I'll tell you what Johnson told me they are working on. They've found boot prints—my boots. Then ole Dal Brown saw a man goin' up the Mohawk trail shortly after the blast but he was too far away for recognition—probably was you, but jest in the right time after that Bill Parsons meets me on the summit of that trail. When he asks where you are, I tells him easily enough that you are up at the camp an' he can ride up an' see you, because I believed you was there. He thinks fer a minute, then says it's a bit outer his way and I could hand you the message an' save him the trip up. Now I think that is some evidence—an' I am about positive that Parsons was convinced that you was up at the tent—me bein' easy an' free

an' urgin' him to go up—so I know Parsons thinks he's got me thumbs down!"

"Circumstantial evidence is a rotten thing—" began Tom but Andy cut in:

"All you got to do from now on is to be surprised at my story—an' I think you will be, and then do as I ask you till I come scot free again—"

"Chapman—"

"I have no relatives in America. A little son in England where my wife's mother tuk him after his mother's death. 'Tain't likely as I'll ever hear of eny o' them again—nor they o' me. So I am the one to give up. I've thought it all over, Tom."

Late into the night they talked and argued and talked some more but in the end it was Chapman who won and who in the trying days that followed, exonerated his partner in the eyes of the law and convinced everyone of the truth in the fabrics of his imagined story.

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Before Mary McKee, the old and feeble mother of Tom, reached the Coast, Andy was in the State penitentiary. Five times the hoary winter's snow flanked the crest of the dazzling Buttes, five times the summer's sun kissed the shimmering mountain lakes and five times the soft spring grasses grew and dried and died in autumn's somber mood before the iron doors opened. Mother McKee had reached the end of all her worldly troubles. A great silence had settled over the mining country. The din and the flurry and the activity was gone. The golden days were past, booked with the dead, immutable things of the past. A legislative act in 1893 had been the death knell of small hydraulic mining in California. Only those who were rich enough to build effective debris dams were permitted to operate. Such were few.

With one large concern worked Andy Chapman and Thomas McKee.

Life had not been particularly kind to either of them. Sharper minds and greedier hands than theirs had grappled from them the little gold patch on the Mohawk Summit. McKee was a hard worker but a poor manager. He lacked expediency and foresightedness. Andy having served the prison term had weakened his stability. The stain of a prison term is an ugly thing to rub out. Thus, old and gray, on the last lapse of life, these faithful partners of many years were grubbing in a big company mine for their living, and grubbing hard.

They were both good hydraulic pipers, these two old men, so the foreman gave each a job on the nozzle. They were assistant pipers to the chief pipers. Andy worked with the day shift and Tom helped pipe at night. They still lived in the old cabin, but ate at the company cook house—life was too complicated to be bothered with home cooking.

As it was the men saw little of each other. Tom slept by day, leaving for his night shift about the time Andy returned at sunset.

So it chanced that it was Fourth of July—a beautiful day when the Buttes sparkled in all their glory and the little lakes mirrored the wake of the traveling sun, that Andy Chapman came home to the cabin at noon and awakened his sleeping friend with the surprising announcement:

"Wake up, McKee, I got an important letter."

From Tom, drowsily:

"Ain't you workin'?" Holidays counted as nought in the mine, work went on just the same whether Christmas, Fourth of July or any ordinary week-day. "Why, ain't you workin' today, Andy?"

"Did you fergit about the blast? Half holiday while they pack the powder. What's gittin' the matter with you—you can't remember nothin' eny more."

"What's the important epistle—a bill fer your last gum-boots?"

"Say, this letter tells me, Tom, that I ain't ever goin' to buy another pair o' gum boots. Oh, yes, it's surprisin'—this letter. It's somethin' like the telegram you got onct from Ma. Remember?"

"Well, fer the love o' gin," yawned Thomas, "spill'er out, spill'er out, le's hear her."

"It's from my son—"

"Your what?"

"My son. Ain't you rememberin' I told you onct that I had a boy? His grand-



Hydraulic Gold-Mining in California, Which Uprooted Mountains to Reach Auriferous Strata.

mother tuk him to England when his mother died. Well, Tom, seems that he's a man now—"

"Oh, yes," sniffed Tom, "I 'spect he's been weaned. They usually do cut their teeth 'fore they're forty years old."

"As I was attemptin' to say, he's a man now and tuk part in the war. Seems as though he was gassed at Ypers and after that was never fit to fight agin. Seems like he made friends with an American lad who had jined the Canadians. He was gassed, too, this Yank. Appears like they got acquainted in a hospital. Seems like they've both come back to the States after gittin' discharged and have settled near this boy's home in Ohio. Seems like they've got into bee-keeping and are doin' furst strate. I can almost smell the honey and the patches of clover as they describe about them in the letter."

"You got a good nose. I'll say smellin' to Ohio is some considerable distance."

"Well, Tom, seems my boy got track of me after writin' all over the country—an' now he wants me to come back and live an' spend my last years with him—jest like your mother did."

"An' what you a-thinkin'?" asked old Tom, never dreaming what the answer was to be.

"Well, said Andy with a glow on his face and a far-away look in his eyes, "I'm thinkin' I'll make outer here 'bout New Years. It's good news to me that there is really some bone of my bone an' flesh o' my flesh floatin' around the country wantin' to see me an' provide fer me. May be he'll be royally disappointed when he does see me, but he's got to take them chances—an' he seems willin'—even anxious to do it."

"Like as not you'll be the one takin' the worse chances. Can't depend on these young skites these days."

"Them lads been through the war, I'm tellin' you. Gas'll cure a smart Alex eny day, besides you jest told me you had a notion they had their eye teeth cut—an' perhaps jedging from their age their wisdom ones have come through, too. Nope, they're all right an' I have a great hankerin' to see them."

"Ohio is your home State, too, ain't it, Andy? So you've told me before. Well, I guess when you go, I'll go up to the bedbugs. One's got to have somethin' fer entertainment. How many years have we bunked, Andy?"

"Nigh on to thirty-five years, countin' them I spent in the pen."

"I guess you'll find that kid o' yourn out of knee pants at that rate, Andy. 'Life's a funny proposition' some wise gink said, so good luck to you—but tell me, how you goin' to git back there—volplane in your whiskers?"

"Nope. The boy sent transportation."

"Well, well,"

"Would you have me stay? May be you'll come back in the spring—"

"Nope, I won't come back, Andy. But I'm glad that you got a boy to go to—an' I kin see that you are tickled skinny over it. I guess it won't be long nohow 'fore we meet on that Golden Shore, an' ef beforehand you kin beat Father Time fer a few years o' ease and happiness, why, I'll be dang glad of it."

"Some wise acre said: 'The best of friends must part,' said old Andy facetiously. Then in a little while suggested.

"Better git up an' come up an' see the blast go off."

"Blasts don't interest me none," old Thomas replied and turned over as if to go back to sleep. But after Andy had left the cabin, he changed his mind and got up, slowly washed and attired himself and sauntered up the hill toward the mine.

On the trail a lad met him.

"Better hurry up," he said, "she's going off in a minute or so now. Eleven tons of powder—Oh, Boy!"

Way above on the rim of the mine Tom saw the wives and children of the miners waiting. The blast was concentrated far across the cut in the bank on the opposite side. The spectators were in line for a wonderful view of the explosion, yet far enough away to be assured of perfect safety.

McKee knew that he would not have time to reach the upper cliff, so figured to watch from the lower end of the floor of the diggings where he suspected most of the men were, anyway.

He was just about to cross the creek and take the trail veering off from the road, when suddenly a jerky quake and a muffled thunder followed by another deadened, indistinct detonation halted his footsteps.

"Don't sound much like the usual blast," old Tom commented to himself and hurried on.

On he hastened, but before he had gone a hundred yards he was attracted by dim cries and excited murmurs wafting down from the great ledge across the way. Looking up he saw women scuttling around the edge of the bank and making toward the trail leading down into the diggings.

Old Tom began to run. A sudden turn brought him in sight of the mine. But instead of seeing the towering red cliffs of the naked torn hill, McKee saw a bank a blue-gray fog. He saw men running and heard shouting and yelling from every direction.

Then he saw nothing more. The cloud bank suddenly lowered—poured like a liquid down into the low places—filled the floor of the diggings, then separated and flowed off into different depressions like a misty river dividing itself into many small streams. Heavier than air, it fell and filled in the low places. Then reposed like an ashen pall and neither flowed nor rose nor blew away.

"Gas, by God!" was what old Thomas uttered.

A girl came screaming down the path.

"Something went wrong! Something went wrong! And daddy's down there in it! Daddy's down there in it!"

Something, indeed, had gone wrong.

Years ago before the debris laws were in effect, an old tunnel of great length and with many intersecting shafts and lifts, had been used as an outlet to run the tailings from the mine down through Stony Canyon to the Yuba river. With the new laws necessarily came a change and so the course of the debris flow was altered to run out of the diggings in exactly the opposite direction from as old and was now collected below the flat in a huge concrete dam. Thus this old tunnel with its many drifts and hidden chambers that perforated the hill, had long been abandoned and all but forgotten.

In the bank over this old underground tube twenty-two thousand pounds of dynamite had been consolidated in a T-shaped pack. According to plans and logic, the powder should have exploded, tearing off the head of the mountain above it. This is did not do, but instead, gave way below where it was undermined and weakened by reason of the old cavern below it.

The exact nature of this tragedy will forever be a mystery but it is generally accepted that these two deadly things happened: The first explosion shot down into the old flue and drove from its lair enough poisonous gas to cover twenty acres. This gas was driven out first and being invisible killed without warning. Its victims keeled over in their tracks and never knew what hit them. The second horror lay in the failure of the powder to properly explode. After the first concussion the dynamite dribbled down into the tunnel and began to burn. Perhaps war-time conditions had made it low-grade and poor quality, at any rate it burned—and not without warning, by means of the visible fog and an acrid smell, generated a life-taking gas that floated down over the mine and killed the sons of men.

McKee wasted no time getting down to the lower side. The sight he saw here was terrible. Wives and mothers desperate with anguish tried to rush into the fumes to their loved ones. Rescuers tried to run in and out in an effort to save a fellowman. Some of the miners who managed to excape came stumbling out choking and gasping. Some came out maniacs. Others who had been caught just on the margin of the gas cloud were pulled out alive and now lay on the grass writhing in spasms with blood oozing from their mouths and noses.

"Run on and get some vinegar and towels," someone suggested to the women, "we'll tie vinegar-soaked towels over our noses and mouths and see if we can get in there without choking."

"Ah, what good will vinegar do?" someone scoffed.

"Let's try it, anyway!"

A youth lately returned from France voiced that he had a regular gas mask down in his cabin two miles distant, but he was sure the victims would all be dead before he could return with it.

"Go get it, anyway, Georgie!" the women besought.

"We can't do much of anything," a strong man's voice declared, "until the wind ligts the gas. It only makes matters that much worse to have others running in and out of it."

"But we can't let them stay in there and not try to help them!" they entreated.

"I don't think so very many are in there," the man replied. "Most of them that were not killed by the first gas ran out on the other side. Those that didn't," bluntly, "are dead by this time."

A woman returned with a jug of vinegar, a basin and some towels.

The summer's sun shone down hot on the little group. Its rays became merciless. Men picked up their fallen comrades and carried them up to the boarding house. Then someone had wits enough about them to telephone down to Downieville for the doctor.

Thomas McKee attempted to help lift a two-hundred pound victim from the grass. A strong young shoulder edged him away.

"Here. let me take him—he's too heavy for you, Tom."

Tom gave way to the stronger man, then turned about and made toward the diggings once more.

Quite without intention on its part, a honey bee buzzed over McKee's shoulder and dragged its heavy, pollen-clodded feet down the length of his sleeve.

Instantly, even above the terrible acrid smell of the burning powder, there came into McKee's nostrils the sweet scent of red clover and the fragrance of honeydew flowers.

Where was Andy!

He asked the woman next to him if she had seen his partner, but the Italian mother, poor soul, made no answer. She knew her husband was down in the pit and she had three small children at home and another one coming, so she had no thoughts for single old bachelors such as Andy Chapman.

McKee continued to inquire. His voice grew louder and more excitable.

"Old Andy?" at last a youngster said, "ye-ah, I saw him just before the blast. Didn't he come out?"

"Not on this side," old Tom answered worriedly.

"Well, take it from me he didn't get out on the other," the boy declared. "Why, he was only in a few steps on this side—sitting over there on the edge of the sluice flume in front of the blacksmith shop."

"Then he's in there yet?" Old Tom was beside himself.

"Soak a couple of them towels in vinegar an' give 'em to me," he commanded.

"That's all foolishness, McKee," the men told him, "you can't get in there alive and he must be dead by this time, anyway."

Old Tom brushed them aside. He would not listen.

"Hand me them towels?" he ordered, "an' help me to tie one on myself."

"It's nothing but suicide, Tom."

" 'Tend to your own business."

Then muzzled in the towel saturated in vinegar, the old miner shook off the entreaties of his friends and darted into the gas bank.

If Andy was just over near the sluice boxes in front of the blacksmith shop, he would find him easily enough, so Tom figured, he would follow the flume.

McKee took one deep breath, held it and rushed in. A vapor so biting that it all but felled him, stripped his nose of its membrane, while acid ate into his eyes and left them blurred and bleeding.

Frightened, yet undaunted Tom pressed on. A few feet—just a few feet more. But he must take a breath.

The breath—he took it and sputtered and gasped. Rivers of fire seared his lungs. He must breathe no more—the coughing would weaken him and he needed full strength to pull Andy out.

On he stumbled, grasping the flume and tripping over loose boulders. Another breath! Aye, men were made to breathe.

(Continued on Page 84)

Brotherhood At Los Pinos

By S. Omar Barker

ELEVEN MONTHS in the year Peter Martin hired Mexican laborers to do the work on his six hundred acre ranch at Los Pinos. That was not so much because Peter loved Mexicans, nor because their dollar a day labor was economical. It was simply a case of Hobson's well known choice. Other parts of New Mexico and Arizona nearer towns and railroads were more attractive by far to the average American farm hand and cowpuncher than the all-Mexican community of Los Pinos in the mountains. So Peter Martin was obliged to take what he could get—and when he could get it.

As for the other month, that was the thirty days beginning with Holy Week—Semana Santa—when he watched the planting and the stock go to the demnition bowwows while his hands all laid off and whipped themselves and sang weird chants and ate panocha and carried crosses to atone for the sins of the past year, after the fashion of all good penitentes.

And every year when his men deserted him at this time Peter would swear never again to hire a Mexican as long as the wind blew at Los Pinos; but when, a few weeks later, his peones drifted back, stiff-muscled and stooped and sore from their orgy of fasting and self punishment, he always relented and took them back to work on his ranch.

Then Peter had been in service overseas as had some of his peones. In him the experience had developed a horror of physical suffering and he had expected to see the young penitentes who had seen the front feel as he did and give up the senseless, barbarous practice of inflicting it upon themselves. But the three ex-soldiers that worked for him, including one Soledon Castro who had gotten a bullet through his neck with the English north of Verdun, were all again at the old practices. It was at the beginning of Holy Week and Peter could hear them out there in the dark going through their weird ceremonies as usual.

It was early one morning in Lent that Peter, riding past the morada, heard the resounding whacks of the plaited scourges on bare skin and then saw the bare-footed procession, striped to the waist and bleeding from every blow, start up the path of crosses to their little Calvary.

Peter was not particularly religious, but he suddenly recalled the story of Christ whipping the money changers for polluting the temple, and already angry, his blood boiled at the shameful sacrilege going on before his eyes. Without knowing what prompted him to do it he let down his rope and rode to where the chanting procession must cross a little open glade in the pines. Into the glade they came, each man swinging his scourge in cadence to a mournful chant recounting his sins. Sol Castro, veteran of Verdun, was in the lead.

Suddenly Peter spurred his horse and

ran in among them, striking right and left with his rope.

"So!" he called out fiercely in Spanish, "Is it whipping you want? I'll give you the real article! Eh, amigos? Here, Sol, how's that?"

He brought the knotted end of his lariat down across the back of Soledon Castro. There were sharp cries of pain and anger, and at first the startled penitentes scurried for safety. A flail in their own hands was one thing, but a rope wielded by an angry Americano seemed a different matter entirely, judging from the yelps of pain that arose.

About the third blow Sol Castro suddenly remembered that he had been a doughboy and that doughboys don't ordinarily run. The idea turned the tables, for in a second he had called the scattered procession together and they had surrounded their assailant. In spite of Peter's excellent horsemanship some one had gotten hold of the bridle reins and others were dragging him from the saddle before he could escape. Abruptly the seriousness of his plight dawned on him. Old Evaristo Gallegos, peon, sheep herder, might be kicked all over the ranch with impunity, but the same Evaristo in the capacity of hermano mayor (elder brother) of about forty wild-eyed penitentes was a different proposition, and old Evaristo had been one of the first to feel Peter's lash. So when the angered Mexicans had finally gotten Peter under control and Sol Castro sat astride his neck with another husky, dusky peon across his body, it was old Evaristo who ordered his disposal. Even in his half naked, bloody state Evaristo bristled with importance and dignity.

"Vamos! Take the cursed gringo to the morada," he commanded. "A few days in the sacred room of our penitent brotherhood may teach him whom to insult. Hermano Soledon, you will bind him and remain to guard the son of a devil—entengas?"

"You old reprobate!" shouted Peter in Spanish. "After that Christmas bonus I gave you and getting the doctor for your dying wife! Where'n hell would you be, you old carcass, if—"

The enraged and insulted hermano mayor interrupted his prisoner very effectively by spitting very accurately in his face.

Peter's anger at this seemed to give him the strength of a bull. A quick twist and he had thrown off his two guards and was on his feet. But the same anger that gave him strength was his undoing, for instead of running to escape he plunged into the midst of his captors trying to reach old Evaristo and punish him. One man against forty has little chance even in the movies, and less in real life. In a few minutes Peter was again on his back under several panting Mexicans who cursed him in a mixture of poor English and Spanish. This time he was tied securely and the entire cortege accompanied him back to the morada.

The morada at Los Pinos, like most of these penitente lodge cabins was of mud, flat roofed, with ane squatty window and one low-browed door for light and entrance. There were crosses leaning against the dingy wall, a dirty fireplace in the corner and soiled mats of sun-tanned goat skins on the dirt floor. There were stains of fresh human blood on many of these.

His captors carried Peter inside, dumped him unceremoniously on the floor and left Sol Castro and a boy to guard him, while the rest returned to their painful barefoot march over rough gravel and broken glass to the crosses on the hill. At noon came the women with big brass pans of panocha, a sort of jam-like concoction made by boiling up sprouted wheat sprouts and all. It is the only food of los penitentes during Holy Week.

The whippers returned and ate sparingly of the panocha. They were bloody, dusty and footsore but they gave no sign of their pain except to raise their voices now and again in a mournful chant. They offered Peter a portion of their sticky food, but he refused.

"Bueno!" said old Evaristo indifferently. "You are a penitente now. You will stay with us. You will eat our panocha — or — you will starve. Eh, compadres?"

His companions grunted assent.

"You are all pendejos—fools, fools!" exclaimed Peter vehemently. "Who gives

you work? Who pays for your worthless Mexican labor? It is you who will starve, you miserable, chili-eating ingrators! Do you suppose I'll ever hire another one of this gang of idiots? Fools, you are my slaves and yet you tie me up and speak of starving me! Bah!"

Peter paused a moment to note the effect of his words. Some of the younger men grinned sheepishly. Some looked frightened, for in all their lives the big ranch of which this gringo was master had furnished the labor that fed them and bought their scanty clothes. It was to one of these latter, Francisco Velasquez, that Peter called.

"Here, Frank. Come untie me! Do as I tell you, you young prairie dog, or you've worked your last for the Lazy V, sabes?"

Accustomed to obey that voice to the letter the young Mexican started toward him almost involuntarily. Sol Castro stopped him.

"Sit down, tonto!" he said quietly. "You are a penitente. We do not speak of jobs and money here. This is the brotherhood and we fear no gringo's threats. Sit down!"

"Sol," exclaimed Peter, in English, for he knew Castro could understand him perfectly, "are you a fool like the rest of these chili pickers? Didn't the associations of the army teach you anything? Wasn't that German bullet through your neck enough suffering for a few years' sins? Oh, you Mexicans! Once a greaser always a greaser!"

Sol made no answer but came and made more secure the knotted rope that bound him, while Peter thought he noted in his face a look half of pride and half of shame at the mention of his wound.

That was Tuesday. Wednesday evening Peter was still a prisoner. Hunger and the thought that he might need his strength had brought him to eat heartily of the food offered him. His fighting anger had given way to a vague fear concerning his fate. Whispered conversations he had overhead but never enough to get the exact sense of what was said. Now and then he heard his name—"Don Pedro"—his peones called him—and often he heard the word "cross." Definite phrases he could not catch.

"Sol," questioned Peter, in a friendly tone, when the others had gone chanting into the night, "what are you going to do with me? What has happened to my horse? What will become of the calves and sheep and the ranch while I am here?"

"Don Pedro, our grievance is against you, not your horse nor your ranch. Your horse was taken home and put in the pasture. Your dogs have been fed and your stock turned to the feed racks and water daily."

"But what are you going to do with me?" Peter persisted.

Sol dropped his eyes before Peter's steady gaze. There was on his face the look of one who is ashamed of what is in his mind. Then as if suddenly finding himself he looked at Peter.

"You," he said evenly, "are to receive a great honor. Friday the brotherhood will make you a Christ; crucify you at the top of El Cerro Santo."

Peter's surprise showed itself only in an involuntary tensing of muscles. Then he laughed, not very convincingly, it is true.

"Sol," he said, as calmly as he could, "you don't expect me to believe that, do you? Remember, you are in the United States of America. There is a law to hang every one of you for such a foolish thing. Why, damn you, even if I thought you were that crazy, you wouldn't dare."

It was the Mexican's turn to laugh, but his mirth also lacked assurance.

"It may be foolish, Pete," he said, "but it is the decision of the Elder Brother and it shall be done. Law? Who will make arrests? Is not the sheriff Evaristo's cousin and himself a penitente? And the District Attorney, not a penitente, it is true, but a political contributor. And if it came to trial how many penitentes do you suppose would be drawn in the jury? I may forget I am in the United States, amigo, but you forget that you are in Los Pinos!"

And though Peter had forgotten, he realized now that the inference to be drawn from Sol's speech represented the actual state of affairs. He was astounded at the mad turn matters had taken and he

set about seriously trying to think of some way to escape. It seemed impossible.

The next day three things happened that surprised Peter Martin. First, he was untied and left alone with his hands and feet unmanacled for the first time. Then he slipped cautiously to the door, hoping against hope to find it unguarded. Surprise number two came when he ventured to open the door and saw the barrel of a German army rifle with its saw-toothed bayonet pointed directly at his stomach. Sol Castro, veteran of the Verdun Sector, was making practical use of his most treasured souvenir, and Peter noted that the outfit was complete, even to the full cartridge belt. He went back into the dimness of the morada to ponder on some strategy to evade his warlike guard.

His third surprise was in the afternoon when he discovered Sol Castro in conference with the others just outside the door. To Peter's astonished ears came the voice of his guard begging his comrades to give up their cruel purpose of crucifixion.

"Don Pedro thinks," he was explaining in whispered Spanish, "that I am with you, as I am if that is your decision. But remember, compadres, he was a soldier over there. Though not comrades in the ranks we were really comrades in arms, he in his division and I in mine. You cannot understand what that means. Every soldier who crossed the big water in the great cause is my 'buddy', as it is said in English. It is a brotherhood as great in our hearts as that of the penitentes. Is it not so, Francisco and Jose Adan?" He questioned the other ex-soldiers in the group.

There were gutteral affirmatives to his question. Of themselves Francisco and Jose Adan would never have protested, but the crucible of the firing line had not left them wholly dross, and it needed only the leadership of a comrade to bring them out for Peter's release.

Then the voice of old Evaristo cut in.

"Fools!" he snorted, contemptuously. "There is no brotherhood here but ours. Since when do young men have the hearts of chickens and try to put at naught the counsel of their Elder Brother? This gringo has done much for me, but he has insulted the Holy Brotherhood and for that offense we forget all kindness. Tomorrow he dies on the cross. It is an honor too great, but the punishment is just. You muchachos speak of comrades in arms! Bah! That is over now! Pedro Martin is our enemy. He must pay. Understand?"

Peter heard no answer but grunts of acquiescence. In the late afternoon Sol stood guard again while the others were out, and Peter asked him what he had decided to do.

"Nothing," answered Sol, shortly.

"Let them kill me, Sol?"

"Uh-huh!" grunted his guard, shoving him back into the cabin door.

"But I heard you and Jose and Frank a while ago when you were talking for me," persisted Peter.

"Oh, well," responded his guard with an assumed air of nonchalance. "We tried to hand-shake for you, but it didn't work. El Hermano Mayor says crucify you, so tomorrow, we nail you up. No use for me to object."

"But, listen, Sol, you could let me get away. Then—"

Sol interrupted him and stood with his gun at "on guard" as he talked.

"Then what? Peter, you don't know the penitentes. They would kill me for letting you go, perhaps, and even that would be useless so far as you are concerned, for some day you would be riding alone up the canyon and there would be a shot and zip! Fini Americano! No, escaping wouldn't save you anyhow, Pete, so I'll have to keep you here."

Sol continued walking back and forth in front of the morada.

"Sol," exclaimed Peter, looking up suddenly, "I hear an aeroplane! Hear it?"

There was a faint, vague sound as of a flying motor. Sol paused in walking his post.

"Sounds like it, don't it?" he remarked.

"There—there it is!" cried Peter, coming well out of the door and pointing over his guard's head. For the fraction of a second Sol looked up, and in that fraction realized what was happening and

braced himself, for his prisoner had leaped at him like a shot from a catapult. There was not time for Sol to bring his bayonet into position, but unfortunately for Peter he did bring the gun down across his body and with it broke the force of Peter's leap, so that in a second's time Sol had stepped out of reach and was pointing the gun at his prisoner's head. The buzzing noise had ceased. When Sol had herded his prisoner back into the morada he grinned rather sheepishly.

"You make that buzz noise pretty good, Pete. Reminded me of when the raiders used to come our way, way up. But you can's get away, Pete. Maybe have to tie you up tonight for that. I wish—"

Sol left his wish unsaid and Peter could only surmise that it concerned himself. Sol was not such a dub, he thought, if he would just follow his better inclinations.

That night Peter was again bound with ropes and left lying before the fire. About nine Sol came in and again took up his post. In a few minutes the others left for the ceremonies of the night up on El Cerro Santo, and the two were alone. Sol rolled a cigarette and lit it.

Peter Martin was looking at him rather quizzically. The effect of his imitation of the motor of a flying plane on his guard had given Peter an idea and now he intended to try it out.

"Would you roll me one—buddy?" he asked, an easy tone of comradeship in his voice.

"Sure!" answered Sol, and rolled him a brown cigarette. Then he added as if it were an afterthought: "Buddy! Sounds like old times in the billets, Pete. Don't it, now?"

"I'll say it does, buddy. Merci. Remember how the M. P.'s used to say it: 'All right, buddy, you can't stand there!' Or at the cafes sometimes: 'Nothin' doin' buddy. Orders! Can't go in there, Jack!' But always everybody your buddy."

"Ex-buddy" Sol Castro was silent, but Peter thought he saw even in the dim light of the open fire a bit of the soft light of reminiscence in his eyes. It was what he had hoped to arouse, and he was discreetly silent for a few moments. Then ever so softly Peter began to sing. It was that senseless, weird tuned little ditty of a thousand verses that every doughboy knows:

"Oh, I ain't no singer,
But I'll sing this song:
If you monkey with women
You are bound to go wrong!
Oh, tell me how long
Is I got to wait,
Can I git you now,
Or must I he-e-esitate?"

Sol laughed when Peter paused at the end of the chorus. There was a kindly note in his laughter. The syncopation and words of the little ditty had started in him a train of memories.

"Great little song, ain't it, bud—er—Pete?" he grinned. "Reminds me of our old Irish cook—McGuirk. Used to sing it a lot. Boys said he was singin' a verse of it when that G. I. came over at Frenois and got him. Poor Mac! He always liked this verse: Ever hear it?"

Sol had forgotten for the moment that he was a penitente. The comradeship of the trenches was in his heart, and a touch of the sadness of memories in his plaintive Mexican voice as he sang softly the favorite verse of his old pal, McGuirk:

"There's fish in the o-cean,
Fish in the sea,
But a red-headed woman
Made a fish outa me!
Oh, tell me how long
Is I —— ——"

He was not thinking of the words he was singing, but rather of a dreary, muddy night back of Sedan when "Mac" had cheered them all with his ceaseless, senseless singing.

Peter Martin, condemned to die at the hands of his own Mexicans, watched and listened to his guard with rising hope. He believed that his plan was working.

They drifted naturally in reminiscence from one old army tune to another: "Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?" and "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," brought memories of the long, weary hikes, softened now by the passage of time. Then there was "Hinky Dinky Parley Voo," masterpiece of a

million chow-line poets; "All We Do Is Sign the Pay Roll" came in its turn, rich in reminiscences and they even sang a bit of "Madelon" and were reminded of a pretty little mademoiselle they had both known at the "Buvette de la Tour" in St. Nazaire.

The spell of the poignant memories of the old days, fostered by the dim red flicker of the dying fire possessed them, and even Peter forgot for a time that he had deliberately planned to arouse these feelings in order to persuade Sol to release him. They talked of the vin blanc of the training villages, the long marches at night, first impressions under fire, of the silent horrors of the listening post—together they recounted and relieved the life that had been hell to them then, even though they had often laughed and joked about it all.

Sol told of his wound and then of the Salvation Army Lassies with their smiles and doughnuts and pie and coffee just back of the hell of the lines, braving shell fire and gas to give the boys a touch of the homelike in this man made place of torture. There was wistfulness in Sol's voice when he spoke of the old buddies over there.

Then they heard the chanting of the penitent whippers returning to the morada, and Peter suddenly recalled his purpose in all this and spoke:

"It was a man's job, wasn't it, buddy?" he smiled.

Sol nodded. He was thinking of the futility of it all after all if one were going to crucify one's comrades now for offending a little religious sect, but he said nothing.

"Funny, isn't it, Sol," Peter went on, "how we came through all safe and how every fellow over there was like a brother—except, maybe, sometimes the officers—and now—now right here in my own land they are going to kill me. It's hell, isn't it, Sol?"

He paused to note the effect of his words. The penitentes outside had reached the door. His time for words was short.

"It's hell, Sol!" he repeated. Then quickly: "Listen! The two of us could stand them off and get away. Will you stand by a buddy, Sol, old timer?"

The door opened and the bloody procession entered. Sol Castro stood up.

"Yes, it sure is hell all right, Pete," he said in a low voice, "but what could I do? It is the will of the brotherhood."

In a few moments Sol left the morada turning his prisoner over to a comrade. Sol must go up the stony path and whip himself for his sins as the others had done, explained one of the brothers to the new guard, groaning as he spoke, with the pain of his lacerated back.

Peter Martin cursed bitterly to himself the stupidity of all Mexicans in general and the pig-headedness and hard-hearted-

(Continued on Page 95)

SUNSET.

By G. A. Lyons.

Tho long or short the trail may be,
Tho flowers, or thistles strew the way;
Each pilgrim soon or late must see
The sun that knows no other day.

Like stately ships, the clouds drift slow
In crimson radiance in the west;
The pines like flaming spires glow,
Along the sky-line's golden crest.

The crimson fades from out the cloud,
The gold has vanished from the pine:
The darkness deepens like a shroud—
Good bye, good bye, last sunset mine.

From A Clear Sky

By Caroline K. Franklin

Part II.

"STRIP," said Dr. McDonald, "while I get my spygmomanometer and the blank."

I followed his direction, and racked my brain as he began asking me what seemed to be ancient history.

"How old was your grandfather Harrington when he died and what did he die of?"

I thought hard and replied: "About eighty. He must have died because he lost interest in life. As I remember, the doctor had cut him down to five cigars a day."

"His wife?"

"She was seventy-five, and died of hemorrhage of the brain," I replied.

"Your mother's father?"

"He was old, too—over eighty. I don't remember what he died of."

"Her mother?" continued the doctor, writing rapidly.

"She was young. Died when my mother was born. I don't know just how old she was."

"How old is your father, and is he well?"

"I figured for a minute before replying. I had left home hurriedly—ran away, in fact, because I couldn't get along with my step-mother. "He is fifty," adding: "He was well—when I last saw him."

I didn't state when, or under just what conditions that was; but I had a very lively recollection of the way Dad looked as he ordered me to march to the woodshed, where, big fellow that I was, I would have had my jacket properly dusted. Oh, well, I probably deserved it; but I didn't think so then. I beat Dad to our front gate by a neck—didn't even wait to open it; and I hadn't been back since.

The doctor had asked he a question; he repeated it:

"Your mother?"

"Mother was only twenty-three when she died," I answered feelingly—my mother always seemed like an angel to me. I was only five when she died. "Father was always stern with her, and she worried a lot. Finally she just got sick and drooped away—at least that's what all HER relatives said."

"How many brothers have you?"

"I was the only child."

"What illness have you had?"

"None since childhood," I replied, instinctively straightening my shoulders.

"Have you ever been rejected by a life insurance company?"

"Never made an application before."

"Is there any cancer or tuberculosis or other hereditary disease in your family?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"What has been your habit with regard to the use of tobacco and liquor?"

"I smoke an occasional cigar, but I've always been a total obstainer—up to the time of Prohibition," I replied, laughing.

"Very well. Now sign your name here. First name in full; and I'll witness the signature," said the doctor.

"Is that all?" I asked, quite relieved.

"Oh, no! We've just begun," replied Doctor McDonald, turning over the form. "Where have you lived for the past ten years?"

"San Diego for five, and before that I lived in San Francisco for two years, and prior to that, back home."

"Did you ever change your residence for your health?"

"Yes—and no. I thought it would be healthier for me if I got away from my step-mother; but, leaving all joking aside, I was always healthy."

"Well, so far so good. Now stand over here and let me see how tall you are. Six-feet-one," read the doctor. "Step on that scale and we'll see how much you weigh."

I obeyed.

"One hundred and eighty-five. Very good!"

Then he measured my chest for the expansion, took my pulse, examined my chest carefully with his stethoscope and finally took my blood pressure with his spygmomanometer, after which he thumped various localities, looked at my eyes, hammered my knees until I involuntarily kicked, asked me what seemed to be an innumerable lot of questions, and finally wound up by telling me I could dress.

"Do I pass?" I asked rather feebly.

"I think so, but I can't tell until I've completed the examination; and even then the matter rests entirely with the home office. All I can do is to make my recommendation, and the head office makes its decision after a further investigation as to your financial and moral status, and a checking up of all I've written," replied the Doctor, getting his second wind.

"By heck! I never thought it was such a job as that. If I had, perhaps I'd have waited a little," I replied. Then I remembered for whom I had gone through all this grilling. "I'd do it over again," I immediately contradicted; and under my breath: "for her!"

"I hope you have the luck to find her, Harrington," wished the good-natured Doctor, who had evidently heard my last remark. "You're a mighty healthy risk."

Suddenly I realized what a fool I'd been to sputter my heart out to Doctor McDonald, almost a stranger; but he had that big-souled, wonderful way about him that invited confidence.

Just then the nurse tapped ever so gently on the door, and to his summons, entered.

"Doctor McDonald, your wife and daughter were—" she paused on the last word.

"What is it? Speak up!" the Doctor's voice broke a little.

"Their car turned turtle on the Camp Kearny road. They are at St. Joseph's hospital."

White and trembling, his face suddenly grown old, Doctor John McDonald rose unsteadily from his chair.

"You'll have to come, too," he said, addressing the nurse.

"But—the office, Doctor?"

"I'll stay," I offered, anxious to be of service.

"That's good of you. Close up at five, if we're not back."

The nurse went out to dismiss the waiting patients.

I busied myself answering the door and phone calls until I realized that the life of a doctor is anything but a snap. Each person seemed to feel that his or her case was THE only one, and that Doctor McDonald had absolutely no right to be away from his office during office hours. To make a long and tedious story short, I found the patients most uninteresting. At any other time I'd have found them all interesting; but my mind was full of other things until a sweet-voiced woman's words registered over the phone:

"Is this Doctor McDonald's office?"

"It is."

"Doctor, the pills haven't done my daughter a bit of good. She lost a letter of recommendation for a school this

morning; and as it should have been turned in today, and she has been unable to find it, I'll have to have something stronger to quiet her."

"I'll be right out," I said boldly. "What is your address?"

I wrote down the number. I was a bunch of excitement, looking through the doctor's medicines for headache tablets, praying inwardly that I might answer as a heart stimulant. I realized that what I was about to do was decidedly unprofessional, if I may use the word; but it is a wonder that I had enough sense left to realize anything. My heart was doing queer stunts; and I muttered idiotically: "Carmen! Carmen! Car-men!" I gathered up four bottles, each labeled headache tablets, and a bottle of liquid medicine, and locked up the office, leaving a memorandum on the doctor's desk of what I had purloined. A broad grin found its way to my lips and stuck there —never to come off, I thought.

I wasted no precious moments getting into my roadster. It was a wonder that I wasn't arrested and haled before Judge Keating for a reprimand and a fine. The only miracle was that the speed cops were not on my line of travel; and to make matters worse in the eyes of the law, in my excitement, when I reached the address, I left the engine running. I rushed up the steps, three at a time, and violently punched the button at the front door.

The sweet-faced woman in black whom I had seen before in the doctor's waiting room, opened the door before I had a chance to catch my breath.

"Oh! But I phoned for Doctor McDonald. I—I didn't know you were a doctor," she stammered.

"Doctor McDonald's family met with an accident; and I felt that Mrs. Harring—" Heavens! How quickly my teeth came together to shut in the rest.

"You will relieve my daughter?"

I swallowed my answer and walked into the costly appointed house.

"Daughter, Doctor has brought out a cure for your headache."

"I'll TRY to cure her," I corrected; but my blood ceased to tingle through my veins. I felt myself growing cold, and my heart stopped its riotous hammering when I beheld the daughter—an emaciated girl who looked almost as old as her mother.

"I'll not take any more medicine, Mamma, and you may as well let Doctor have it."

She rose to a sitting position on the couch, and her foot came down with a little tap of temper.

Things had gone so far in my mind that for the moment I felt myself in honor bound to this unattractive girl. Where, oh, where, were my dreams of the home in the garden behind the lilac hedge? Of the girl with a rose in her dark hair, waiting for me on the porch, while the rabbits in their brass cage—Oh, what was the use! I couldn't even think straight.

Meanwhile the invalid had resumed her huddled posture, wrapped in a woolen bathrobe of violent pink. Her hair was disheveled, her poor, weak eyes red from weeping, unattractive as she was, my heart stirred with pity.

"She's lost an important letter," ventured the mother.

I mumbled something, made my excuses, and left; as I went the mother motioned to me to leave the medicine—a couple of each of the headache pills, and four tablespoonfuls of the liquid, the directions as to dosage given on box and bottle.

I held my breath over my escape as I went out of the house; and I was doubly glad to find my engine running as an aid to a quick retreat from what I had hoped would be a glimpse into Paradise, but which had turned out to be quite otherwise. Carmen! Carmen Rois! THAT was the girl I had pictured with a skin like a rose petal; with eyes dark and liquid; with dark hair—a peck of it—with the raven's sheen upon it; with lips like a pouted carmined bud! Well, I reflected, I'd be game. My life was worth five thousand dollars to this wabbly creature—though I'd probably survive her by a hundred years or so. And if I didn't, she would no doubt think that I was plumb crazy when my estate was turned over to her. Heigho! So much for love's young dream!

Part III

As I was coming down the stairs from

the Doctor's office, after returning to explain to him what I had done in the case of Miss Rois, I met that pest of an insurance agent, Walter Peebles. He smiled a toothful smile, and hailed me with offensive familiarity. I gave him a scowl from the depths of my gloom-filled soul.

"Well!" he hooted, cheerfully, "you wouldn't look like that if you knew what I know." He paused to let this sink in. "I've found Carmen Rois!"

"So have I," was my glum retort.

Peebles registered astonishment.

"I don't see how that can be. How could you have met her, and forgotten? She's been visiting with the Rowans, but went away for a fortnight. Young Rowan called me up—said she'd just come in this morning. They're using her as a sort of drawing card for the Charity Ball tonight. Dick says she's a loo-loo of a dancer. He wants me to pass the word to as many of the fellows as I can. Now, that's what I call luck! Here you meet with your charmer almost at once. Told you I'd find her. So-long! See you later."

My mind turned mental handsprings and head went round and round. Like an electric shock the thought went through me that I had jumped at the idea that the owner of the lost letter and the owner of the charming name were one and the same. It certainly was a remarkable coincidence; but of course there must have been TWO lost letters. And come to think of it, I had not heard the Doctor, the nurse, or the two women I had gone to see, mention the name of the mother, or of the girl for whom the medicine was intended.

My soul sang foolish little joy-ditties. I began to plan improvements on the garden behind the lilac hedge. There should be a summer house, covered with —er—what was that sweet-smelling stuff that looked like fallen stars? No matter! We'd have it.

And daffodils! We must have daffodils. We'd better keep hens, too. And I'd get a little hoe and rake and shovel; just like my big hoe and rake and shovel; and Carmen, in a pink something-or-other dress—Oh, yes! Calico was the word that I wanted. I could see Carmen in it, her sleeves rolled up on her ivory arms (I was always something of a poet), working with her cunning little rake and hoe and shovel right there with me. We'd raise our own vegetables, and take a fall out of the High Cost of Living.

I wondered if Carmen could sing; and I decided that she could. Probably she played the guitar. All Spanish people could play the guitar, most likely; and the fact that she was a wonderful dancer would indicate that she WAS Spanish. H-m-m-m! We would sit on our vine-curtained porch in the twilight; and she would play, and sing "In the Gloaming," and "Home, Sweet Home," and—and—

I hoped she wasn't keen on the dancing end of the proposition. I'm a home-lover, myself; and I shouldn't feel at all cheerful if my wife dragged me out to dances and picture shows and other festivities, when I wanted to be working in the garden or playing with the rabbits. But—I was forgetting again! Of course ANY young woman who had been so highly recommended as a teacher and leader of the young would be domestic, a home-lover. I was crossing a lot of bridges unnecessarily.

Many of these reflections came to me on my way to my boarding house, after seeing Walter Peebles (Walter wasn't such a bad sort, after all). I continued to reflect as I got into unaccustomed evening togs; and all the way to the Rowan home—the "big house" of the town, where the Charity Ball was to be held—I went over in my mind the things that I would say to Carmen—if my natural bashfulness didn't tie my tongue.

In a haze I found myself in a place of lights, music, whirling dancers. There were several weeks—or years—of this sort of thing. I stood behind a stubby palm, and tried to look as if I wasn't present; but Dick Rowan spied me, slid half-way across the ballroom, grabbed my hand and slid back again—with me in tow. He was about to present me to—Great Heavens; THE girl! Slender—but NOT small; rich olive skin as clear and soft as the petals of a flower; dark, liquid eyes; hair blue-black, with the sheen of a crow's wing. And miracle of

miracles, she wore a red rose above her left ear!

I don't know what I said—I don't know what anybody said. As I have already remarked, Dick was about to present me to this wonderful creature—who was entirely surrounded by black-coated admirers—when the band struck into a jazzy dance-tune, and she didn't evidently, hear my name. In the few turns that we took about the room she called me (twice) "Mr. Jones." After that, she alternated between "Smith" and "Brown." 'A primrose by the river brim' was any little old dandelion to her. And how she could dance!

I was falling under the spell of her beauty when I caught her making signals of distress to Walter Peebles, who was standing by the same stubby palm where I had lingered so long. Walter, by the way, is about the best dancer in town. No doubt Carmen had danced with him before I made my somewhat late appearance. It fell on me like a ton of brick that I wasn't making good with the lady as a tripper; so I proposed that we go out on the broad veranda, which was inclosed, and where, under the mellow light of Japanese lanterns, ices and other refreshments were served.

She didn't object; and like a lotus flower in a pink mist she floated at my side across the crowded floor, into the big reception hall and thence to the long veranda. We had the place very much to ourselves, as it was yet early in the evening. While we waited the slow motions of a maid, to whom I paid the extravagant price of one dollar for two plates of ice, I began to sound Carmen on her theories of life. My heart pounded against by ribs as I put the first question (I concluded not to say anything about the lost letter until I had riveted her attention to me by remarks which would gradually lead up to the matter).

"Are you—er—fond of gardening?" I asked.

Her heavy silken lashes rayed wide, giving her the absurdly childlike expression of a Dottie Dimple picture; she giggled.

"What a funny man you are, Mr. White—er—Brown!"

If the "White" hadn't finished me, the giggle certainly would have done the job. I'm rather a serious-minded fellow; and girls who giggle have no attraction for me. Although our ices had not been served, I was relieved that Dick Rowan should at this moment appear to summon Miss Carmen Rois to prepare for her solo dance. She went, protesting; and I handed her over to Dick without a regret. So far as I was concerned, the Charity Ball was over and done with. I would stay, however, and see the solo dance.

Miss Carmen had disappeared. Someone whispered that she was getting herself into a Spanish costume. As I caught this audible confidence, I half-turned to go. Curiosity pulled me back.

Suddenly a burst of music, wild but sweet, came from a palm-screened corner where the musicians were stationed. At the first note there was a stir among the assembled guests; a circle was cleared on the dance floor. Craning over the shoulders of those in front of me, I saw a vision in red and black. With bare arms lifted above her rose-crowned head, Carmen timed her gliding steps to the storming music. Her eyes were ashine, her red lips parted in a smile. She moved in a swirl of red draperies.

"Sa-ay!" drawled a voice in my ear. "Miss Boice is some dancer, what?"

I turned to find Walter Peebles smiling at me. There was chagrin, no less than mirth, in the smile. I grabbed his arm.

"You—you told me t-that her name—that she was Carmen Rois!" I sputtered.

"My mista-ake," he drawled. "I gathered over the phone that Rois was the name. And the front name isn't right, either. She signs herself 'Alice'—with a 'y'."

I was dazed, but happy. I felt that I would rather will the five thousand to the poor, limp girl of the kindergarten than to this giggling creature, who named me, variously, Jones, Smith, Brown, White.

[To Be Continued]



Joy of a Great Discovery

By
Donna Reith Scott

MELVIN stood before the small-paned window in the old-fashioned hotel gazing out at the October sun. It was casting softly tinted streaks in the mist over the mountain peaks which enclosed the tiny village.

After a little he swung round. "What time is it, nurse?"

"Why, honey, this is the third time you have asked this morning," chirped the middle-aged, trained nurse, while she whisked back and forth from the bedroom to the bath-room washing glasses and spoons. "It's twenty minutes to ten."

"I'd like my overcoat on then. Please help me put it on."

"Shall nurse go with you?"

He shook his head in the negative, his great blue, dark-circled eyes flashing with pride. "Jus' at ten I've got a 'pointment to meet my friend, Jack."

"Where, honey?"

"By the big rock in the hollow, where I got 'quainted with him. Jack's a won'erful man," he chattered, as she put on his scarf and overcoat. "He's a nater'list. That's why he's camping in the mountains, 'cause things are there. He 'splains to me all about the flowers and the bees and the birds. An' ever'-thing I ask him."

The nurse sighed. "If he answers all your questions, he must be a truly marvelous man."

"He is!"

With his cap under her arm, she began to brush his hair. "Jack likes to muss up my hair," Melvin said. "An' he's got a won'erful girl with golden hair like mine; an' she won't marry him 'cause she's after something—a carrell or something, some kind of a carriage or automobile, I guess."

"Yes, honey," she returned absently.

"I didn't ask Jack to 'splain it to me 'cause he didn't seem so awful glad."

"Yes. Now go slow," she coaxed as the child turned the knob. "Remember, you have been ill. It takes quite awhile to get over scarlet fever. If you don't gain weight every day, your mamma will come and take us back to the city."

"I will. We've only been here two weeks. I don't want to go back there—yet.

"Come soon for your gruel."

"All right. I get hungry when I'm out."

He strolled leisurely down the only

street in the village. It sloped down to the cleared hollow where the big rock lay; then it wound over the mountains.

The breeze was now a sharp little slap, now a soft little caress. It brought a gentle bloom the color of wild roses to his delicate, fair face.

As he slipped along the hard mud path he did not glance at the weather-beaten, tree-shaded dwellings, set far back from the road, until he came to a tiny, vine-wreathed, flower-smothered cottage. Its lawn was edged with maple trees, and it nestled in a tiny vale all its own.

There he stopped and leaned against a maple and listened for the strains of beautiful music he had heard issuing from the cottage as he passed each morning.

He waited and waited, but he heard only the wind stirring the branches overhead and the swish of the falling leaves at his feet.

After a moment he clasped his hands in delight at the brilliant array of leaves fluttering through the air. He flung himself on his knees and picked up a blazing red one, then a tender gold one, a lemon-colored one and one that was flame-tipped, pink, green, and yellow all at once.

"Won'erful," he mused, turning them over in his hands. "How can all these kinds come off the same tree? I'll ask Jack about 'em."

As he carefully stowed them in his pocket and rose to his feet, a strong puff of wind blew from the yard and circled him. He stood quiet in an attitude of perplexed listening, and sniffed. "I wonder what that is?" he muttered. "It smells grander—grander than—"

Another whiff came whirling through the flowers against his small inhaling nose and mouth, and brought the delightful thing nearer. This time he breathed a great mouthful of the pulsating odor.

Slowly he stole close to the well-trodden path twisting among cosmos, roses, and chrysanthemums toward the cottage. His feet once on the path, the wizardy of the sweet odor lured him farther. Unconscious of everything but the witching fragrance, he patted on, with raised nose, wide-open eyes and parted lips. Then in a sudden turn of the path he stumbled and fell into a rose bush.

"Ow-h-h!" he involuntarily exclaimed as rose spray roughly swished his cheek.

A door was flung open among the autumn-tinted vines. In the aperture stood a pretty blonde woman. Melvin sheltered himself behind the bush, and through its shaking branches peeped out at her curiously. He flushed with embarrassment; he was intruding on some one's grounds, and he didn't know what to say.

She smiled across the blossoming space into his staring eyes and waited for him to speak.

Almost immediately his self-possession returned. He moved from his place of concealment, and explained very politely, "I came in to see what that awful fine smell was."

The young woman raised her eyebrows in a puzzled manner, closed the door, and swayed gracefully out into the path, a dainty, slender figure among the towering cosmos.

She glanced around her. She sniffed several times. "I don't know what you mean, dearie," she said. "I don't smell anything."

"Don't you?" he asked surpised, facing her. "Jus' smell hard, like this!" His tiny chest rose and fell, while he inhaled deeply two or three times.

She laughed quietly, and then obeyed. "I don't detect it," the woman laughingly protested. "O-h, perhaps you mean the bed of tansy growing over there?" she added, pointing to a row of the plants near the side fence. "It isn't pleasant to some people; yet I like it."

He trailed after her to the tansy patch, stooped and buried his face in the dark green leaves. "No, no," he said very seriously, "it isn't tansy."

A whiff of breeze blew sweet again. He put his head back, his eyes gleaming expectantly and waited a moment. Now he drew a long hard, delighted breath.

She placed her handkerchief over her mouth to conceal a laugh. "Oh, it's that kind of smell." She glanced over the vale of many blossoms, and in comical despair shook her head.

"Can't you smell it?" he asked with a note of discouragement in his ascending

voice. "It smells grander than the music coming out of here nearly every morning."

A quick color mounted over her face and neck. She laughed wistfully gay, and stared over at the ridge of mountains. "I know," she said, after a moment, with positive assurance, "It's the red carnations. These have a rarely beautiful, a dreamy perfume. Let's run down, and I'll pick you some."

Melvin knew, as he patted after her to the margin of the lawn, where the glowing bed lay, that she was mistaken. He was very familiar with carnations. They were his mother's favorite flowers. But he felt it would not be just the thing to say so, as she was going to give him some.

She picked a handful of long stemmed beauties, and playfully dashed them against his face. "That's what it is!"

Forgetting his resolution to be polite, he quickly uttered: "It isn't them. And —and—I can't smell it any more," he almost wailed, sniffing again. "I'm full of them," viewing with deep reproach the bouquet in his hand.

"Never mind, dearie," she replied consolingly, "if you ever smell it again, come in, and we'll investigate thoroughly."

She remained standing where he had left her. When he reached the road, he called to her: "I'll tell Jack about it."

He hurried the remainder of the distance to the great rock. Jack had not arrived. So he sat down on the sun-bathed stone set on a carpet of long green grass, and pursed up his lips in disappointment.

After he had impatiently twirled the carnations in his fingers for a while, he laid them in the shade under an elm tree. He climbed the rock again and jumped up and tried to suspend himself in the air to see over the hill onto the trail that Jack would come along.

He couldn't see over the hill. But presently he heard the crunch of pine needles and he knew that Jack was coming. His hands were held out in rapturous greeting before Jack came into view.

"Hello, son!" the big, dark, young man called as he swung around the jutting edge of the hill. He chuckled when he saw a leaping question in the expressive blue eyes. "What's new this morning?"

Melvin pulled the handful of leaves from his pocket and held them out for inspection.

"I was going to ask you about these; but I'm not so very int'rested any more. Hurry and sit down, Jack," he urged, moving over so as to leave plenty of room.

The young man placed himself on the seat, clasped his tanned hands about his raised knee and dreamily gazed away beyond the sunny opening to where, on the giant hills, the beech trees were glowing like flames among the dusky pines.

"Jack," the boy began, "what's a grander small than music?"

"'A grander smell than music,'" the man repeated, looking down with amusement at the little serious figure beside him. "I don't know what you mean, kiddo."

Melvin spread his arms apart their entire capacity. "A bigger, grander smell than music!"

"Do you mean that this odor in comparison with beautiful music—all music isn't beautiful—is finer than the music?"

"I guess, that's what I mean. It's— But what is it, Jack?"

"Where did you meet with this Arabian Nights-like fragrance?"

"Is that what—"

"No, no," Jack laughed. "Tell we where it was."

"In a lady's yard. The lady and I hunted for it. But we couldn't find it. She gave me those flowers," he went on gloomily, "and I couldn't smell it any more."

This was all so vague that Jack had lost himself in studying the rim of the hills where they leaned against the sky, and made no reply.

"It's a kind of a smell you could eat, Jack."

"Oh," the man chuckled, "a smell you can eat. It's very mystifying to me, Melvin. I'd have to have a few whiffs of it myself before I could tell you."

Melvin slid off the rock. Let's go by the house, and maybe you can smell it."

They climbed the dusty road. The boy

usually a few eager paces in advance.

There was no one in sight when they reached the blossom-hid cottage. The boy sniffed. And the man sniffed, his lips ever struggling with amusement. Also they took long deep breaths. But the only sweet odors they inhaled were familiar ones, those of the carnation, late, withering roses, and honeysuckles, mingled with many lesser flower perfumes.

"I distinguish—" began Jack.

Dismally the boy interrupted, "It's gone; it's gone."

Then one morning, about a week later, when Melvin had almost forgotten about the exquisite perfume, it was wafted to him on an exhilarating east wind as he came opposite the cottage on his way to keep another tryst with Jack.

The lady was in the yard tying a blown-down vine to the fence.

He ran toward her, his face breaking into smiles. "I smell it," he announced, the joy of a great discovery in his voice, "I smell it!"

She looked down at him through the golden tendrils of her wind-tossed hair. The blood was throbbing pink in her cheeks, her eyes dancing with the glory of the morning.

"Lead the way and find it," she laughed. "I'll follow."

He went down the path, sniffing and turning his head from side to side. Once he stopped and leaned over a row of verbenas.

"Isn't that," he remarked, going on to the next flower bed.

"We'll surely find it this morning," she encouraged, following.

Near the house he abruptly halted and whirled round. "It's getting stronger."

He patted on another little way. "It's getting awful strong, now," his voice bounding.

"Yes."

On close to the open kitchen door he went. Then he paused confused.

It's coming out of your house."

"Go in," she urged, I'm following the leader."

Inside the diminutive blue and white kitchen, he breathed. "It's coming out of your stove."

"Well, well, you must be a little magician!"

She took a thick pad, got down on one knee, bent the oven door open and slid out a pan containing a dozen, soft brown, odorous biscuits.

"How grand," the boy sighed. "It did smell like you could eat it."

She stood still with the pan poised in her hands. "Didn't your mother ever make any raised sweet biscuits with raisins and cinnamon?"

"No mam," he replied. "We haven't any kitchen. We live in a hotel in the city and eat in the dining-room with all the other people."

"I live in hotels, too, most of the time," she murmured, a far away look in her eyes. "But," brightly, "sit down and have late breakfast with me."

He hesitated, drooping his head and blushing.

"Please," she coaxed, "I'm lonely." She said it as if she meant it, putting an arm around him and drawing him to the table.

She laid a biscuit on each of two plates, heaped the remainder on a platter, and then poured two glasses of milk.

The child eagerly broke the raisin-pitted biscuit in half, placed one piece on his plate, the other beside it. He spread the half on his plate with butter and quickly ate it. Slowly he sipped his milk.

Choking back a laugh, with her glance on the piece beside his plate, she asked: "Don't they taste as good as they smell?"

"G-o-o-d," he ejaculated. "I never tasted anything so good before!"

"Why don't you eat the rest of yours?"

He turned his head away from her and gazed at the floor. After a moment of silence, he explained falteringly, "If you don't mind, I'd like to take it to Jack. I told him about the smell."

"Oh," she tendered, laughing, "run out and get Jack. I'd just love to see you and your friend eat them all."

While tumbling through the doorway, he came to a sudden standstill. "S'pose he won't come?"

"Tell him he must come. I'd be so—so disappointed." She added, "Don't tell him what the smell is."

He fled toward the rock, and found Jack lounging there musingly watching a squirrel storing nuts in a hollow tree.

Ordinarily Melvin would have gone into raptures over the squirrel and its labors, and have asked a hundred questions. Now he took no notice of it, but jubilantly threw himself on Jack and cried, "I found the smell, Jack."

"Is that so. What is it?"

"The lady wants you to come and see for yourself. She said I mustn't tell," he protested.

"I—I—Melvin," he countered, and remained sitting on the rock watching the squirrel scampering away.

"Please, Jack," the boy pleaded, near to tears. "She's the prettiest lady with a silk dress on that shivers. And—and she said she'd be so dis-ap-point-ed."

Jack smiled his broad smile. "Of course, if she's that kind of a lady it makes a difference."

He got up reluctantly.

Melvin snatched his hand and held it tight, for fear he might change his mind, and fairly dragged him along the road and into the yard.

Near the door the boy ran ahead. The pretty woman came beamingly to meet him. She drew back with a gasp as she saw a man's feet on the path and a man's fedora hat bobbing over the tall, spreading blossoms.

"Is Jack a man?" she asked with agitation, unconsciously squeezing the child's hand.

"Oh, yes," he answered proudly, looking up at her astonished.

Jack stood beside her, his face as white as paper. "Loris! Loris!" he said.

The color died out of her cheeks like one of her wilting roses. She weakly grasped the casing and tried to speak.

"I—I heard you had a country place," faltered Jack, searching her soft gray eyes, "but—but I—"

She stepped inside and in tremulous tones invited, "Come in."

Melvin stared at them uncomprehensively. He led Jack to the table. "See, what they are, Jack?"

Jack's lip was trembling; he made no reply.

The man and woman looked at the dainty, brown mound on the table, then looked into each other's eyes and laughed a little.

"A man will want coffee with biscuits," she declared, moving toward the stove. "I'll make some."

She picked up some kindling. The man promptly took it from her hands, kissed and held them.

"Are you still dreaming of conquering the world with your violin, Loris?" he asked under his breath.

Her eyes brimming with tears met his. "I—I don't know. I—" A smile eclipsed the tears. "I bought this lovely, little nook to come down and practice in. A week ago I—the first time since we parted—made biscuits. I was told that the smell was grander than my music. Almost a repetition of your—"

She broke off, attempting to release her imprisoned hands.

He bent over her and drew her closer. "A million times I have regretted that I said you could make finer biscuits than music," he pleaded. "It isn't true, dear! It isn't true!"

"Oh, I guess it's true, isn't it, Melvin?" glancing at the wondering child. "Anyway," she nestled closer to Jack's shoulder, "they brought you back again—"

"To stay?" he asked tenderly.

Now Melvin understood what it was all about.

"Anybody'd like to stay where there's biscuits like that!" he insisted..





Indian Trackers

Their Uncanny Skill Makes Fugitives Despair

Remarkable Pursuit of a Piute Murderer.

By White Eagle

NOTHING moves upon the earth without leaving a sign or a track and there are men who are adepts at following the thing that was or is moving by the sign or track left behind. Few animals are wise enough to consciously attempt to hide their trail; man, with his superior intellect, is different. The instant a man steps without the law and becomes a hunted creature the very first thing he thinks of and attempts to do is to get away,—to cover his tracks. He usually succeeds pretty well for a time but, eventually, nearly all fugitives are trailed down and brought to justice. The primitive people are the best trackers.

The keen-eyed American Indian, especially the Apaches and some other tribes that live on or near the desert country of California, Arizona, and Nevada, are marvels.

Apparently, without a sign to guide him, the Indian tracker can take up the trail of a human fugitive, be that trail hours or a day, or several days old, and come up with the hunted with nearly as much ease and dispatch, as if a plain road had been followed; the slightest impression of a foot, or hoof, a misplaced pebble, a broken twig, a trampled blade of grass—all are figures of speech to the Indian tracker. A knowledge of the country traveled through, the nationality of the fugitive is also a great aid. From the nationality and the character of the person it is often correctly judged as to destination and the route that will be attempted when it is then only necessary to watch for signs here and there and, these signs proving the tracker's judgment correct, the following up and closing in comes quickly and easily; much more easily for the tracker than for the fugitive on ahead who is always hurried, uneasy, hungry and sleepless, and has to choose quickly while attempting to hide his trail.

The Indian tracker also knows that not all white fugitives will impose upon themselves unnecessary suffering or hardship. They are likely to follow a route favorable to the obtaining of food and drink. An Indian fugitive will travel more rugged country, and is capable of going without food and water for a time that would prove the undoing of the average paleface. At the same time the Indian can keep moving ahead and usually knows of

springs or water holes unknown to the white man. Getting into a country where there are range cattle an Indian is content to live for great lengths of time on beef roasted over the coals of a small fire. Indian, trailing Indian, always expects to do more or less hard and fine work, but enjoys the pitting of wits.

If the tracker can keep it hid from the fugitive that he is being trailed he will, of course, end the quest all the quicker, but this can seldom be done. The oft-repeated backward glance of a guilty person who is seeking escape usually discovers the pursuers. The tracker has to exercise no little care in following, and in closing in on the hunted one.

A hunted man has an intense hatred and dread of those following him, and ever since the invention of the long range rifle, the business of following up and closing in on human game, has been one requiring courage and caution. There is a thrill, a fascination, and a grewsome interest about a man-hunt, keenly felt by all in touch engaged in it. I have seen several.

The bloodhound has long been a favorite in tracking down fugitives and has done some good work. He is the only dog used up to the present time, to any extent, in running down human beings. The bloodhound has a long list of accomplishments to his credit which no other breed has excelled.

A famous bloodhound is old "Dud," owned at the present time by Jessie Driscoll of the D Ranch, Spearfish, South Dakota, the oldest cow outfit in Northern Wyoming. This hound has been used at different times to track down criminals—principally horse and cattle thieves—in the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana. He



Ready to Pursue Horse Thieves.

was trained and kept for years at the Huntsville, Texas, penitentiary from which institution Mr. Driscoll purchased him, paying a large price. Dud is said on good authority to have tracked down and been the means of the capture of three hundred persons. One notable exploit of the hound was the tracking of Bill McCracken, an outlaw horse thief who operated as late as 1916 in Wyoming, the Dakotas and Northeastern Montana. Dud was placed on the outlaw's trail one morning and followed it for forty miles, most of the time, through that indescribably rough stretch of country known as the "Bad Lands" of North



Family Group of California Indians.

Dakota and Northeastern Montana. The fugitive was sighted a little before sunset. The outlaw then dismounted in a lonely patch of pines, and unslinging his Winchester sent shot after shot whistling so close to the heads of the officers who were following the hound, that they dared not close in on him. When darkness came he escaped, but was later captured and jailed at Miles City.

To return to men who are trackers, the case of Willie Boy, a Piute Indian murderer, trailed to his death by Seguindo Chino, a California Mission Indian and member of the sheriff's posse, will illustrate the work of the trackers and the danger sometimes encountered in closing in on a fugitive armed with a long range rifle.

During the week of March 12, 1920, while in Southern California I visited the scenes of Willie Boy's crimes, saw the graves of two of his victims, old Mike Boniface and daughter, Loleta. I stayed over night with Seguindo Chino and wife who is the widow of old Mike Boniface and the mother of Loleta, and being of Indian descent myself I obtained facts of this gory tragedy of Indian life which the public has not as yet had.

Willie Boy was about twenty-two years old, and came from Nevada where he had committed several murders but had escaped conviction. He could speak good English, read and write, had remarkable powers of physical endurance and was a splendid rifle shot.

While working near Banning the Boy met the Boniface family—old Mike, seventy-two years of age, his wife, sixty, and family of eight children. The youngest of the children was the girl Loleta, most splendidly developed for her age of fifteen years.

For over a year after the meeting, Willie Boy tried to get this girl away from her family, but was repulsed by old Mike, as it was understood that the Boy had a half-breed wife and two children living at Victorville, where the Boy had worked

as farm laborer and cowboy. This resistance on the part of old Mike cost him his life, for on Sunday night, September 27, 1909, he was shot by Willie Boy while asleep. With his family, the old man was camped at the Arthur Gilman ranch, a mile from Banning, picking fruit. On different occasions Mr. Gilman had employed Willie Boy and the later was consequently familiar with the interior of the Gilman home. On the night of the murder the Piute lover slipped into the Gilman home and stole a 30-30 Winchester rifle. The magazine of the rifle was full and a few minutes after the theft a bullet crashed through the head of old Mike Boniface where he slept. The shot awakened the rest of the family and Willie Boy swore he was going to kill them all. Mrs. Boniface, a short, heavy set, full-blood Indian woman, of great physical strength and courage, grappled with the murderer and tried to take the rifle from him and to keep him from going away with Loleta, but he overcome her. The girl was ready and waiting, having told him to shoot her father, so that the two might flee together. I had this statement from the lips of Florin Chino, brother-in-law. The girl's mother affirmed the statement.

The tracking of Willie Boy did not begin till late Monday, as the Indians, frightened at the tragedy and at Willie Boy's threats, told no one of the murder till daylight Monday morning when Frank P. Wilson, sheriff of Riverside county, California, ever since his first election in 1907, was notified. With a posse and several Indian trackers he took the trail which led across the Gilman orchard to the Southern Pacific tracks, and thence to the rugged hills about Banning. A person at all cautious leaves little if any trail in these hills, yet the Indians with Sheriff Wilson's posse did such splendid work that the party came up on Willie Boy and the girl late that evening, although the two had traveled all the previous night.

On seeing the sheriff's posse Willie Boy and the girl proceeded to the top of a hill which afforded a view all around. The officers were afraid to close in, as the rifle the murderer had stolen from Mr. Gilman, was known to be equipped with fine sights for long range shooting and Willie Boy's record as a desperate man was established. The fugitives remained upon the hill till darkness came when they went on again and walked twenty miles that night. Next morning the trackers resumed the trail and came up with the Boy and girl again at 11 a. m. When the murderer saw the posse he ran on ahead and left the girl behind a mile, but she kept going until she overtook him and the two again went to the top of a hill and rested till dark. Then they journeyed on, making another twenty miles that night. Their trail next day led to the Pipe's ranch, a remote place in the mountains, where it was found Willie Boy had broken into one of the buildings and stolen some provisions. The trail led onward for six miles, when it was found that the fugitives had stopped, built a small fire and cooked a meal for themselves.

Nights in the hills around Banning in the month of September are chilly and when the girl went away she had worn only a thin, red calico dress with a blue shirt underneath. The fugitives had been out now three nights without shelter of any kind, and had traveled over fifty miles of very rough country and the girl had now began to weary. Around the camp fire the trackers found signs that she had tried to escape from Willie Boy, but he had run and caught her and had dragged her back.

From the little camp fire the trail led off through the rough mountains, the two fugitives traveling all that night, reaching water next morning where it was found they rested till evening, for when the sheriff and his party arrived at the spring the couple had only just left. The trail was fresh. Here again the trackers found that there had been more trouble between the man and girl. The country was so rough that the officers dismounted and followed on foot. Willie Boy knew that the officers were close upon him. The girl, now wholly played out, sick of her bargain and unable to keep the pace, had stopped and laid down on a big rock. Her companion turned in his flight and shot her through the heart as she lay with

her back toward him. Her body was still warm and the blood still trickled from the wound, when the party found her.

Willie Boy got over the ground much faster after killing the girl. His trail ran across stretches of desert; over rough mountains; over hills where huge boulders, weighing thousands of tons, lay scattered about as if giants had there engaged in a battle, hurling the boulders at each other. The murderer knew the country well and was able to keep out of sight of the posse but never very far ahead of them. Seguindo Chino and Paul DeCrevecour, the best trackers among the Mission Indians, were leading the posse and so expert were they in keeping the trail hot that Willie Boy got very little rest. He traveled at night while the posse rested. They would be on the trail bright and early mornings and close upon his heels by evening and it was only the rough mountainous country that saved Willie Boy. This continued until late in October, as the posse had to abandon the chase several times, temporarily, on account of the lack of supplies for men and horses, it being next to impossible to secure sustenance in that part of the country, but they finally closed in on the murderer who had fortified himself on the side of a mountain above them. They could hear him calling to them but could not see him:

"Come on up and see me if you are men enough!" he shouted.

Seguindo Chino showed part of his head and one eye as he peered around a rock, in his effort to locate the owner of the taunting voice, but instantly a bullet from Willie Boy's rifle splintered the rock, just missing the tracker's eye by a scratch. All members of the posse were careful to keep under cover after that.

Later on in the day Willie Boy called: "I would shoot an Indian but not a white man, come on up and see me, white men!"

After some consultation, the white men rode out in view, dismounted and prepared to ascend to Willie Boy's stronghold; but quicker than it takes to write it four horses were stretched out on the ground, dying, and one man, Charles Reche, was down with a dangerous wound in his hip. Every member of the posse scurried for cover followed by a burst of wild, demonical laughter from Willie Boy who had thus lured them out in reach of his rifle.

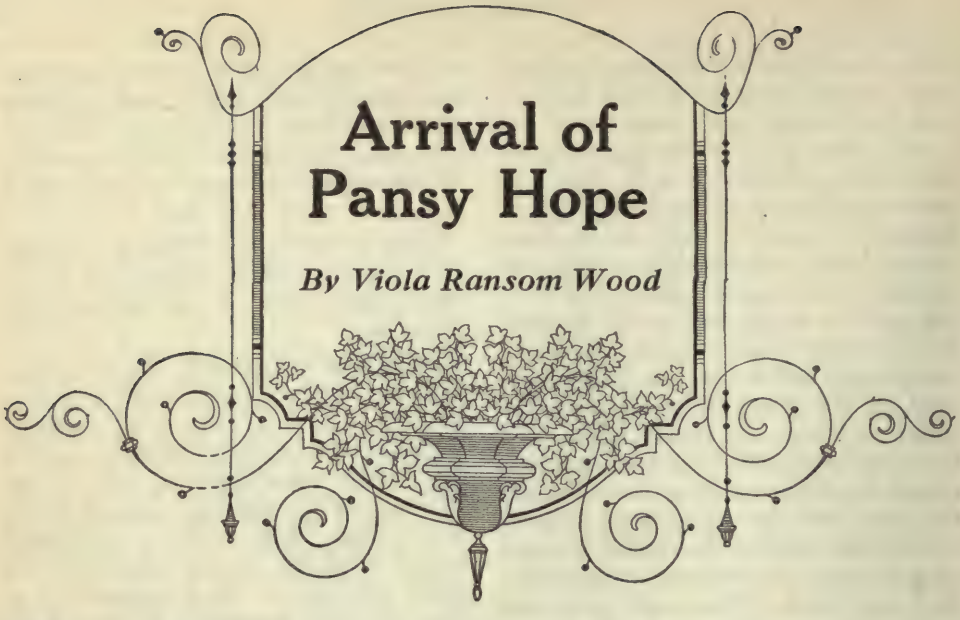
The posse drew off until night and the wounded man laid in the hot sun, no one daring to render aid before darkness fell.

Just as the posse under cover of night had rescued the wounded man, a single rifle shot rang out from Willie Boy's stronghold up among the rocks. The desperate fugitive had killed himself. He had removed one shoe, pulled the rifle trigger with his toe and sent his last cartridge through his own heart.

The man trackers did not bring Willie Boy to the bar of formal justice but they did the next best thing—hounded him to his death.



Tracking in the Desert.



Arrival of Pansy Hope

By Viola Ransom Wood

THIS happened before our noble army of sisters started to wearing brothers' A. E. F. service pants on Sunday hiking trips, and in those good old days when if a woman was seen shorn of her glorious crown of tresses she was congratulated by her friends upon a miraculous recovery from fever of some virulent brand or other; in the days when Dr. Mary Walker had a monopoly on bifurcated outergarments for the feminine sex in the U. S. A., and when sickness was the only legitimate excuse for short hair on a feminine poll—and that not so much an excuse as a calamitous necessity. That is, generally speaking. There are exceptions to all rules, however, as even the eugenists had to admit when the "perfect" preacher married the "perfect" deaconess—and the eldest of their progeny proved to be quite the opposite of an angelic little cherubim!

But this isn't to be a dissertation on engenics. It is merely a tale of an exception to the general rule—all of which centers around the arrival of Pansy Hope in Brushy Hollow, and particularly with her advent in the home of Peter Cowan.

Peter and his family—consisting of son and daughter—were at supper when the subject of Pansy Hope first fluttered its wings in the Cowan household. The sharp-angled table about which they were seated was covered with a much-washed cloth, that had once gleamed deeply red beneath the heterogeneous collection of mush-prize dishes, but now it merely blushed pinkly from over-cleanliness. It didn't even tinge the shininess of old Peter's bald head when he leant across the board to help himself to another generous gob of butter.

This bald pate was about the only pronounced earmark of past-middle-age that Peter Cowan bore, for he had lived a frugal, temperate, outdoor life, and now at the age of fifty he was firm of muscle, clear of eye, sound of teeth—but Peter was just a little less deaf than the proverbial post.

So, though they sat within a few feet of their father, the boy and girl sent a swirl of frank words all about him. They discussed him and their own affairs with an open candidness that youthful reticence would have kept them from indulging in had they not known that his ears were almost totally sealed by nature.

But Peter was a wise old bird. He had —well, I guess you might call it a sense of humor, although that and temperament and Shakespeare have a lot of unmerited things ascribed to them! A joke was as essential to his daily happiness as whiskers to a Bolshevik. Right at that minute, he was enjoying what was his masterpiece of humor. For, though they had not the slightest inkling of the truth, their father was keeping tab on every syllabic movement of their lips—and for

all his outward placidity was chuckling inwardly at some of the things they were saying. Not for nothing, had he watched them in the past when they yelled words at him. Every yell had been a lesson, and bit by bit the master jest was assembled, so that now he had only to sit back and laugh in secret delight at those most amusing things—the things he wasn't supposed to hear!

At the opposite end of the table from Peter Cowan, professional eavesdropper —to give him his proper title—sat his daughter Fronie. She was a snappy-eyed, energetic, little lady of twenty, who, since her mother's death four years before, had managed the household in a way that bespoke another henpecked husband should she mate with a will less stronger than her own. She was talking earnestly to her brother, and as she leant slightly across the corner of the table toward him, a shade of worry rested on her not unpleasing tanned face.

"But, Bud," she was saying, "you simply can't do it! Pa needs you. He couldn't get along without you here to help with the work. And, don't forget what we promised ma! As long as he needed us, remember, we wouldn't leave him."

There was only a year's difference in their ages, and they looked enough alike to be taken by strangers for twins. But, where his sister's brown eyes snapped energetic fire, Bud's smoldered in sullen resentment against sisterly interference and advice, and against the world in general. Cupid had played him a mean trick in his initial love affair. The bitter-sweet arrow bore the name and address of one Millicent Wilkins on it—and Millie Wilkins was Brushy Hollow's most finished product when it came to fluff-brained infatuators. Since first-love is such a darn serious thing, Bud was pretty miserable. He had reached that point of desperation that sends men either to John Barleycorn, or Timbuctoo; women to swift flirtations, or religion. It was Timbuctoo, figuratively, Alaska, literally, that Bud had elected since Millie had gone riding for three successive Sundays with Chester Gann. That she was a thirty-third degree cousin to both Chet and him, made no fractional difference in bitterness of Bud's feelings. Relationship is like a sum in higher mathematics to most Brushy Hollowites. There has been so many intermarrying done already between cousins of various degrees that the whole community is as inextricably related as that tribe in the Old Testament that walked across that unbridged sea, without having to worry over such trifles as an extra pair of dry socks. So Bud had dreamed of that time when he and Millie would interlace two more branches of the neighborhood's family-tree; and, when Millie's conduct seemed to point out it would be advisable for him to turn over, or wake up—why, the one thing Bud most desired to do was to put space —and plenty of it—between him and the Hollow.

At his sister's words, he shrugged his toil-broadened shoulders impatiently.

"That's right; go harping on that, now! Every time I want to do something for myself, you start it! You know darn well that ma didn't mean to tie me to YOUR apron strings. She's be the last person in the world to want to keep me buried on this miserable hole of a ranch."

"And, I suppose she'd be the FIRST one to want you to leave pa in the lurch, when a girl happened to turn you down for another fellow," his sister commented in sarcastic negative, as with a whisking motion she drew into convenient position for serving the dessert—one of those thick-bellied apple pies, such as farm-folk eat with great gusto and relish about three days out of every fifty-two annual weeks. When the goodly-sized wedges were in proper working position, she went on, sharply emphatic. "There's no use talking about it, Bud; you can't leave. That's all. It's pure foolishness, anyway. The fall work just coming on, and"—changing suddenly—"I'd like to see the person that could make ME leave the Hollow!"

"Nobody's MAKING me," hotly denied Bud. "I'm just a-going, that's all."

Fronie gave a scornful laugh. "Of course, little Millicent hasn't a thing to do with it," she jeered. Then her tone changed to mild entreaty. "Why don't you buck up, Bud? Show her a few

things about going with other people? Take somebody else out in your new rubber-tired buggy? Take Josie; she's a good kid."

Bud gave an un-Chesterfieldian snort. "Why don't you say take YOU, and be done with it? A cousin—huh!"

This nettled Fronie. "Cousin! Well, so is Millie—"

Bud cut her short. "There are cousins and cousins," he said with finality. "Some of them don't go back as far as Adam! You might as well change your key right here and now. I don't take Uncle Meacher's girls, or any other uncle's girls, or any other cousin's, for that matter! What riding I do here in the Hollow, I'll do alone—if you wait for me to ask any of them!"

Ordinarily, Bud's disposition was as a piece of plastic dough in his sister's managerial hands—but it was dough that had a rock of unyielding stubbornness in the heart of it. When Fronie's way merely meant modeling the surface of events—well and good; but sometimes, as now, she poked her finger in the core—at these times Bud's name might well have been Maud! Fronie recognized this fact—and there was an end to conversation; a silence which lasted almost through the "second piece" stage of the dessert.

Then entered the big idea, and turned on the bright lights again.

"The new teacher, Bud! I almost forgot about her. She's no kin, and she'll be just the one to help you do the trick."

Bud didn't glow like an incandescent of enthusiasm. In fact, he didn't take to the idea, at all, and said so with an unhesitating directness that gave his father occasion for another secret smile.

"I think more of my team than to make them haul a human dictionary around through these hills."

"But, Bud, she's not—"

"Oh, I guess I've known as many teachers as you! I know the breed. I've gone to school to them."

"Yes, and every one of them was a relative of some sort to us."

She scored there. Her father appreciated the keenness of her perception; Bud recognized the logic of it, and was impressed with her argument for the first time during the evening meal.

"Uncle Meacher told me today," Fronie continued, "that her name was Pansy Hope. She couldn't be the walking grammar sort with a name like that."

"Pansy Hope," Bud repeated, his interest mildly intrigued. "That's not such a bad name. Did he say any more about her? Is she young? Good looking?"

"No, he didn't say anything about that. But can't you just see her by the name? I can. She's short, but not too short—like Millie, you know; dark hair, dusky eyes, and a round face—"

"Where did you see her?" demanded Bud, piqued curiosity speaking.

"No place."

"Then Uncle Meacher showed you a picture of her?"

Bud was never much of a wayfarer in the realm of imagination. The probable and possible of fact usually marked the bounds of his conjectures.

This literalness versus Fronie's flights in far fields afforded their father more amusement than a deliberate eavesdropper deserves. Just then he was having a guilty time in making a fake cough echo an alibi to a chuckle that had escaped control and waved into audibility. But there was more back of that chuckle than his children's current conversation! Old Peter could have added a word or two concerning Pansy Hope himself—but he didn't. He listened on, his eyes more keenly alert than ever.

"No, no, no," denied Fronie in impatient crescendo. "He didn't show me any picture. He didn't have to," she explained less sharply—and very complacently. "I've imagination enough to make a pretty good guess as to her looks—to go with that name. Pansy Hope! Why, Bud, can't you just see her?"

"No, I can't," bluntly retorted Bud, the literal. "And what's more, I won't. By the time she gets here, I'll be on my way North!"

"Oh, Bud, don't talk that way. Can't you see that you mustn't leave the ranch? Pa needs you and me both now. Can't you, won't you realize that?"

"A fellow's got to think of himself some time," was his dogged assertion.

Fronie sensed she had hit the flint of obstinancy again, and the very desperateness she felt regarding their filial duty, as she saw it, caused her to use an argument, the very nature of which made it a veritable last resort to a girl who shrank from teasing.

What she said, made her father more seriously thoughtful than amused for a while.

"How about me?" she asked quietly—so quietly that her tone instantly focused her brother's attention.

"You?" Plainly her meaning was eluding his interpretative literalness.

She nodded her head. Twin spots of red touched up the tan of her cheeks, and her lips, for a moment, were pressed tightly together in defiant determination.

"What about you?" he followed up, curiosity strengthened.

"I mean that I have just as much right to think of myself as you have, yourself. You don't hear me talking of leaving home, though, when," she hesitated, then finished in a tumble of words, "when somebody turns me down for somebody else."

Her eyes met his challengingly, but Bud's gave back only groping puzzlement as to what she was driving at. His stupidity and slowness to frame a reply of some sort vexed her afresh. She explained—frankly, bitterly—tossing her guarded secret into her brother's possession, without waiting for him to ask for it, or have him drag it, piecemeal, from her lips.

"I suppose you think that Chet Gann has been coming here about twice a week all this time just to see you and pa? Well, you have another think coming! I could have had him—easy as that!" She broke a toothpick with a vicious snap. "But I wouldn't. Wouldn't even let him ask me. Wouldn't give him a chance to —cause I know my duty, if you don't yours! So, I just kept sidestepping until —well, I guess he finally got discouraged; thought it no use to keep coming here—and, now, Millie is using him to make a fool of you, because she knows she can."

There had been a brooding light tinged with half-regrets in her eyes during this confession, but now they snapped fire.

"If I was you, she wouldn't work that game long on me. I'd turn tables, pronto, if I had to go riding with the homeliest, silliest, nearest cousin in the whole darned Hollow!"

"You just say that because you're jealous, not because—"

"How big a fool are you, anyway, Bud?" she answered this accusation, scathingly. "Jealous!" That's the last reason for talking to you this way. I want only to keep you from breaking your word to ma, and from letting a girl make a complete monkey of you!" Then she stopped rebuking and took to coaxing. "Oh, Bud, you must stay here. I'll plan some way to fix things with you and Millie, if you'll stay home."

"Some fixer, you are!" was the scornful rejection of the compromise.

"I can do it."

There was no nuance of self-doubt in Fronie's voice—a fact that unconsciously changed his attitude slightly. The bait was tempting—more tempting than flight to the far north—and subtly his stubborn resolve was being undermined by—well, I suppose you might call it a willingness to be convinced.

"Ah, she won't look at me any more, so what's the use!" The way he said this smacked cunningly of hope for more bait.

Fronie's mood was obliging.

"Yes," she came back promptly, "she won't look at you—and why? Because she knows she has you roped fast without having to! That's why she goes ahead and treats you like this—to show her power over you. What a girl like her needs is a good lesson. She needs one—and if you'd take my advice you could give it to her. Instead of giving her a chance to tell everybody that you left home and went to the most God-forsaken spot you could pick, because she turned you down for Chet Gann—give her something else to think about. When she sees you going about with any other girl, she's going to think, too,—believe me!"

"There's no other girl I'd take any place," began Bud, his mulish foot once more threatening to become firmly emplanted.

"Oh, forget the cousins, the aunts, the

whole bunch of relatives," Fronie cut in, eagerly impatient to enlarge on the scheme she had sketchily outlined in her mind. "The new teacher's the one that you want to shine-up to." Forestalling any demurs he might feel inclined to offer, she hastened to urge pleadingly. "Let me manage it for you, Bud. Let me plan things. I know if you will do as I want you to, Millie'll he asking you to take her some place, instead of you asking her."

Again Bud showed signs of wavering. That last bait was as tempting as a grasshopper to a catfish. Still he wasn't entirely convinced, as his ultimatum showed when his father called for an adjournment of the session—interrupting them with the unromantic reminder, "Them cows are bawling, Bud. Be late with the milking if you don't hustle."

Bud met his parent's eyes—and raised his voice to a shout. "I'm going right now." Then to Fronie—and unknowingly to the eavesdropper—he gave his ultimatum. "All right, Fron. Have it your own way. I'll try anything once. But—" Bud's voice dwelt with loud-pedal effect on that word in a way that pleased his father—"but if I see your plans aren't working, or if things don't pan out to suit me, I'm gone! I won't stand having you make a fool of me!"

That night Peter Cowan went to sleep. grinning. His wife's brother, Allen Meacher, had done a bit of shouting into Peter's deaf ears that day—and this high-low conversation had not slighted the subject of the new schoolma-am, who was expected to reach the Hollow Friday, by way of the nearest railway station, Missiondale. In fact, Meacher had as much as said he hadn't come out there in the middle of the Cowan summer-fallow to make a social call upon his brother-in-law. He said, right away, that he had Pansy Hope on his mind; and his subsequent explanations conclusively proved the truth of this statement.

Meacher was clerk of the local board of school trustees, and part of his yelling had told of their dissatisfaction as to the discipline the various "kinsfolk" teachers had maintained in past years, both near and long past. "If something ain't done about it," he had said, "we'll be raising a batch of young hoodlums first thing we know. That's what I told 'em last meeting; so we decided to import one this time. So's to not take any sight-unseen chances, we ask for pictures of the applicants. We got four in all; but this Pansy Hope looked the most like a body we could depend on. We trustees have got to draw a chalk mark this year, and the teacher has got to see that the kids toe it—that's all."

Pendulum-like, Peter's thoughts swung from a review of this conversation to the one he had peeked in on at the supper table.

He was far from worried or displeased over Bud's threats to set foot on the world road. The home-leaving idea had had his utmost approval from the very first hint; it meant elimination of certain worries, and who knows what all, as to paternal scheming and devising.

To Peter's way of viewing the matter, there were things a lot worse than possible Alaskan dangers that could befall his son. One of these was matrimony—matrimony with a cousin, even though that cousin be of the fourth-removed variety. For—to bring in eugenics again, though I still assert this isn't that kind of a story—Peter was an unconsciius believer in Mendel's Laws. Peter raised prize hogs as well as grain, and he knew the surest way to get runts! He, himself, was a rank outsider that matrimony had grafted onto the Brushy Hollow ancentral tree—and he meant to see to it that there was no re-grafting so far as his children were concerned. "Not," as he put it in his thoughts, "when there's a whole world full of people that's not related for them to pick from."

With Bud off his hands, he could attend to Fronie's case later. He'd make Chet Gann do some sidestepping if he came sashaying about there any more! And if it got too much for him, well—Peter recalled a sister of his back in Philadelphia. She had managed him to such an extent that he had run away from home—so she'd likely be able to deal successfully with Fronie, if that young lady was shipped back to her for that expressed purpose.

Thinking of Fronie, Peter grinned a vote of gratitude to her for taking Bud's case out of his hands. Her intentions made him grin yet more. And her description imaginaire was the most delightful of all: Peter had a mental picture of Pansy Hope also—but his was not based on imagination! It had been his pleasure to see the photograph that had got Pansy Hope the job.

"After Fronie finishes her part of it," Peter concluded for the night, "I'll give Bud all of this season's hog money. He can do what he pleases with it. A few flings at life won't hurt him any. As for Fronie thinking I can't run the ranch without him—I'll show her. I'm not so danged old; and there's plenty of men willing to hire out any season."

With this last thought he went to sleep free from worry.

The next morning, Fronie was washing the breakfast dishes when her father came in from the barn to have a word with her. Bud had already mounted his saddle horse and gone out to look after the hogs that were being fattened on acorns back in the hills.

"Your Uncle Meacher was out to see me yesterday about the new schoolma-am," Peter said, driving in without any preliminary poses. "He says he don't know where she's going to board. Twitchells, and Hawes, and Mabel Lone won't keep her. In fact, he says nobody seems to want to board a strange teacher; but that somebody has got to do it. He asked me if we would take her. I told him, so far as I was concerned, she could stop here. That being deaf, extra talking wouldn't bother me a mite—having a woman gabbing about her house was why your Aunt Meacher wouldn't take the job—and if she wasn't exactly pleasing to the eyes—well, as I told him, I was too old to be looking for beauty in women." Peter's eyes twinkled here; the zest of his secret hadn't decreased overnight! "But, as I told him," he hurried on before Fronie could get going, "I would leave it to you to decide. It would be you who would have to put up with her the most—doing the housework and cooking and all. But if you thought the extra work wouldn't be too much for you, and you could put up with another woman's gabbing around the house—well, it was your say so. Now, he's going to be by some time this morning—going to Missiondale—so when he stops here, you can tell him whatever you decide. If I'm to get anything done today, I've got to get a hustle on me."

He started out. At the door, he paused, and again faced his now-beaming daughter. Peter had true dramatic instincts; he reserved the clincher of his joke supreme for the parting word.

"Her name is Pansy Hope," he said—and went grinning on his way, leaving Fronie bubbling over with delight at the impetus given those plans she had laid awake formulating the past night.

Of course, the teacher would be welcomed as a boarder at the Cowan ranch! And, naturally, Fronie started working her imagination double-time, over-time, and all the time, as some ladies of leisure do their domestics. Plans and schemes sprouted and grew as swiftly as weeds in a strawberry bed. By evening she had Bud's destiny as carefully ordered as had the stars themselves.

She was so abundantly enthusiastic, so positive of results, that Bud's resistance gave way like a tumbleweed before the wind. He capitulated; he promised to do many things, per sisterly dictation—many things that brought twitches of amusement to the lips of the one who eavesdroppingly read them.

First, Fronie had arranged with Uncle Meacher for Bud to meet the teacher at the railway station; second, they'd give her a party Saturday night—ostensibly to give the teacher a chance to get acquainted, but in reality, as Fronie glowingly explained, to give Bud the best possible opportunity to "show Millie a few things."

"It'll hurt her worse to see you dance with Pansy" (Fronie had thought so much concerning the expected boarder that she spoke of her unconsciously as an old acquaintance) "than taking her riding."

"But maybe she don't dance," suggested Bud.

"Not dance? A girl with a name like that, not dance!"

"You can't tell, now," Bud's matter-of-factness persisted.

"Well, if she doesn't, you can sit out every other one with her," His sister refused to be depressed. "That'll hurt Miss Smartie just as much. And, Bud, we'll write out the invitations tonight. We'll want everybody. And—" this particularly stressed, "And you are to take them around tomorrow."

"Aw, I've got to look after those hogs."

"If the hogs could worry along without you while you chased off to Alaska, I guess they can tomorrow. Besides, that is part of the plan—you taking those bids around. You must make Millie good and jealous if you're going to at all; otherwise, you might just as well stop things before you begin."

Millicent Wilkins still looked mighty good to Bud; he was of no mind to go about extinguishing that pleasantly rekindled blaze of hope.

"Well," he growled in concession, "what's the idea?"

"Just this: You must give them the impression you're going to shine-up to Pansy; and it's hands-off for the other fellows. That'll stir Millie up, and stir the boys up, too. They won't sit around and let you win a nice-looking, strange girl, hands down! I know them too well for that! And that'll make it work out easy for you. All you'll have to do is, when you get Millie green-eyed, is to step out, let some of the other boys take Pansy—then you get Millie back—see?"

Bud thought he saw; likewise, Peter thought he did—and Peter would have bet on his vision!

By Friday, Fronie had the whole house—the spare room in particular—in a state of spic-and-spanness that stood for much scrubbling, dusting, and fussing. She had put her best baby-blue bedroom "knickknacks"—as Bud catalogued the dresser scarf, pin-cushions, bedspread, and flowered scrim curtains—in the spare room for the paid-guest to use. Girls always liked and appreciated nice bedroom accessories, was her excuse for making use of the "pretties"—which was Peter's word for them—she had up to this time cherished as being too dainty to be used in her own room.

And Friday morning found Bud giving a final, and wholly unnecessary, polish to the metal trimmings on the harness and rubber-tired rig; for, as his father mused, "He's polished 'em so much already the plating is worn off in spots." Bud's acting, when delivering the invitations the day before, had so patently impressed the Hollowites, that it rather hypnotized him in the bargain. He began thinking more of his job of shining-up to Miss Hope, than of the real issue at stake. He polished and dusted in a way that Millie had never caused him to do.

The two chestnut sorrels shone satiny in the sunlight as he led them from the stable, after a final curry-combing, and hitched them to the glossy buggy.

Then he looked to his own appearance; with the result, when he ushered from the house a half-hour later, he was surely an impressive sight.

When a country lad wants to "dress up", he doesn't adopt any Tom Mix or Chip Bennett costumes. He goes on his own, and some of his color schemes and combinations surely out-whisper Lady Duff Gordon's dernier cri!

No stiff-brimmed Stetson for Bud on dress occasions! Not him! He wore a dicer—but to give it a wholly individual touch, it was banded by a shimmering rattlesnake skin to which still tasseled the eight rattles and button, Nature's home-grown danger-signal! This in conjunction with such other raiment as a "Milk River Pink" type of neckkerchief, and peg-top pants—that had some peg, too!—put him in the "second look" class.

"If he is my brother, I'll bet Pansy'll look at him twice, alright," Fronie approved, as she gave him a last flick with the whisk broom.

Peter was carrying water to a brood sow, penned near the barn, when his young hopeful drove away, after a careless wave of yellow-ribbon adorned whip to Fronie. Peter poured the water into the trough, then setting the pail down at his feet, leant against the top plank of the pen, and watched his son out of sight.

Peter's thoughts were as complex as a piece of Mexican drawn-work. They started off with this semi-biblical prophecy: (Continued on Page 92)

The Vanishing Trout

Some Yet Found in the Region of Orange Blossoms and Movie Queens.

By E. W. Nixon

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is generally thought of as a land of sunshine and orange blossoms and "movie queens." Others who suffer with a distorted liver and a knocking disposition have insisted on referring to it as a land of fleas, rattle snakes, lizzards and real estate agents.

To me it is a glorious region because it is the ideal land of outdoor sports. I am interested in all such sports and engage in a great many of them, with golf and fishing as my specialties. And very often I have a terrible struggle to decide between fishing and golf—I can't tell which I am the more anxious to do.

But I notice that fishing generally wins out in the contest. This is probably due to several reasons. Fishing is an instinct —something we all want to do because our forefathers got much of their living in this way for thousands of generations, and it just "comes natural" for us to fish. I haven't figured out yet what it is that makes us want to golf — it certainly doesn't come natural to most of us, as our scores would indicate.

Anyhow, I go fishing during the open season and play golf the rest of the year during my spare time. The open season for fishing here is from May to November. The open season for golf is all the year, but there is talk of a closed season for this sport in order to enable the Southern California men to get acquainted with their families.

There are many sportsmen in this region who will tell you that there isn't any fishing left in Southern California, while others will tell you that we have some of the finest trout fishing in the world. I am inclined to side with the latter, but I am also inclined to think that in another twenty years the fishing will be gone.

My reason for this doleful prediction is that we have a mania for building automobile roads, and all sportsmen realize that fishing is doomed when an auto road is built to the bank of the stream. And the tendency is to build roads into all the canyons and mountain retreats on one pretext and another. The usual excuse is that the roads are valuable in fire fighting.

The trout streams with which I am best acquainted are in the Sierra Madre and the San Bernardino mountains. These mountains extend eastward from the vicinity of Los Angeles a hundred miles or more, and they contain many fine trout streams as well as several lakes famous for the huge salmon trout.

The largest and most famous of these trout streams are the San Gabriel river, Bear creek, and Deep creek. There are many smaller streams like the San Antonio, Cucamonga, Lytle creek, Holcomb creek, and others. All these streams are well stocked and most of them are never fished out, so that one always has a chance to hook a big one. Big Bear lake, in the San Bernardino mountains, is one of the most famous fishing resorts in the world.

I live in the "Orange Empire" at the foot of "Old Baldy"—Mt. San Antonio. This is a highly cultivated and thickly populated region, yet we are so fortunately situated at the foot of the Sierra Madre mountains that it is is possible to reach the silent canyons in a few hours where the wiley rainbow is waiting for the angler who can outwit him.

So far this season I have made a half dozen trips into the nearby mountains, staying from a day to four days at a time, and on no occasion was there the least difficulty in catching the limit—fifty fish. And on no occasion, except the opening

day, have I been made uncomfortable by the pressure of too many other anglers. Indeed it is possible to fish all day within a few miles of the valley without seeing a soul. So I am inclined to say that the Southern California angler is indeed lucky.

The last trip I took was into the San Gabriel river country. This river issues from the mountains at Azusa, about twenty miles from Los Angeles. It runs back into the mountains an incredible distance, and with its numerous branches and sub-branches it covers an amazing extent of territory for such an unimposing looking stream.

The three main branches are the East, West, and North Forks. The East Fork has its source somewhere north of "Old Baldy", while the West Fork originates north of Mt. Lowe and Mt. Wilson. The North Fork comes down from Mt. Islip.

On this last trip we went up the East Fork. An auto stage takes us eight miles up the main river, and from this point a horse-drawn stage bumps us along for ten miles more up the East Fork to Camp Bonita. Here the good fishing begins and it extends from here to the source of the river, a distance of thirty miles or more.

We did not stop to fish at the end of the stage ride, although the water looked very tempting, and anglers were getting the limit with difficulty. We were looking for the region of cold springs and pine trees and deep pools under the overhanging granite walls. So we shouldered our packs and started up the canyon bent for Iron Forks, twelve miles up the river.

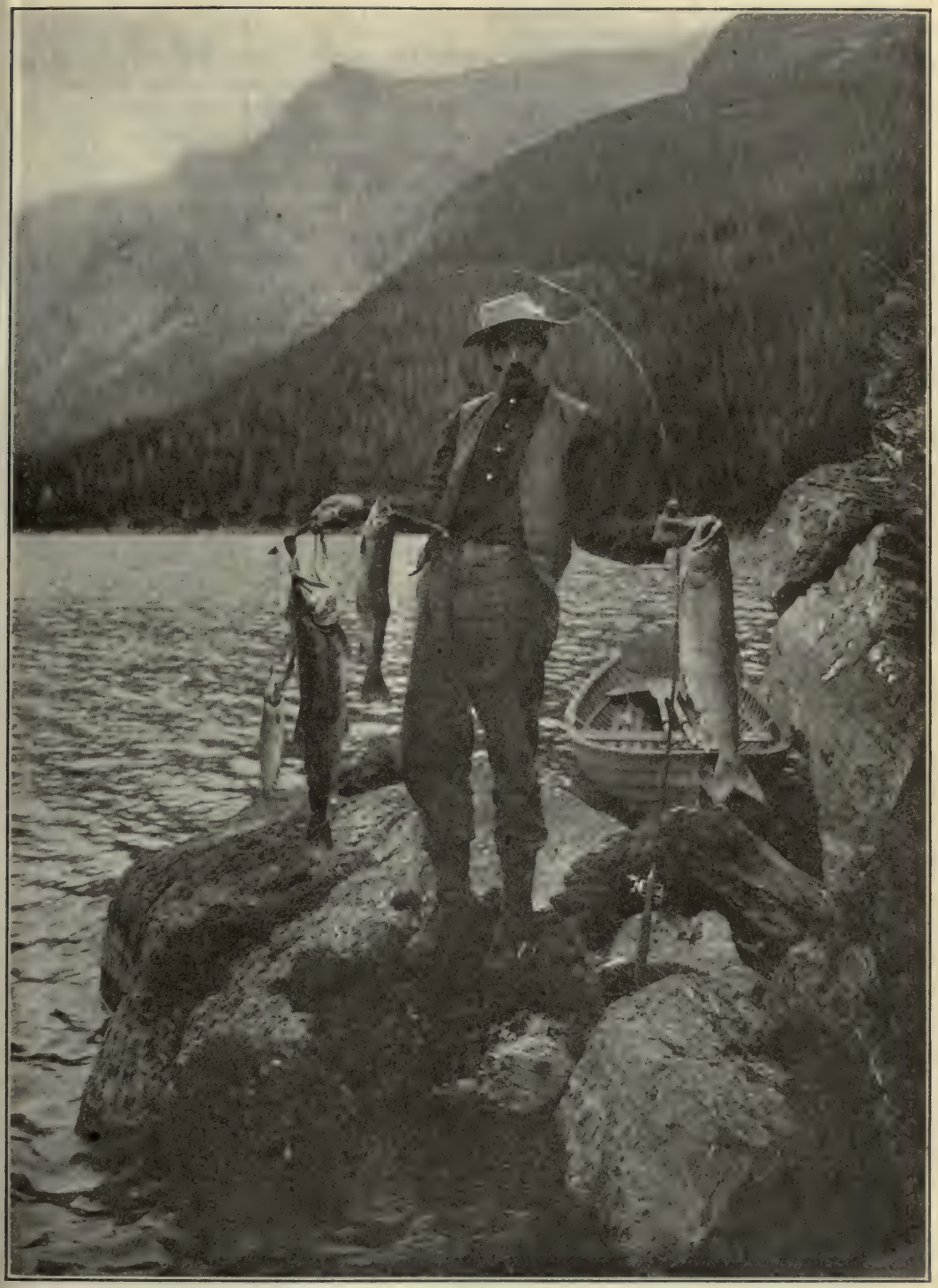
I may say at this point that my companion on this trip was my eight-year-old boy, so it will be readily seen that I did the bulk of the shouldering and packing for both of us. However, I found it such a pleasure to initiate a really enthusiastic youngster into the mysteries of camping and hiking and fishing that the added burden was no source of regret although I was carrying fifty or sixty of the heaviest pounds I ever encountered.

We camped on the way and reached Iron Fork at noon the next day. Our route carried us through the Narrows where one follows a trail for a mile or two along the side of the canyon wall hundreds of feet above the river. Below we could look into wonderful deep blue pools which no man has ever fished in according to all accounts. One cannot keep from imagining what an enormous size the rainbows have reached in the pools in the last few thousand years. But the only way to get to them would be to let oneself down with a rope. I think I shall do this trick some day—at present I am slightly under insured.

The last two miles of the trail to Iron Forks leads over a spur of Iron mountain and requires a climb of a couple of thousand feet up a 30 per cent grade. Carrying an unusually heavy pack up this mountain side caused me to "play out" when we were about half way to the top. It was a rather unusual experience for me to be unable to get my wind back by resting a few minutes—I was simply all in. However, a can of sliced pineapple finally pulled us over the grade. And now that it is inexpedient for several reasons to carry a flask of snake medicine, I advise all hikers to carry a can of pineapple. The canneries may be induced to put up this beverage in a can that will fit the hip pocket so that we may carry it at all times. It certainly has a kick in it.

We found Iron Fork a beautiful stream of clear cold water and of a size to accommodate real fish. It is in a narrow and rather deep canyon and the pools are shaded almost the entire day. The stream was full of rainbows and we were delighted to find that they were willing and anxious to take the fly. The only fact that worried us was that it only took a few minutes to catch all the trout we could use, and we were ashamed to keep on catching them and putting them back because the theory here is that the fish die if they are handled in the process of getting them off the hook. I should like to have some really authoritative opinion on this subject. We keep all the fish we catch regardless of how small they are, and this prevents us from having a real try at the big ones.

We caught trout up to a foot in length and hardly a one I hooked was so small as to be unable to put up a scrap on the end of my fly fishing outfit. Some of



A Morning Catch at Lake Tahoe.

them knew better than I did where the sunken rocks and snags were and so made their escape, and I must confess I always feel a little pleasure in the escape of a game fish that has made a good fight.

The day after we reached Iron Fork we made a trip two miles farther up the East Fork to Fish Fork. This is an even more beautiful stream than Iron Fork. It is among the heavy pine forests and it is even more shaded. However, the fishing was not so good.

The most interesting feature of this trip was the sight of the wonderful formation of stalactites and stalagmites which we discovered under one of the overhanging banks of the river at a bend in the stream. The water dripping down from the overhanging walls for countless centuries has formed huge icicles of limestone many feet in diameter and thirty or forty feet long. And on the floor of the canyon below these were the corresponding stalagmites. The most wonderful of these was in the form of an umbrella, and the water dripping down from above on this umbrella of stone made a wonderful and beautiful sight.

One of the most remarkable features of the trip to me was that we were the only anglers as far up as Iron and Fish Forks. I suppose the only way to account for this fact is that most people like to fish, but few of them have the nerve to walk any distance. This is the only thing that enables us to have any good fishing. We found plenty of anglers farther down, nearer the stage line and the hotel. And these men were getting fish, too. I guess they considered it foolish to walk after the fish when it was so much more convenient for the fish to swim down to them. One of these men had a limit which contained a two-and-a-half-pound Dolly Varden and a Rainbow over a foot long. None of his trout would be called small. I guess we still haye fishing here.

One of the most delightful features of our fishing trips here is the absence of bothersome insects—especially the mosquito. I would give a good deal to be able to make a trip this summer to a trout stream I know in Michigan. And yet every time I think of that last limit of speckled beauties I took from the head waters of the Manistee, I think also of the innumerable mosquito bites I suffered the following night. I have yet to be bitten by a mosquito on a California fishing trip.

The region which I have been describing is by no means generally regarded as the best fishing in California. Indeed, as I said, many sportsmen claim we have no good fishing short of the Sierra country. Lake Tahoe is recognized as one of the greatest fishing regions in the world. But I believe an angler who has been out seven times this season to several different streams all within forty miles of one of the largest cities west of the Rockies, and who has come home with a limit every trip, is entitled to say that we have some real recreation at hand for the fisherman who has gotten fed up on sunshine, and orange blossoms and movie queens and real estate agents and golf.

A WELCOME

By Mary Carolyn Davies

It was a little hour—my life;
But it was sweet!
Come, Death, you need not tryst with me
On stealthy feet.

I do not fear you, comrade. Why,
I speak your tongue!
Kiss me! They only fear to die
Who are not young.

Stories From The Files

Jack London Wooed Fame Through the Overland Monthly

An Appreciation of the Virile Californian in His Varieties.

By Sarah Connell

IN CONSIDERING the life and work of Jack London, the most casual observer must stand amazed at the tremendous personal achievement of the man. At the early age of ten years he began the battle of life as a news boy and between that time and the attainment of his majority, he lived strenuously, taking up any occupation that presented itself, undeterred by long hours or physical hardship, competing with strong men and holding his own, taking and giving



Jack London Cruising on His Yacht "Roamer" in San Francisco Bay.



Jack London as an Enthusiastic Stockman.

hard knocks, and never crying for quarter.

Turning then in a new direction, he devoted himself just as assiduously to the acquiring of knowledge, and though it must be admitted that it required a superior quality of brain which could enable its possessor to think at all, much less consecutively and clearly under his early conditions, credit must not be withheld from the industry and dogged perseverence which held him to his self-appointed task in spite of obstacles and discouragements. Beginning at an age when the average youth with nothing else to do congratulates himself on having "finished his education," Jack London, while at the same time earning the wherewithal to purchase books and pay tuition fees, accomplished more in months than his contemporaries achieved in years. At first, apparently like Sir Francis Bacon, he "took all knowledge for his province," but applying a system of elimination and intensive cultivation, he concentrated on such subjects as seemed most desirable.

It was in November, 1898, that the first story signed by the new name of Jack London made its appearance in the Overland Monthly, and jaded readers, grown weary of the stereotyped magazine story of the wild and woolly west, as seen from the Atlantic seaboard or the saccharine futilities of "he and she," sat up and read and re-read. The literary queries of the day were two: "Have you read 'To the Man on the Trail'?" and "Who is Jack London?" Interest was not abated when it was revealed that he was an Oakland youth, hardly more than a school boy and that his previous activities had not confined themselves within the walls of a study.

When other stories of the far north, the first to deal with the new Klondike gold fields, came from the same pen, it was evident that a new genius was born, and when the series was ready for book production, it was the conservative Boston firm of Houghton & Mifflin which stood sponsor for it. The next three volumes, "The God of His Fathers," "Children of the Frost," and "A Daughter of the Snows," the last a complete novel, were also located in Alaska, and then, lest the public should assume that Jack London



Jack London in His Den, Valley-of-the-Moon Rancho.





Jack London and Mrs. London on Their Sonoma Rancho.



Jack London and Wife on Board U. S. S. Kilpatrick at Galveston, Texas, 1914, London Being War Correspondent to Mexico.

knew no other theme, there came "The Kempton-Wace Letters," a collaboration with Miss Anna Strunsky. This proved a grievous disappointment to a certain class of readers, for it made its appearance shortly after the sensational "Englishwoman's Love Letters," published anonymously and purporting to be veritable documents. The followers of fads, who reason by sound, assumed that "The Kempton-Wace Letters" would prove to be of the same erotic brand, but found instead a philosophical discussion carried on through the medium of correspondence, hard reading for the devotees to mental chewing gum.

Came now another surprise, "The Call of the Wild," which sprang at once to the head of the list of best-sellers, and is still in steady demand, though the average book is dead and forgotten in six months or less. Meanwhile, there had been appearing from time to time in various periodicals, essays and dissertations on topics of the time, but the successor to "The Call of the Wild" was neither fiction nor essay, but a sizable volume, a study of the submerged population of London, the data for which was gathered at first hand by the author himself, who took nothing on hearsay, but spent several months side by side with the casual workers and those who live on the ragged edge.

At the hour of his untimely death, Jack London had to his credit forty-five volumes, an average of about two for each year of his writing life. Two more have been published since the first of the year, and should it prove advisable to print, there is enough material still left for several more books. Of these forty-five, fifteen are collections of short stories, about equally divided between the polar north and the tropic south seas, and the sympathetic understanding he evinced in his mention of that little known and often misrepresented people, the Pitcairn



London Getting Ready for His South-Sea Islands Trip, on the Snark, 1908.

Islanders, gave ground for hope that he would some day write more at length and give a true picture of them. There are nineteen novels or as some critics insist, long short-stories, and these, like the collections of short stories, give a wide range of variety. "Burning Daylight," "The Valley of the Moon," and "The Little Lady of the Big House," picture farm life more as it might be under ideal conditions than it is ever likely to be, though the London ranch at Glen Ellen was to some extent a realization of the dreams. "Martin Eden," "John Barleycorn," and "The Road" are frankly biographical, though it would be unfair to deprive a fictionist of his right to embellishment and assume that "Martin Eden" is a literal transcription.

Those who believe that because there was no halt in the upward flight after the first story was printed, success came easily to Jack London, will have their illusions dispelled by a perusal of Eden's encounters with publishers. The "Transcontinental," "Billow," "Universe," "White Mouse," "Parthenon," "Hornet," and others are names that but thinly disguise periodicals of that date, and the idiosyncrasies of their editors and publishers. There are nine volumes of sociological studies, observations, and dissertations on

present day conditions, two dramas, and one juvenile which compares so favorably with the usual boy's book that, had Mr. London chosen to enter this field, evidently he would have had no difficulties in gathering new laurels. He has drawn largely on his experience for materials, and where imagination has supplied plots and characters, knowledge has aided in the settings and scenery.

Some critics have found fault with him because he has made so little account of the battles of the business world, giant intellects grappling for the spoils, but confined himself to the physical combats or the elemental struggles with nature itself. But a man writes best of the things he knows, not those he learns at second-hand and our author, besides not being what we are in the habit of terming a "Business man," seems to have had little respect for the rivalries of "captains of industry," with their "law-honesty," technical hair-splitting, double-dealing and chicanery. The same methods, if carried out with physical weapons, would be summarily dealt with. It is lamented, too, that he dealt hardly with womankind, the lovely products of supercivilization, but in most of the environments the petted and perfumed playthings were misplaced and could not be made to fit into a story any more than they would have harmonized with the hard fare, rough shacks, and primitive conveniences of the outer circle. It is undeniable that the stories often deal with unpleasant facts, cruel and brutal situations, but life itself is often cruel and brutal. Though Jack London is called the apostle of red blood and raw meat, he is never sordid nor filthy. There may be a certain amount of unlovely matter about, but it is not piled up in the center of the picture simply because it is putrescent, nor are we invited to stand about and puddle in the mess. Ghastly he may be on occasions, but never erotic. If we do not care for the burglars and border ruffians we can pass them by, but they are to be found in their proper environment, not dressed up and introduced into society drawing rooms to perform stunts for the entertainment of spectators of the higher world.

Literary critics and humanitarians have performed prodigious labors in striving to extract lessons from the works of Jack London, but he seems too honest to have hidden pills in his jam. If Martin Eden was a Socialist, and the heroes of some of his later novels ideal farmers, they no more preach sermons to the world to go and do likewise, than does the "Star Rover" call for a universal embracing of the doctrine of transmigration. It is the first duty of a fictionist to tell a good story, and if his story contains a lesson, that will teach itself.

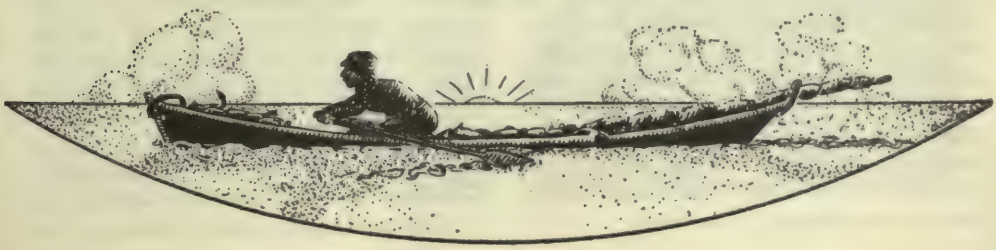
Mr. London was an indefatigable worker. He did not believe in waiting for inspiration, but performed a regular amount of work every day, independent of conditions. All he asked was level space on which to lay his writing pad and he never failed to produce the results. This may not be conducive of the highest form of literary production, but it has the merit of keeping the worker in touch with his tools, but to say that an author so uniformly industrious does not always write at his highest level is to admit that he is but human. All prolific writers put their best into a few of their works, and even without considering the comparatively short time during which Mr. London was writing and even at that, carrying on other occupations of an absorbing nature, it is surprising that his work maintains such a high average. The question which is his best work is a matter of taste. "The Call of the Wild" and "Martin Eden" are probably the most popular.

John Masefield, who is an authority, says that the opening chapters of "The Sea Wolf" are photographically true of Pacific port ships sailing to the Arctic. Circumstances change with the times, and sociologic studies are apt to suffer the fate of prophecies, but whether one agrees with the writer or not, Jack London had the faculty of making his work interesting. He was so sincere, so vital, so interested in life itself that it is a rarely cold and self-centered reader who does not vibrate to his energy. It is too soon to prophecy which works will last longest, but there is nothing that will not repay a second and third reading, and there are at least a dozen of the short stories that



The London Party at Honolulu, 1915.

ought to endure as long as the language itself. A man of such tremendous vitality, industry and interest, barely forty years of age at his death, there is every reason to believe that his masterpiece was yet to come.



Atavistic Urge of Flowing Waters

Mankind Finds Pleasure in Their Proximity.

By Prof. W. T. Clarke

University of California.

"There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently toward their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam."—Izaak Walton.

LEARNED MEN tell us in words of many syllables that the history of the development of our race is repeated and illustrated in the development of the individual of that race. The man of science cannot see, or passes over as of small moment, the gratifying fact that the most wonderful baby is so smart and has his papa's nose and chin and sees only the fact that his thumb grasp is over as with the other fingers and not under as in later years. This man of science does not, as he should, assure the doting mamma that he has never seen before such a splendid baby and that his eyes are the exact shade of blue as hers. No, he does nothing so primitive and unscientific as this, but he gracefully informs her that the over grasp of the thumb indicated "arboreal dwelling, limb grasping ancestry in baby's racial forbears." He even gets specific and uses the term "monkeys". None of it pleases mamma and even baby's papa has a thrill of indignation when told of the conversation.

The man of science following unhesitatingly what he believes to be the leadings of truth has lost friends and has gained nothing either for truth or for himself. Indeed, in these modern days the results of research and investigation either modify or upset the seeming truth of yesterday with the apparent truth of today and he who deduces, too freely and emphatically, theories from these truths of today, is, to say the least in the matter, exceedingly ill-advised.

There are certain racial feelings, tendencies, characteristics, call them what you please, that offer interesting fields for study and speculation no matter whether we get definite conclusions or not from the study. Striving for the truth and the conclusions therefrom no doubt is good for the soul's welfare. Let us continue then to strive and so work good to ourselves and our partners in the task we have undertaken.

There is one controlling influence, call it, if you will, atavistic characteristic, that shows its influence in practically all of the youth of the race. Indeed, this characteristic is not content to affect us in youth alone but its influence persists, and is a strong influence through life. Young and old feel and respond to its pull and, by the way, care little whether it signifies a throw back to primitive conditions or no. I refer to the common passion for moving water.

Baby has grown some now. His thumb no longer grasps over but opposes the other fingers. He can toddle about and, by the way, it is truly wonderful how early he learned to walk. Both mamma and grandma can tell with infinite detail of the time he first moved upright without help—but this is disgressing. Well, baby has disappeared and mamma notes his absence. From past experience she is able to infer just where he is and so hurries to the nearest water tap. Sure enough, here is baby, the water running from the faucet at full tilt and the little fellow soaked to the skin but blissfully happy. Never mind the trouble, it is running water and he has responded to the pull of an "atavistic characteristic." Grandma will tell you the baby is just like his papa in his love of turning on the



Human Interest in Flowing Water Demontsrates the "Pull of Atavistic Characteristic."

water. "Why, when papa was baby's age there was a day when company was expected and the then baby was all dressed up—" and grandma is fairly launched in delightful reminiscences.

Baby's papa and mamma take a vacation and go either to the sea shore or the mountains. If to the mountains both mamma and papa demand that there shall be a running stream in the immediate neighborhood—the same old characteristic showing its dominating influence. They, perhaps, go to the seashore and then the ocean is interesting because of the ceaseless motion of the waves. On very still days the interest is low, but let the breakers be running high and their interest is redoubled. Baby is most pleased when the edge of the wave rushes up the beach only to fall back again. He flees from it in hysterical glee in its upward rush and valiantly pursues it when the retreat comes. To all of them, consciously or unconsciously, it is moving water. That the atavistic characteristic is strong in all of them is the point to note.

Have you ever been at some great exposition? If you have, you will remember that the crowd gathered thickest when and where the fountains play. Moving waters!

Go, view the various exhibits. Here is one where running water is used. A stream bed perhaps is made of cement and rocks. Ferns and waving grasses decorate the artificial stream side. The water mysteriously appears from an aperture in the wall and as mysteriously disappears through a similar aperture. Little need to know the mechanics of the thing—it is moving water. That is enough and there is always a crowd about the exhibit gazing with absorbed interest.

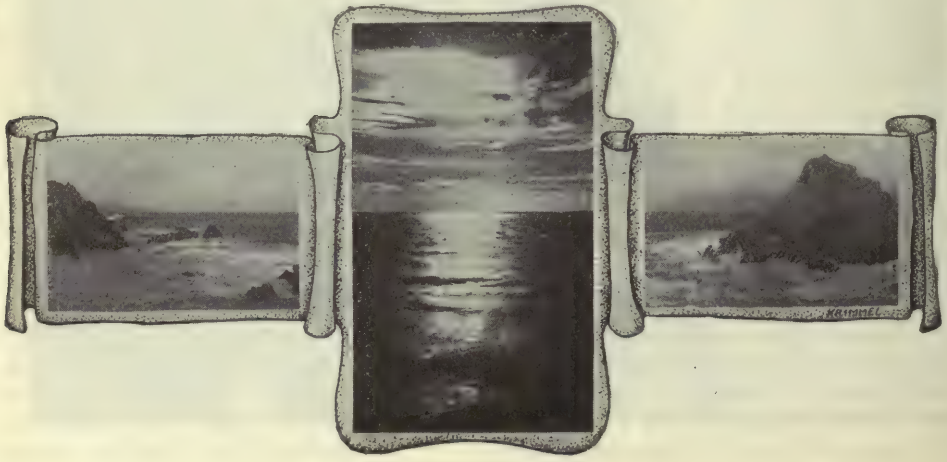
Throughout literature, whether it be sacred or profane, if the acme of desirability is to be indicated, moving water enters into the description. The children of Israel at the end of their wanderings were to be led "into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills."

So I would chant the praises of the streams of California, the moving waters of our mountains and valleys. To the connoisseur in streams, each has its individuality so I might take them individually and sing their praises, as their name is legion.

Yes, the streams, the flowing waters of the Coast Range of mountains of California are beautiful and satisfy the racial passion well and generously.

No doubt this passion, characteristic, is strong in the human soul. Atavism? Who knows?

An item in the reviewing of the history of the development of the race in the development of the individual. Again, who knows? The facts are before you—make your own conclusions.



Men or Gods?

Is Life Nothing But a Greek Tragedy?

By Ella Sterling Mighels

Author of "Story of the Files," and "Literary California."

I LOOKED at Rosamonde. There was something in the expression of her steel-black eyes that was baffling. Despite the clinging folds of her orange satin gown, the jewels that flashed about her throat, and the splendor of her piled-up raven's wing of hair, there was still the infantine look about her that I had known when she was a child going to school in San Francisco. She was now a New Yorker, living in lavish luxury, and I as usual, was a wanderer on the face of the earth and always hunting up the old Californians wherever I might be.

Her husband came running back for something he had forgotten. He was a handsome fellow, as fair as she was dark, clean shaven with a mop of curling hair, and with a manner, confident and assuring. Again he kissed her thrice in farewell, and went off with a wave of his hand to me. As the whirring sound of the automobile filled the air and then faded into the distance, I could feel the space around us in the room, hurling with invisible arrows of resentment, and see the flash of fire in Rosamonde's eyes.

"Life has treated you very well," I ventured.

"Life is nothing but a Greek tragedy!" she returned with suppressed passion.

"My dear child!" I exclaimed, "you are morbid; you need a change. It is only because you are so young and you find it hard to give up your illusions that you speak so. You know we women all have to pass through that stage. But the day will come when you will laugh over the things that now make you weep."

"I doubt it," she returned, "not as long as there are men on earth—I hate them all. They were put into this world simply to make us suffer. All the women I meet here have the same story to tell—I am not the only one,"

"But you have no cause—he kissed you three times," I protested.

"Oh, that's just a habit—just as he puts on his hat before he goes out—it doesn't mean anything!"

"My dear child, don't talk like that—you are not well—"

"No, and I don't think I ever will be again. There is nothing to live for. Howard no longer cares for me—not half as much as he does for his automobile.

Bit by bit I gleaned the tale of his vivid climb up the modern beanstalk of Fortune, via Wall Street. He was so engrossed in his daily excitements of business and speeding that he had become a changed man. She felt she did not know him, that he was as far away from her as if he were dwelling in another world.

"There must be some mistake. You grew up in your father's library. You know more about ancient tales than you do about the modern world. Do you remember when you were a little girl, how you used to be going over those books of his, more acquainted with gods and goddesses than with children of your own age. May be it is you who are far away from him?"

"Well, there was one story there that I am thinking of all the time."

"You see—that is hardly fair to him, is it?"

"Wait till I tell you. It's about a Hindoo queen—"

"My dear, that was thousands of years ago—and we are living in America, in modern time—"

"Wait! Let me tell you. It is just as true today. Her name was Damaynati. I often think of her," she said, mourn-

fully. "Her husband, King Nala, fell under a spell, as bad as anything on Wall Street. In his madness he gambled away everything he had, just like on Wall Street. He lost his throne, his jewels, his very clothes, and hers—till they had but one garment left between them—a kind of a blanket to cover them—and finally even that was lost to the game of chance. And in shame he ran away and deserted her. I often think of her, and how she followed and sought him all in vain for years, by the help of her father and her friends. At last she learned that he was among the gods, disguised as one of them, and serving them as a charioteer; and she went to him and broke the spell that held him and got him back once more. Little did I think when I used to read that story that I should learn to know how she felt. But Damayanti was more fortunate than I—there is no breaking the spell of an automobile."

"But—" I began.

"Yes, I know," she said, resentfully. "We have everything that heart could wish." Then she arose and paced the room like a panther in a cage. "Isn't it true? Don't you agree with me in your heart? Isn't life a Greek tragedy, and aren't the men all devils?"

"Rosamonde, don't be so weird," I protested. "Of course not! Life is a very pretty and interesting little game. As for the men—well, I have known some of them who were more like gods than devils."

She burst into a fit of laughter that was terrible to hear and I saw that she had reached the limit of her endurance. I put my arms around her and presently she was weeping with her proud head humbled like that of a little child and lying on my breast.

I pressed her to me and bade her remember her own father and his greatness of character; and her grandfather who had pioneered it across the plains in '49 and wrought like a giant in the early days to help in the building of the State. I began to tell her of what I had seen with my own eyes, of the prowess of the men in those bygone times. I described to her the gulch where I had lived in childhood, and how it had been the bed of a river till my father had come that way and had converted it into a road upon which heavy mule and ox-teams could pass. And then I told her how the snows on the Sierra peaks would melt suddenly and, tearing down the mountain-sides, would savagely wrest away the road he had made, and turn it into a raging river, full of boulders where before had been none, and wipe out any semblance of a passageway between those great shoulders of earth.

I assured her that when my little brother and I used to go forth hand in hand, and gaze on the awful ruins, where were holes as big as a house dug out by the devastating flood, we used to be frightened to think of living where such a mighty force could burst out at any springtime, and wonder where our father would move to, now that everything had come to an end.

"But," I said, "my father was greater than the forces of fierce Nature. He would lead his men out, just as if he were going to fight a mighty battle; and he would drive the river before him like a boy would drive a cow to pasture. He would command it to lie in the bed he had made for it, and cut out a new road from the opposite side of the mountain just as if he had been a god at work.

"And think, Rosamonde," I continued, trying to change her thoughts, "think of the superb prowess of those beings who have cut through and broken the back of winter, up at the summit of the mighty Sierra Nevadas, and how they have thrown the way open for two rails and a magic engine to carry one over in four or five days where it used to take six months to reach the West. And don't you want to go home with me, next week, to California and stay there with me for a while? You belong out there, you know; that is your land. No wonder you are dying of longing for it."

The tension was relaxed. She smiled with her old-time infantine expression and tried to shake the diamonds from her lashes.

"Oh, yes, it would be delightful—like going to heaven," she said. "Just to smell the tang of our old Pacific, out at the Seal Rocks again—and to go to the

top of glorious old Tamalpais. Do you know I walked up when I was a little girl? But now you ride up; And to see the brown velvet hillsides once more. I love it when it is like that! And then when the rains come in December and the green covers everything—and the poppies—" The childish tears fell down her cheeks unrestrained.

Then it was that her husband returned, for a drizzle had put an end to his ride. He seemed surprised to see his wife showing such emotion over the memories of her childhood and laughed at the idea.

When I suggested taking her home with me, he assented at once. When I urged him to take a rest from his business cares and go with us, he shrugged his shoulders and smiled. I could begin to understand the implacable will that lay beneath all that quietness of manner.

"Why do you not move to California and settle there?" I demanded, boldly, for Rosamonde's sake. "You have fortune enough to last the rest of your life if only you would be prudent. You could have a delightful home out there."

Rosamonde was gazing at him fixedly with all her soul in her eyes. But he broke the spell by holding up his hand in protest and saying in that assured way of his from which there was no appeal. "None of that for mine! Why, there are no roads out there and life would not be worth living if I could not speed my way about everywhere and knew everyone as I do here. But let Rosy go—she'll soon be wanting to come back again. There's no place in the world like good old New York."

And that was his ultimatum.

* * * * * *

We were preparing for our journey, Rosamonde and I. But the day before we were to leave I found her in such a state of panic that I doubted if she were strong enough to attempt the journey.

"He is acting very strangely," she said. "I don't believe he wants me to come back—ever. He says for me to sell everything—that we won't want to keep house again—to take everything with me that I wish to keep and I am afraid to go. I'm sure I'll never see him again if I do."

I tried to rally her.

"I'm geting to be a weakling," she confessed. "I who used to be as brave as a man. If I did not love him so I would not care if I did find out he was glad to get rid of me. The best thing that could happen to me would be to learn to hate him. I can't think of anything else, morning, noon and night." Then she smiled wistfully. "Maybe he might come to miss me if I were away for a while. Yes, the best thing is for me to go." I left her to attend to some matter down town for our journey.

As the taxi went on its way, I was taken by surprise to hear Howard's voice calling me, and there he was running with all his might and waving to me to stop and take him in.

"Can't you get away on tonight's train?" he asked. "There are reasons why it would be better in every way."

I looked at him coldly and let him feel my disapproval.

"It is hard enough to get away at all," I said. "Rosamonde's spirit is hardly equal to the long journey, at the best."

He got in beside me and argued the point, showing irritation in the way he bit his lips and moved his hands.

"I know, but when you hear what I have to say, you will agree with me. It would save her from hearing the worst. The fact is I have been on the brink of ruin for some months and I have managed to stave it off hoping to win it all back again by dropping everything in after it. I thought I was going to win—till an hour ago. But everything has gone to smash and I am absolutely ruined."

He said it all so coldly that I was dazed and did not believe my ears.

"Here!" he said, and he took off the flashing ring from his hand, and drew out his diamond sleeve-links and also his beautiful time-piece and heavy chain and pushed them into my hand. From his pocket he took his book and gave me his last greenback, and running his hand through all his pockets gathered in all he had to the last piece of silver. "Now, get away as soon as possible."

"But Rosamonde—she will want to see you—"

"No, I should be ashamed—I couldn't

stand it," he exclaimed. "I can never look her in the face again."

In awe I gazed at him. "But, Howard, what is to become of you? What are you going to do?"

He smiled, game to the last. "Oh, I can be a chauffeur for somebody," he said, with a shrug, jumped down from the taxi, waved his hand to me as assuringly as ever, and disappeared.

* * * * * *

Where does the strength come from that abides in the heart of a woman who is suddenly resurrected from among the dying by the means of a new hope? Together Rosamonde and I sought him everywhere, in by-ways and hedges, in the darkness and the day, with advice and without, on the wharves and on the banks of the rivers and amongst the dead. After six months we got an inkling. Someone had heard him say he would go to the mines and there seek to restore his fallen fortunes. We two fitted it into another chance word and then we set out upon our deferred journey toward the Great West, together.

As we stepped from the train and went to take our way in the stage for a rough pull out into the wilderness, Rosamonde, clad in corduroy, walked by my side with an eager light in her eyes, insensible to the chill of the early morning. After a day and a night of being hurled along over dreary roads, we came to a scattered little settlement. It was all raw and crude and primitive—not a place for a man or a woman to lay his or her head save on the ground. But she cared nothing for all this. We stood and watched the mighty work of these eager men who had burrowed into the earth everywhere in search of the gold that was to crown their heads as so many kings of success.

We two asked everywhere amongst this army of restless workers for a clue to the missing man. There was none. We turned away disheartened. Even she began to lose hope.

"To think he should not have known me better," she murmured, "for I can thrive under such hardships as these—"

Vaguely and listlessly we noted the great twenty-mule teams coming in from up the road, bringing swirling clouds of alkali along with them that almost concealed them all from sight, animals, wagons and drivers.

"To think of breathing that all day," exclaimed Rosamonde, "how can they do it, I wonder?"

"They are gods," I replied oracularly, "or they are mighty men, which is the some thing."

"I suppose they are doing it for the sake of some loved one, to keep the wolf away from the door," she said, musingly.

"What better work for men or gods?" I continued. "Come, shall we be going to the next camp?"

Just then a teamster passed by in the great procession, with his mighty combination of three wagons drawn by its ten span of tugging creatures, and he was just like the others, a dust-covered automaton, swinging his long whip, and talking language that only mules understand. We were bewildered, however, to see a wave of the hand that seemed familiar, and from amid the jangle of mule-bells, a voice cried out, "Hello, how did you get here?"

Rosamonde gave a great cry and ran forward and threw herself upon the man of dust. The mules came to a stop, though the bells still rang out merrily, as if for a wedding, and her husband kissed her thrice.

"There isn't a spare bed in camp," he said, "and I have to sleep in the corral with the mules. You can't stay in this God-forsaken place."

"No place is God-forsaken where you are," she replied.

I understood though he did not, of course. In her eyes he was serving as a charioteer for the gods in this disguise, in all his might and prowess. "Take me along with you," she said, "and I will do the cooking."

The following day I left her there, and she is happy, rearing a brood of sturdy children, out in a gulch of the great Sierra Nevadas. But then Rosamonde is a daughter of the mighty pioneers, otherwise "gods of a bygone day," and it runs in her blood not to be able to live in the cities, but to make a home in the wilderness.



Something Always Turns Up

By John Eugene Hasty

To Be Or Not To Be

ERNEST CARRUTHERS, handsome, debonair, in his twenty-seventh year, came face to face with inexorable poverty. He had always dimly realized that this would be the inevitable end, but he had not expected that the sensation of being penniless would be felt so keenly at once, that its attributes would become immediately effective. It was like leaping from a warm bed into a tank of icy water. Yesterday he was Ernest Carruthers, gentleman; tomorrow he would be a nobody. For a moment he considered the possibility of putting up a front, hanging on, in spite of the sneers and innuendos behind his back and the elaborate schemes his friends would devise for avoiding him. No, that would not be like Ernest Carruthers. He would face the condition boldly.

In his musing he had forgotten the attendant who had helped him with his coat and who now stood patiently waiting to call a taxi. He dismissed the man with a nod and a curt: "Never mind, I'll walk."

The situation had its humorous side—Ernest Carruthers walking because he did not have taxi fare. With a wry smile, he adjusted his muffler against the raw, damp air, and made his way down the broad steps of the Courtney home into the December night. A typical San Francisco fog hung over the city, so heavy that it dampened his hands and face and deposited little beads of moisture on his overcoat. The street lights were like pale stars surrounded by a hazy aureola. Beyond that—nothing. Sounds of traffic on a nearby thoroughfare came to him muffled and indistinct. It was a bad night to be abroad. Fortunately, he did not live far away. He could walk home. Home! In a few days he would have no home. The thought struck him with an intensity that caused him to stop suddenly and then go on at a much slower gait.

It was difficult to believe that this had been his last dinner. It had been a perfect one. Yet for all its perfection, he, Ernest Carruthers had been what is popularly known as "the life of the party." His conversation had never been more sparkling, his epigrams more pointed. He had kept everyone in a constant flutter of applause of his drollery and quaint inconsistencies. He had earnestly stated that the high cost of living was due to the extravagances of the idle rich and then had tipped his waiter ten dollars—the last ten he possessed. In short, he had been Ernest Carruthers at his best.

The reflection afforded him a brief thrill of satisfaction which was, the next moment, swallowed in the overwhelming gloom of what the future had in store for him. Well, it was to be expected. A young man with limited resources and a taste for luxury is a combination that produces no other result. The small fortune which he had inherited had soon melted in the feverish whirl of gaiety. Dinners, a season or two at Coronado, a chartered

yacht, the races, his clubs, all had claimed their share. Right merrily he had danced, and now the piper was demanding payment. The pay was not, however, of a monetary nature. Quite on the contrary it was a handy little automatic pistol in his writing desk.

He mentally arranged the actions of his last hour, planning every step carefully and with as infinite regard for detail as a dramatist shaping the climax of his play. He would slip into his lounging robe; and then, seated at the desk, he would reach for the automatic. The shot would be through the heart. Everything would be well arranged and smoothly carried out with none of the usual messy details. The morning newspapers would carry the story that Ernest Carruthers, society man, had accidentally shot himself while cleaning his pistol.

All of this had passed through Carruthers' mind when he was aroused from his reverie by a shadowy patch that suddenly loomed up in the fog directly ahead of him. His endeavor to step aside came too late; he bumped squarely into it. There was a muffled feminine cry. A cylindrical object slipped from the girl's arms and broke into fragments on the sidewalk.

"I—I beg your pardon," Carruthers stammered, "the fog—so thick I didn't see you. Your package—I'm afraid it's broken. I hope it wasn't something that can't be replaced."

"It was a bottle of milk. I haven't had my dinner yet, and the store is closed."

"Jove, that's too bad," he said, contritely. "I'm awfully sorry. You must let me buy your dinner for you."

He had scarcely made the proposal when he realized the extreme awkwardness of his position. He quickly amended the invitation. "No, I'll have to take that back. Frankly, I haven't any money with me, but if you care to accompany me to my apartment—it's only a half block from here—I think I can find some ham and eggs. I know it isn't the conventional thing to do," he struggled on, aware that he was making a mess of it, "but if you—if that will—"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Conventions don't count for much when a person's hungry, do they? I'll go."

The lobby was deserted and the automatic elevator took them to Carruthers' floor unobserved. Even if someone had seen him letting a girl into his apartment, what did it matter. It rather amused him to speculate upon the wealth of imagination that would be wasted in connecting up the girl's visit with his death. Carruthers shot a quick glance at her as he touched the switch and the room sprang into light. She seemed unperturbed at the prospect of dining in a strange man's apartment.

"Make yourself at home," he said, pulling a great leather chair in front of the radiator. "Sit down and warm yourself, I'll have dinner ready in a jiffy."

When he returned from the kitchen with a tray containing a smoking dish of ham and eggs and a pot of coffee, she was curled up in the chair with an air of being entirely at ease. He placed the tray upon the table, pulled up a chair for her, and moved back into the shadows where he could study the details of her appearance; the metallic shimmer of reddish brown hair under her black tam-o-shanter, her intensely blue eyes, the slight upward turn of her nose, the trim blue skirt, the blouse open at the throat, her silken hose with a rent neatly mended. He noticed also that the oval face was a little too pale to match the rosiness of her cheeks. There was something about her face that Carruthers could not understand. It lacked the hardness, the inconcealable touch of coarseness that stamps the sort of women who call at bachelor apartments. Yet there was a provocative expression about her eyes. Plainly she was a type he had never before encountered. He was conscious of a growing irritation at being unable to catalogue her. As she finished the repast he turned suddenly upon her.

"Who are you?" he said, "and why should you come here? You don't look like a woman of the streets, yet you accept the invitation of a man you have never seen before and visit his apartment at night. What am I to think?"

The girl laughed roguishly. "My name is—well, you may call me Toto. As for

who I am: For one thing I am one acquainted enough with human nature to know that a man doesn't attempt to seduce a girl with an offer of ham and eggs."

There was a brief pause and then she faced her host squarely.

"So you have planned to end it all tonight?"

Carruthers made a sign of bewilderment.

"Oh, come now, you can be frank with me. Remember, I have never seen you before."

"You are a foolish child."

"Am I?" she laughed. "A well dressed man with not enough money in his pockets to pay for a table d' hote—"

"I might have been gambling and lost—"

—"and who has left his revolver lying on a pile of unpaid bills, what am I to think?"

Carruthers was at the writing desk in two rapid strides. It was locked. He turned slowly and faced her.

"You have the revolver?"

"No, it's in the desk; but I have the key."

"Why?"

She resorted to a characteristic shrug of her shoulders. "How do I know? A woman doesn't act by reason. That's why she can always be depended upon to do the right thing. Perhaps it was the fascination of influencing the life of someone else; perhaps experience has given me something that you lack—optimism. No matter what kind of a fix you're in, something always turns up. An hour ago I had visions of dining on crackers and milk; yet here, I have just enjoyed a sumptuous repast of ham and eggs, and coffee which was excellent. Permit me to compliment you upon it. After all, there is a world of truth in the saying that it is always darkest before dawn."

"Dawn is the beginning of a day," he replied, continuing the simile, "this is the end."

"But there are other days. It is fascinating to contemplate what tomorrow will bring. Always something new, something unexpected. There is nothing so certain as the uncertainties of life. That alone makes it worth while."

She surveyed the room with an appraising glance before she continued.

"You have a cozy little nest here. It must have cost you a pretty sum to furnish it. Those candle sticks—" she nodded toward the silver candelabrum on the mantle—"must be worth close to a hundred dollars."

"Closer to a thousand. They're Georgian silver."

"I know a pawn shop where they would bring you enough to live comfortably for several months. By that time something will turn up. Why not try it? You don't know how interesting it is, this living without a future. It's like being the principal character in a story which the author hasn't completed."

Carruthers shook his head. "Your philosophy is not mine. I couldn't live the life you describe if I tried. My breeding, my training, all of me would revolt against it. There is such a thing as self-respect. I must live decently, or not at all."

"So you are a coward, eh? Afraid to play the game squarely? You have taken all the good things life has given you, and now you want to quit."

"But you don't understand, I—"

"Understand!" Her fury burst upon him, the suddenness of a summer thunder shower. "Oh, yes, I understand. Your breed is not so scarce that I haven't encountered it. You are M'sieu Respectability. You have culture, breeding, position, everything that makes you, oh, far superior to those people whose everyday life is a never-ending, soul-wearing struggle against poverty and misfortune. But remove you from your little, protected sphere and what happens? Are you willing to make the same fight against the same odds as they? No, you lie down and whine—whine like a whipped pup. Where then is your superiority? Bah!"

She leaped from her chair, ran to the writing desk, and opened it.

"Here is your revolver. Perhaps you had the right solution to the problem after all. Do me the favor of waiting in

(Continued on Page 93)

In Realm of Bookland

AMERICA'S LITERARY FUTURE

Very interesting are the recently published opinions of Anatole France, on the prospects of literature in America. The famous French novelist sees old Europe dying, and predicts the expansion of nations, economically more powerful, with the United States growing in wealth while Europe is going bankrupt. But what of the literary possibilities of America as seen by the Paris litterateur?

America has already contributed a vigorous theme in its literature—the outdoors—admits Monsieur France. The works of such men as Bret Harte and Jack London are invigorating to a world which has lived, perhaps, too closeted. But France sees no especial reason why there should come out of America literature more than out of any other new nation. Literature is not produced necessarily in proportion to the number of people in a land. It is usually the metier of a small number of people.

Monsieur France points out that the most favorable conditions for the production of copious literature, are such as prevailed under Louis XIV and Louis XV, who were absolute monarchs, and protectors of the old regime, with its many privileges of a recognized leisure class. The population of France was then small, but the wars were carried on by mercenaries. Conscription of the youth of France had not yet been established. "The king can do no wrong!" was still a loyal fiction accepted without protest by the people.

In ancient Athens the social conditions were similar, as the state possessed a leisure class, whose drudgery was done by slaves and whose wars were fought by slaves.

In reading Monsieur France's remarks on the Golden Age of literature in his land, one cannot exclude the thought that the reign of Louis XIV and Louis XV which he associates with the flowering of French culture, were followed by the Reign of Terror in which Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette lost their heads in the guillotine.

The Golden Age of Art in Athenian history preceded the war of the Grecian states for pre-eminence, which ended after sixty years in the surrender of Athens and the transfer of political leadership to the rugged Spartans, who despised all art save that of war.

Is pre-eminence in Art an indication of national deterioration in the sterner qualities that enable nations to triumph in the eternal struggle for existence? What an interesting book might be written on that subject by Anatole France.

BRITISH OUTLOOK DUBIOUS

Recent reports of the publishing business in London describe the British situation as rather discouraging to authors. Books are being talked about rather than published. Will the public stand higher prices? There is a remarkable concurrence of opinion that they will not. One of the best known of London bookselling firms says that buyers are being frightened away, and that instead of a great revival in trade, which seemed possible, a few months ago, a very doubtful season is portended.

The door is being barred to "first novels." It gives the author no royalty on the first thousand copies, 20 per cent on the second thousand, and 10 per cent on the residue. Thus the author's profit lies in a sort of equatorial region which he is very unlikely to see at all. "No first work of literary merit can hope to sell more than a thousand copies" is not an excessive statement today, and it means that the author suffers a net loss on his typewriting alone.

CAROLINE KATHERINE FRANKLIN'S SUCCESS

After reading the numerous letters from Overland Monthly readers eager to express the pleasure afforded them by Mrs. Caroline Katherine Franklin's serial, "The Black Opal," one cannot doubt that the story was a gratifying success from the publishers' point of view. Magazine publishers sense the success or failure of a novel, before the writer has had full opportunity to learn the result. While a serial is running, subscribers write to the editor, in commendation or condemnation of the serial. It is a failing of human nature that the fault-finders are usually more determined to make their sentiments known.

With Mrs. Franklin's cheery narrative, nobody had any quarrel. The eulogists were many and the complainants non-existent, according to the letters received by the Overland Monthly. It is pleasant to announce that Mrs. Franklin's second serial, "From a Clear Sky," now appearing in the Overland, is as satisfactory to the reading public as its predecessor. scarcely a mail, but some subscriber informs the editorial offices that the serial meets expectations. Mrs. Franklin is finding the road of authorship much pleasanter than many who set out with high hopes. The secret of her success is proclaimed by her brilliant work in the Overland—talent, technique and painstaking industry.

"The Editor," which has a wide circulation among people interested in American literature, has considered it worth while to publish a history of Mrs. Franklin's serial, "The Black Opal," which appeared in the Overland. Mrs. Franklin has had an attractive proposition from a prominent producing company for the film rights and the production will carry the inscription, "First published in the Overland Monthly."



Caroline Katherine Franklin.

"THE ADVENTUROUS LADY"

A literary event of moment is the announcement by D. Appleton & Company that they have published a new novel by J. C. Snaith, entitled "The Adventurous Lady." This volume marks a departure from Mr. Snaith's earlier noted successes, "The Sailor," and "The Undefeated," in that it is a sparkling social comedy. A whimsical wit and skilful manipulation of plot and all the author's keenness of character delineation are brought into full play. Delightful situations center about a titled lady who changes places with a governess while they are both traveling to a common destination where neither of them is known.

H. G. Wells, who had been planning to come to America in January for a lecture tour, will be among those who are to represent Great Britain at the Pilgrim's Tercentenary celebration.

SHELFLESS LIBRARIES

W. P. Baker, literary editor of the Syracuse Post-Standard, moved by love of good books and the desire to spread the knowledge and the love of them, has instituted what he calls a "Shelfless Library" —which means that when he finds a book that strongly appeals to him, instead of keeping it, he gives it to some one who, he thinks, will appreciate it, together with a paper slip, measuring about six by four inches, and bearing this agreement at its top: "The Rules of the Library are These: The borrower agrees to put this book on his reading table, not on his book-shelf, and to read it without delay. He agrees when he has read it to pass it on to a friend who, he believes, will be interested." Below are written the names of those who read the book as it is passed along. Mr. Baker often has letters from those who read and circulate these volumes which he starts upon their travels and he says it is remarkable how far they go and how many readers they have. A recent letter was from some one, unknown to him, in Los Angeles who was reading a book he had sent forth more than a year previous

STRONG ON TECHNIQUE

The famous French magazine, Mercure de France, had recently a long review of contemporary American literature in which American methods were discussed, with this comment: "If a capable critic were to select the most truly representative of the American fiction for translation into French the European public would be struck above all else by the technical proficiency which these stores would display —far more than by their display of imagination."

Bread Upon the Waters

(Continued from Page 32)

God! he was strangling! Would he ever cease coughing? Here was the seat by the flume—but—where was Andy? Another breath. Yes, another—Oh, the torture of it. A few more like that—and—and—Where was Andy?

What was this under his feet? God! —Why it was a man lying prone with his face buried in the wet mud.

McKee whipped the other vinegar-soaked towel from his pocket, then wheezing and coughing, he lifted up the other man's face, smothered it in the towel and tried to pull the fellow to his feet.

The rescued comrade did not seem entirely helpless, but more dazed and staggered. With McKee's help he managed to get on his feet and together—wobbling and spluttering they pulled themselves along.

They struggled on. One—five—ten feet more—and they were out!

"Poor old Tom!" the spectators cried. "Poor old Tom!" while men rushed forward to help him. Then a shout went up.

"He's got him! He's got him, boys; Old Tom brought Andy out!"

"Poor old Tom, dear old man," the women cried, while tender hands rolled the suffering victims out on the grass and pulled the towels from their faces.

After a long time, Andy was the first to speak. Looking over at his partner he gasped weakly:

"Why—did you—do it,—Tom?"

For a moment old Tom ceased in his terrible breathing. He fought with coma and stupor but at length in a lucid moment, whispered:

"Bread—on the—waters,—Andy—"

It was late evening when hushed groups gathered on doorsteps or leaned over gates to the street, that a woman reasoned:

"The thing in itself was terrible enough with its toll of lives and awful suffering, but the saddest part was the end of poor old Tom."

"Wasn't it! Wasn't it!" from all sides.

"And to think that old Andy was hardly gassed at all."

A newcomer made her appearance.

"What's happened to old Tom?" she inquired. "He was alive at six o'clock."

"He died a few minutes ago in a hemorrhage."

"From rescuing old Andy Chapman! Think of it! That good for nothing old jailbird. Why, he isn't worth the tip of Tom's little finger. Poor old Tom, wonder whatever inspired his devotion to that old grouch?"

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

WINGS OF THE WAR. By Theodore Macfarlane Knappen. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Anybody interested in the progress of aviation—and who is not?—will find in this work a great deal of valuable information. The book gives details of America's important contribution to the war in aircraft invention, and production. An introduction by Rear Admiral D. W. Taylor, chief constructor of the United States Navy, commends the book as a judicious and fair presentation of facts relative to the tremendous air program of the United States, which has formed the subject of so much criticism in Congress and the public press.

The demand from all quarters of Allied air effort was for an engine of high power. When America entered the war, Europe was rapidly growing away from the smaller engines. Every proved and accepted engine then in service, was acknowledged to be behind the times. By the fact is explained the development of the Liberty motor. Rear Admiral Taylor in his introductory remarks on "Wings of the War," declares that the production of the Liberty motor, was "one of the outstanding achievements of the war."

"Wings of the War," is more than a dry recital of mechanical progress. It describes and illustrates many phases of aviation during the war, and well repays careful perusal.

FOR SERIOUS READERS

OLD AND NEW, SUNDRY PAGES. By C. H. Grandgent, L. H. D., Professor of Romance Languages in Harvard University. Harvard University Press.

When the subject of education is so prominently before the American people this compilation of essays and addresses by Professor Grandgent will be read with close attention, as it deals with marked vigor and incisiveness, on changes in fashion, especially in matters of speech and school. It is a timely publication, which deserves a hearty welcome.

Terry's "Short Cut to Spanish," which Houghton Mifflin Company published last winter, has met such a welcome in Mexico, where it has been adopted as a textbook, that another edition has been printed at once. The book is said to be the first to specialize on the Spanish spoken in Latin-America.

Otherwise Jerry

(Continued from Page 22)

do. I think I am going to cry hard pretty soon, and oh, I wish I could see Billy.

JERRY.

June 5, 1920.

Poor Old Ghost of Geraldine:

You are dead, Geraldine. You died ten minutes after I wrote that last letter to you. I was sitting on a cliff at Carmel, writing that letter, and all of a sudden I toppled over on the sand and began to cry heavy sobs. Suddenly I heard footsteps, but I couldn't stop crying, no matter how hard I tried. The footsteps came nearer and someone stopped beside me and knelt down on the sand. I felt a hand on my shoulder and then I heard Billy's voice begging me not to cry. For a minute I cried all the harder, then I stopped and blew my nose and looked up at Billy. That look was your undoing. Right then you died as you watched Billy over my shoulder. I felt Billy's arm around me, and I saw Billy's eyes looking at me. Then Billy's face came closer and I didn't stop him, because I knew then that I loved him. All the money in the world didn't make any difference to me after that, because I knew I could be Geraldine anyplace, as long as I had Billy.

I am glad you are dead, Geraldine. I am glad because you were a nuisance after all, and I am human. Billy's mother has taken me to her heart and I have had five glorious days of love and plenty; and all because you are dead. So good-bye, Geraldine, and may you sleep the sleep of the contented. You have accomplished your task, and I am happy.—Good-bye, Geraldine, dear.

JERRY.

Little, Brown & Co., promise a new E. Phillips Oppenheim novel for Autumn publication, probably in September. In will be called "The Devil's Paw." His last novel, "The Great Impersonation," published last January, has ever since been one of the best selling novels in the United States and Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Oppenheim have lately been sending out cards of invitation to the wedding of their only child, Geraldine, to Ryder Smith. The Oppenheim home is in a coast town in North Devon, but he does most of his writing in an apartment in London.

The lordliness of labor and the woes of the middle class during the present orgy of high prices form the theme of Edna Ferber's play "$1200 a Year," which Doubleday, Page & Co., have published. The figure named in the title of the play is the salary of an ambitious young professor of economics who, in revolt against conditions, throws up his work for the greater remuneration of day labor in a steel mill and awakes to find that his action has made him a front-page celebrity. Cohan & Harris are to produce the play on Broadway this fall.

After trying to write in Paris and in New York, in curtained retreats and woodland cabins, Henry Kitchell Webster, whose novel of this restless age which Bobbs-Merrill will publish in September under the title of "Mary Wollaston," finally decided that to catch the tune of America's highly energized life he would have to work in the midst of its bustle. So he forthwith hired a bleak office in the business heart of Evanston, Ill., and chose to develop a staccato, nervous style in keeping with his story by dictating his book to a stenographer.

John Cowper Powys, the English critic and lecturer, who recently arrived from Europe for his fifteenth lecture tour of the United States, is accompanied on this visit by his brother, Llewellyn Powys, joint author with him of "The Confessions of Two Brothers." Llewellyn Powys intends to remain in America to engage in literary work. John Cowper Powys's book of philosophy, "The Complex Vision," will be published by Dodd, Mead & Company.

Harcourt, Brace & Howe have arranged to publish William Rothenstein's "Literary Portraits: Twenty-four Drawings of Contemporary Men of Letters." The pictures will be reproduced by the collotype process and will include portraits of Conrad, Wells, W. H. Hudson, Yeats, Shaw, Lord Haldane, Drinkwater, and seventeen others. It will contain also biographical studies of one another by the writers whose portraits are included.

A new novel by Edith Wharton, the first long story from her pen since the outbreak of the world war, is promised for early fall publication, probably at the end of September, by D. Appleton & Co. It will be another of her illuminating portrayals of the exclusive circles of New York society, and under the title of "The Age of Innocence" will picture it as it was during the decade in the 1880's, when Ward McAllister was the leader and philosopher of the famous Four Hundred.

A new "Psychic Series" will be initiated by Henry Holt & Co. on August 10 with the publication of three books dealing with phases of psychism. One will be "The Unseen Doctor," by E. M. S., which has attracted much attention in England under the title "One Thing I Know." In it an invalid who had been bedridden for fifteen years gives an account of how she was cured by a medium acting under alleged discarnate direction. L. M. Bazett's book on "After-Death Communications" contains many accounts of such converse with the dead, while the third volume, "Claude's Second Book," continues the revelations of the next world made by Claude, a young aviator killed in the war, the first collection of which was published under the commendation of Sir Lodge. These books will be followed on the first of October by Henry Oliver Holt's "Essays in Psychical Research," reprinted from the Unpartizan Review. Later on will come works by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, the Hon. Gerald Balfour, Mrs. Effie Halsey and others.

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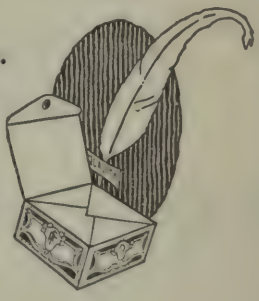
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Arrival of Pansy Hope

(Continued from Page 60)

> "Man, born of woman, is small potatoes and few in a hill. He goeth forth in the morning with head and tail up like a steer in the corn; in the evening, he appeareth at the city gate with his pants dangling by one suspender;"

but, they finished with many hopeful, doubtful, and misgiving kinds regarding the advisability of "letting Fronie set him adrift in mid-stream, as she's going to do." Finally, however, that poppy-dream of philosophy: "Everything works out for the best," lulled the disquieting worries.

That evening, when Peter came in from work at supper time, he entered the house via the back door. In the kitchen he found a very disconsolate pair, en tete-a-tete. Fronie was jabbing aimlessly some steak she was frying; Bud, in all his finery, was slumped dejectedly in a cane-bottomed chair.

"Well, did she come?" Peter asked, with hearty cheerfulness.

It was an unnecessary question; their looks told him she had. Peter had expected some such scene!

"Hell, yes," muttered Bud; Fronie nodded a sad affirmative.

"Fine," said Peter. "Fine."

He set about washing his hands and face, being careful to keep his children within his range of vision. Peter was a real Pandora for details right then!

Bud immediately ignored him, and went on spilling his tale of woe.

"And," he said glumly, "I'd started to go after the team, after while, thinking that she hadn't come. Nobody answering your description had showed up!

"Don't stop to rub it in, Bud." Fronie was very meek; facts had about Reno-ed her imagination! "Go on, tell me about it."

"Well, as I said, I'd started after my team, thinking she hadn't come. There was a bunch of fellows there. I'd been telling them how disappointed I was that the new schoolma'am hadn't come; telling them how she looked—giving them your say-so—yours! We'd started across the street talking about it, when Sid Lindle, the agent, calls to me. He comes up, grinning like a cat. Says I'm wanted in the waiting room of the depot. That there's a lady in there who wants to see me. Says her name is Miss Pansy Hope, and she's expecting somebody from the Hollow to meet her. Do I know anything about it? I do, I says. To the boys, I says, 'Come a-running, if you want to meet her before we start for the Hollow.' I starts in a gallop for the waiting room, like Sid had said that Governor Budd was in there waiting to shake hands with me. The whole bunch of fellows were right at my heels. Lindle opened up the screen door of the waiting room, sticks his head in and says, 'Here's your party from Brushy Hollow.' He backed out, and the door is jerked open wide, and out steps that two-hundred hunk of forty-four old fat! I—I—Fron, if I'd had you there then, I'd have killed you!"

Fronie offered no defense; her spirit hadn't even a prohibition kick to it.

"All I could do," continued Bud, "was to gasp for breath. Before I could so much as get a howdydo to working on my tongue, she pitches into me. Lord, Lord! What a temper and tongue to put into one person! No doubt, she says, first off, that I'd been lolling over some bar lapping up all the booze in sight—and I couldn't get a word in to tell her that Missiondale was as dry as Death Valley! And, she keeps on: I've most likely been swapping indecent stories with those other hoodlums of the town, while I was lapping the liquor! Oh, I can't tell all she said, but it was enough! She called herself the lady I was sent to meet—Lady! If she's a lady, I'm a towering liar! She says, she expected the trustees to at least send a gentleman to meet her, one who would treat her with the respect and consideration due a teacher; instead it looked like they'd sent a person who 'neglected his duties, forgot his manners, and left her a-languishing in a steaming hot depot, subjected to the stares of ungentlemanly strangers.' Oh, Lord, what all didn't that woman say?"

"What were you doing all that time?" Fronie demanded impatiently. "Why didn't you shut her up?"

"Doing! Shut her up! You just wait till she gets started on you—then you'll see what chance I had! She had the whole bunch of us standing there with our tongues hanging out. And before I could head her off, tell her that the horses were waiting to take her to the place she was so anxious to go to, she ups and caps the climax. The fellows won't forget that in ten million years! She says, is there a barber shop in this heathenish, unmannerly town? If there is, for me to take her there; she must get a hair cut before going into the country. She hadn't had time to get it done before leaving home. 'See,' she says to me, taking off that dinky little hat of hers, 'it's getting long's to curl up around the edges, and I don't like that. It looks so much better, don't you think, say a half-inch shorter?' I could have curled up and died! The fellows gave one look at those little drake's tail curls—and run! They fell all over themselves getting some place to laugh good. Oh, Lord, Fron, what will we do?"

"And we're giving her a party," she moaned.

Then Pansy's voice broke up the powwow. She was coming through the dining room toward the kitchen.

"I'm making myself at home," she called. "Am coming out to see how you cook your victuals." She halted in the kitchen doorway, saw Bud, and made him target direct for this, "I've changed into my rough-looking clothes; so after supper you can show me the stock."

Fronie's picture imaginaire had walloped the truth a few fouls—but it registered no Babe Ruths.

Pansy Hope was short, all right—but with a shortness that emphasized every atom of her two-hundred weight. Her hair was dark, but close-cropped, it was no feminine crown of glory. Pansy's eyes, also, were of the shade that would come under the dusky heading—but they distinctly lacked maidenly come-hitherness of expression; in fact, one glance into their snappy depth would leave no doubt in your mind as to whether or not the "young'uns" of Brushy Hollow would toe that trustee-drawn chalk mark!

Yes, Fronie had hit it well on generalities, but when it came to details, her imagination had missed fire and stalled.

Bud gave one look at the divided-skirt that Pansy had donned to accompany him on the stock-inspection tour, and fled for the back door.

"There'll be no party, or nothing, for mine," he told Fronie, without taking trouble to lower his voice. "I wouldn't face that bunch tomorrow night for ten million dollars! Me for Alaska in the morning."

Peter grinned fleetingly before extending a hospitable hand to the newcomer. Bud was saved. Fronie's imagination had sawed the limb between him and the community family-tree. And, this to Peter's point of view, put God in his heaven again, and righted the world!

Something Always Turns Up

(Continued from Page 81)

the dressing room until I get out of the building. After that—suit yourself."

Mechanically, Carruthers accepted the weapon and walked slowly into the dressing room. Some seconds later he heard the outer door open and close, but he did not move from his position on the bed. For a long time he sat there, staring into the darkness. At length he arose and returned to the other room. He noticed that the candelabrum was missing.

As he was returning the pistol to its place in the writing desk, a scrap of paper fluttered from the desk to the floor. He stooped and picked it up. Scrawled in feminine handwriting were these words:

"Sorry I had to be mean. You were suffering from an attack of self-pity, and it was the only way to cure you before you hurt yourself.

"TOTO."

"P. S.—I've saved your soul, so I'm taking the candle sticks as payment. An evangelist gets twice as much."

For an interval Carruthers stood there contemplating her note. "By Jove," he muttered, "she was right at that."

He closed the writing desk with a click and turned quickly back into the dressing room, whistling under his breath.

Tomorrow would be another day.

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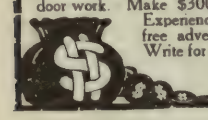
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Brotherhood at Los Pinos

(Continued from Page 38)

ness of one Sol Castro, ex-hero of Verdun, in particular. So their comradeship of memories had all been for nothing after all!

When the first salmon-tinted rays of the new day crept over the sill of the one square window of the morada, Peter's guard woke those of the stiff, groaning men not already up, and in a few minutes they had taken Peter outside, stripped him to the waist, removed his shoes and heavy woolen socks, and placed before him a huge wooden cross of unhewn timbers. Old Evaristo ordered him to take it up and proceed up the trail. Peter refused. Somebody's scourge cut across his bare shoulders. The pain caused Peter again to attempt to fight his way to liberty, but there were too many for him, and he was obliged to give up. As he stooped to take up the heavy cross, impelled by the blows of the plaited scourges on his back he noted that Sol Castro was not there. Rather bitterly he wondered if it was to avoid giving in to sentiment and helping him that Sol stayed away. Again a whip cut across his back and he started with his burden up the hill.

Until now he had been unable to believe that the penitentes would actually carry out their threat. It seemed certain enough now. The path was steep and rough with broken glass and gravel and it hurt his tender feet intensely. He found himself comparing this occasion with what he had read of the pitiful climb of the Christ up the slopes of Calvary. But he saw in his own case none of the beauty of valuable sacrifice as in that other. In his heart was rather only the bitterness of futility and of impotent anger. He climbed on with the vague hope that something might happen before he reached the top.

The little procession came out on the summit of El Cerro Santo just as the red of the early daybreak sun turned to the gold of full fledged morning. Peter saw a sort of awe or fear in the faces of some of the men. They seemed afraid of this thing they were about to do to one who had hired and bossed and paid and fed them for years. But there was dogged determination in the eyes of some and in some the memory of a stinging rope on a bare, bleeding back. Even the pain they suffered from their own hands did not efface the sting of the rope in the hands of the gringo.

Peter approached the huge cross standing between two smaller ones on the hill top. There was resolve in his face. His time had come. There was no escape, but they would not crucify him alive. He was resolved to fight to the very death and perhaps even balance the score of death with these fools.

Suddenly from behind the big pile of stones supporting the middle cross arose the helmeted figure of a soldier. In his hands was a long German rifle with its cruel, saw-tooth bayonet. With it Sol Castro covered the approaching procession.

"Stop!" he called out sharply in Spanish. "Don't move an inch!" Then he added in English: "Don Pedro—buddy—put down that cross and come to me;" There was a touch of that latent dramatic power of all Latins in his expression, and Peter obeyed at once.

"Compadres," continued Sol in Spanish, "you are fools! There is a brotherhood greater than yours at Los Pinos. I learned to believe in it last night through a little, silly song. It is una hermandad de hombres—not of fanatics—locos! You would not understand it, except perhaps Francisco and Jose Adan. Don Pedro and I are 'buddies'. If you two are with us, come."

Francisco and Jose Adan started toward him eagerly. Old Evaristo, Elder Brother of the Santa Hermandad de Penitentes, caught Francisco's arm to hold him back.

"Pendejo!" he exclaimed. "Stay where you are!"

"Turn him loose!" ordered Sol, raising his precious souvenir to his shoulder but not moving a step.

"No! Hijo del—"

The old man never finished his curse. There was a sharp crack from the German rifle and Evaristo's arm dropped

limp at his side. In ten seconds the four ex-soldiers were alone on the hill top and the pine slopes below were full of running Mexicans.

Sol, looking dramatic in his full uniform, laughed, but there was a little quaver in Peter Martin's strong Irish voice as he held out his hand to the Mexican.

"Put her there, buddy!" he said.

The Macmillan Company, which already does a large business in imported books, is now assuming the agency in America for The Cambridge University Press and also for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. This will mean the addition of hundreds of important titles yearly to the Macmillan lists of English books. Already they include the works of many of the leading scholars and writers of Great Britain, issued by Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, A. & C. Black, and others.

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But he with a chuckle replied,
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.

So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it—
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that—
At least no one ever has done it;"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophecy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

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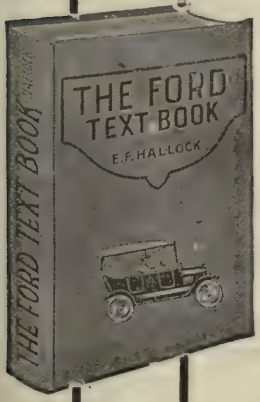
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The Ethics of The Japanese Problem

By James D. Phelan

United States Senator from California.

BEFORE I proceed, permit me to say that I appreciate the opportunity of once more presenting this subject through the Overland Monthly, for which I first began writing on Asiatic immigration in 1890, and which publication, in no small measure, has contributed to the education the country has received on this subject.

The understanding of this problem has continued to grow among the people of this country, and has advanced from its purely domestic aspects of keeping the Japanese youth of mature age from association with the children of tender years in our schools and the sinuous brown hands from the possession of our fruitful lands, until it has become not only national but international.

I was somewhat amused to read the translation of an editorial from the Tokyo "Mainichi" recently which was headed, "What Right have the Americans to America?" It would have been more amusing had it not revealed in its ingenuousness the feeling of the Japanese people toward this country. Our God is quite at fault, as "Mainichi" puts it,, in giving us this country. The editorial follows:

What right have the Americans to exclude the Japanese? God gave America to humanity as a whole, not to the Anglo-Saxons alone. It is against the will of God for a particular race to monopolize a land of America's natural resources and exclude other races. God has not given the rich resources of America to the Americans alone. If a God is so partial as to give them to the Americans alone, it is the devil masquerading in the name of God.

Primarily, land resources are a common property of mankind, not for a particular race alone. A land with large resources is under the obligation of supporting a large population, and the inhabitants of a region lacking in resources have the right to emigrate to other places richly endowed by Nature. This right has been given to mankind by God, and in emigrating to America, the Japanese are only using it.

But the Americans obstruct this natural right of the Japanese. Outrageous! They speak of the principle of humanity, but they act against the mandates of God. Just as the individual has the right of subsistence, so this right is possessed by a race. The Japanese is fully entitled squarely to oppose the anti-Japanese movement in California. If they insist on obstructing our right, we shall make a certain determination.

The Japanese have the right to demand emigration to America. But what is the present attitude of the Japanese government? Is it befitting a man? Those who cannot openly espouse justice are in effect the same as those who repudiate justice. Why should the authorities be silent over a question which is a matter of life and death to the Japanese? Are they cursing the development of the people? The

matter is far more important than the conquest of the Bolsheviks.

The government should courageously protest to America. Urge the right of emigration. If you are really solicitous for the future of the race, you might make a certain determination. As America's action is obviously contrary to the will of God, it is a moral act to rectify her attitude. To assert a right is clearly a moral act in that it "moralizes" those who infringe it.

I have quoted this Japanese editorial at some length for the reason that it is the expression of the people of Japan. A government represents finally the voice of the people and the cry of the God-given right to emigrate to this country must be considered as the general attitude of the whole of Japan. This conclusion is not based on the mere fact that it is the expression of one newspaper, but from what we have known of the diplomatic endeavors of Japan to force the right of immigration on us in the past and the present diplomatic endeavors of Japan to intervene in behalf of her colonists in California. The editorial clearly indicates the trend of international aspirations.

No more than a passing study of this problem internationally reveals an historical connection of the past and present. Just as the trade of the world, which so far as water is concerned, began on the Red Sea and then passed to the Mediterranean and from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, so the trade of the future will be across the Pacific. Japan has already linked up her trade routes through the Suez and for years she has controlled the trade of the Pacific.

If we have failed to realize this fact, not so with the Japanese, who already have their colonies planted all along the trade route from Japan to and including the Pacific Coast of the United States. The Hawaiian Islands have already been peacefully acquired and the acquisition of California is rapidly under way. Japan will be politically in control of the Hawaiian Islands in the next twelve years and of California in about eighty-five years, just a little more than the lifetime of the children of today.

Our old friend Robert Louis Stevenson, looking out across the Pacific, said: "I feel, standing here at the Cliff House and the shores of the Pacific, as that man looking out upon zones un-Romanized." He was picturing in his mind a Roman legionary who stood on the monument of Antoninus and looked out upon the mountains of the Picts, from which direction came the Roman civilization.

Stevenson's legionary could be placed on the beach of our Pacific littoral at the present time, the verge of the extension of that old Roman Empire, which I call western civilization, and looking back over its onward march, imagine it continuing across the Pacific. But if he stood there today he would find the situation reversed. He would see Japan full panoplied and equipped, considering herself the conquering nation, having already advanced toward Hawaii, taking possession by her colonies; establishing herself in California; taking actual possession by mandate of the Marshall and Caroline groups of islands; fortifying herself in the Pacific.

Fundamentally the Japanese have no rights and are entitled to no consideration in California, where they have waxed wealthy beyond their wildest dreams, or in the West, or in any part of the United States of America. On this premise, I would address in particular the people of the East, for upon them and the interest of their representatives in Congress, depends, in no small measure, the final solution of the problem as it now directly affects the people of the West.

In the enactment of an amendment to Amendment XIV to the Constitution of the United States lies the real solution and it is here that we of the West look to the east for assistance. The amendment proposes the ground work for legislation which will deny the sacred rights of American citizenship to Japanese born in the United States. California will solve her immediate problem in the November elections by an amendment to her own State statutes, through the initiative, by preventing ownership or leasing of the land by the Japanese who have evaded her present land laws.

Heretofore in consideration of the Japanese problem we have been overawed by the super-sensitiveness of the people of Japan who have been described as a proud people seeking race equality. This pride, however, has not prevented

their coming where they were not wanted, so let it be understood that we are not approaching the matter with kid gloves, but that this is a frank expression of our feelings.

The Japanese are not an assimilable people. This statement stands without fear of successful controversion. While the Congressional committee was on the Pacific Coast to investigate the situation there were very few of the Japanese called to testify who had the temerity to suggest an inter-mingling of the races.

Scientists tell us that when diverse races are brought together history and biology have fully demonstrated that but one of two things can happen. One race drives the other out—and our California farmers are already being driven from the lands—or else the races intermingle and form a population of race hybrids in which the lower ultimately predominates. This thought will, of course, be disagreeable to some of our well-meaning folks, but nature is not concerned with their sentimentalism and does not make entry of their protests in her strict accountings. A first failure of the settlement of the entire problem has been the absolute refusal of some people to face these adamant facts.

These conclusions, as viewed in the cold light of ethnology, may be said to be the basis of the present situation in California, where well over 100,000 Japanese are now engaged in all manner of industrial, agricultural and commercial pursuits to the detriment of the white population. If the moral fibre of the American population were such as to permit intermingling of the races the result would be a population of race hybrids in which the lower would predominate.

Previous to the enactment of the law of expatriation by the Imperial Government of Japan in 1915, Japan might claim for all time the allegiance of the progeny of any Japanese in this country. The Japanese born in this country were subject to military duty in Japan even while enjoying the fruits of citizenship in this country. The Civil Code of Japan reads: "A child is a Japanese if his or her father is a Japanese at the time of his or her birth."

This situation, however, was too astonishing for even the ingenuousness of the Japanese, and the law was modified to give face to the demand for right of entry into this country. But principally, it is quite apparent, to give a show of good faith to the claim for the right of the Japanese to own and hold land after they are here. Although this slightly changes the legal aspect of the situation, the result, as far as Japan's desire for the extension of her border lines is concerned, remains quite the same.

Once a Japanese always a Japanese, is axiomatic. There are now no less than 75 Japanese language schools in California. Also there are Shintu temples where Emperor-worship is taught. The opinion of Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, avowedly friendly to the Japanese and author of the percentage immigration system, written in particular concerning the situation in Hawaii, and apropos just here, is as follows:

"It is not to be assumed that the education they (Japanese children) received in public schools, which they leave at 14 or 15 years of age, is adequate to prepare them for citizenship during the six or seven years after they get out from under the influences of their American teachers. Most of the boys will be isolated from English-speaking Americans; they will be associated chiefly with men of their own race, imbibing therefore, the Oriental ideas as they approach manhood. The mere fact, accordingly, of American birth, public school education, and the requisite age should not be regarded as adequate qualification for the suffrage; for it is to be remembered that during the entire period of schooling, not only have they been in Oriental homes, but the Japanese at heart have been diligently drilled in Japanese schools by Japanese teachers, many of whom have little acquaintance and no sympathy with American institutions or a Christian civilization.

"If, as Asiatics, they maintain their traditional conceptions of God, nature, and man, of male and female, of husband and wife, of parent and child, of ruler and ruled, of the state and the individual, the permanent maintenance in Hawaii of

American democracy, American homes, and American liberty is impossible."

Other evidence is furnished by the "Inter-Church Survey":

"Already Japanese influence is the determining factor in the decision of many important questions," recounts that publication after naively telling that "the Hawaiian problem is in reality a Japanese problem," and pointing out the preponderance of Japanese population. It continues: "This was recently demonstrated in the defeat of the Americanization bill providing for the teaching of English and of the principles of the American Government in the schools of the islands.

"So strong has Buddhism become on the islands that an organized persecution of Japanese Christians was undertaken in the spring of 1919. The Buddhists have recently shown their powerful hand in another way, namely, by defeating the proposed law to compel every teacher of every school to pass an examination in the English language and in American ideals."

This educational system is doubtless in no small degree responsible for the fact that under the modified law of citizenship affecting the Japanese in this country so few native-born Japanese have renounced allegiance to the Mikado. We have as evidence of this the word of no less a personage than the Japanese vice consul, Ishii, at San Francisco, who states that not to exceed a dozen American-born Japanese children have declared their intention of foregoing allegiance to Japan. And it may be added in passing that there is no evidence of the Japanese government having accepted the "Declamation of Losing Nationality," as is necessary under the Japanese Civil Code.

Even were this acceptance taken, it is useless, admitting for the moment that it is desirable, insofar as this country is concerned. An American-born Japanese may become a citizen in this country with the approval of the Japanese government, having expatriated himself before he becomes 17 years of age. If he returns to Japan for one day he again becomes a citizen of that country!

The conclusion thus far must be that racially the Japanese have no rights within our borders, that these Japanese aliens do not desire American citizenship, and that the foreign government to which they look for guidance is strongly opposed to their assuming such an obligation.

It is a sad picture that California and the Hawaiis present and it is a picture which there is no desire to perpetuate. It is a notorious fact that it is just as helpful to Japan to have California and Hawaii peopled under our flag by her nationals as it would be for Japan to hold California and Hawaii as tributary colonies.

The dire spectacle of colonization of our country by aliens is well known to Californians. It is to be seen in the producing centers of the State, the fishing industry of Southern California; the productive valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin as well as the Japanese sections of our cities. There will be found the thousands of the little brown men—and women—in control of many pursuits and always pushing ahead into others, and while they are pushing ahead through methods which our economic structure does not permit us to meet, pushing our own people out.

First they were with us as laborers in the fields and as the famous school boy servant. Because they were short of stature they were particularly apt at the "stoop and pick labor" in agricultural lines, such as the beet fields. They have fast graduated from these and other occupations until they have penetrated practically every unit of our economic structure—the hotel business, the railroad and shipyard shops, general merchandising stores, steamship operations to our shores, yet never ceasing that insidious driving of our farmers from the land by leasing and evasory methods, of the State law which deprives them from ownership.

Always we hear the cry of the thoughtless that competition of the Japanese with our farmers is not to be considered, as there is room for all, and that the whites do not want to "get back to the land." This is neither patriotic nor the fact.

Our American farmer leads a happy life, no matter if he is on the large tract or on his small ranch of a few acres. The wife of the white farmer tends principally

to the home comforts and necessities and the social side of the American community, sending her children to school, and more or less actively, depending on the size of the ranch, supervising or performing actively the multitudinous duties. To her credit, let it be said that during the busy harvest seasons she is to be found as hard at work as anyone. On Sunday there is church and a day of rest. Often in the evenings are held the gatherings which have been popularized by the Farm Advisers. There is Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas to be looked forward to among the holidays, and at least once a year comes the circus and the hegira to town.

As a contrast let me quote from the State Board of Control report, entitled. "California and the Oriental:" "The Japanese farmers and every member of the family, physically able to do so, including the wife and little children, work in the field long hours, practically from daylight to dark, on Sundays and holidays and in the majority of cases, live in shacks or under conditions far below the standards required and desired by Americans."

And under what the report sub-titles as "Impossible Competition," it goes on to say:

"American farmers can not successfully compete with Japanese farmers if the Americans adhere to the American principles so universally approved in America, including clean and wholesome living quarters, reasonable working hours, the usual Sunday rest and holiday recreation and, above all, refraining from working the women and children in the fields."

Among the most recent reports touching on the situation are those coming from the city of Sacramento where the birth statistics for August show that the Japanese population increased one per cent a month, or an annual increase of 12 per cent. The Japanese births out of a total of 129, were 20. The total population of Sacramento is 63,000, of which the estimated Japanese population is placed at 2000. If the same ratio between the two races is kept up for 32 years, ordinary allowance for deaths considered, the Japanese population of the capital city of California will equal the white residents. Numerically, Hawaii has been captured long since. There are 120,000 Japanese to 12,000 Americans and in less than 12 years there will be sufficient Japanese born there to control the territorial government, and send Japanese delegates to Washington.

The consideration of illegal entry into this country is a vital one, vexing and baffling to the immigration authorities. For instance, the Japanese have taken advantage of the La Follette Seamen's Act, which permits seamen to demand their discharge in American ports for the purpose of re-shipping on foreign bound vessels. The Japanese seaman may travel from one port to another, and may fully enjoy this privilege as long as he engages in no other occupation.

Under a decision handed down in the case of Hitoshi Watanabe in January of this year in the United States District Court at San Francisco, if the seaman does engage in another occupation after obtaining his release from his ship for the purpose of re-shipping on another ship, and is apprehended, he may then demand and obtain the legal right of remaining. This is just a paradox of our laws and will be corrected. And there is another and more important paradox that may be noted just here. Few seamen claim the right of discharge from the Japanese ships, preferring to desert, as did defendant Watanabe, for if the seamen openly sought the right to enter it would plainly indicate an evasion of the "Gentlemen's Agreement."

In the delivery of 29 Japanese built ships to the Shipping Board at ports in this country, but few of the seamen manning these steamers have returned to Japan. The crews averaged about 60 members.

The entry of stowaways is also baffling. After a ship docks at our ports anyone having a seaman's card is entitled to land. It is a known fact that numbers of stowaways arrive on every ship from Japan. They borrow a card from a member of the crew, go ashore to be hidden away by their friends, and the cards are sent back to the ship. A few of these de-

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Revolutionary Legislation

Proposal to Rob Husbands of Their Rights in the Making of Wills

Objectionable Features of a Law Purporting to Render Justice to Women.

By Thomas E. Flynn

WOMEN, having been given the right to vote, one of the important propositions put forth in the name of the sex, is that they shall be empowered to steal the property of their husbands.

Five States—by no means those notably representative of American progress—have acquiesced in the spoilation of husbands, under cover of new-made laws. The five compliant States are Washington, Texas, Arizona, Idaho and Louisiana—four border subdivisions that have not long emerged from almost primordial political conditions, and one Southern State where all sociological reforms are subordinate to the awful negro problem; and the greatest question is not whether husband or wife shall rule the domestic roost, but whether the white man or black shall be the overlord of American civilization.

California has virtually announced its alignment with the five States mentioned, by having adopted the Community Property Act of 1919, which is intended to confer on wives, extraordinary powers over their husbands in the making of wills, and disposal of what is legally known as "Community Property."

The California act has, however, been held up by referendum proceedings and will be decisively voted upon at the general election, November 2. It is intended to be a retroactive law, and for that reason is considered by leading lawyers all the more undesirable and injurious.

In the event of the voters of California being so short-sighted as to approve this suspended Community Property Act of 1919, there will be six States in favor of robbing the American husband, and enlarging the privileges of the American wife, whose present condition is so fortunate for her sex that it is hard to imagine how it could be bettered except in paradise itself. But the reformers who pretend to speak in the name of American womanhood, though chiefly identified with professional politics and "political job-chasing," have unshaken confidence in their all-conquering altruism. They will still lack forty-two States, unready to follow the leadership of the Far West; but in these days of topsy-turvyism, political success usually attends what seems most worthy of contemptuous rejection. The highest recommendation of new experiments in public government, is to have originated in some corner of the earth, more noted for the raising of chickens or cabbages than statesmen, and been endorsed by Somebody, cordially recognized in his community as a preeminent Nobody.

In California, for sixty years past, a widow has been entitled to half the community property, if her husband left no will. The other half of the community property went to the husband's descendants. If he left no descendants, then his half was distributed among his collateral kin—his father or mother, brother, sister, etc.

That provision of law was supposed to be ample protection for a wife. Nobody could deprive her of her legal share of the community property, even had the husband died without a will.

The term "Community Property" implies property accumulated after mar-

riage, by personal industry and endeavor. Property owned by husband or wife at the time of marriage is not community property. It is "Separate Property." So is property, acquired after marriage, through gifts.

The proposed California act, which is held up by referendum proceedings, amends in important respects the California law, which has stood for sixty years.

The amendments provide:

1. That if a husband dies without a will, the whole of the community property goes to the wife, whereas she is now entitled to only one-half of it, the other half going to her husband's descendants, and if he should leave none, then to his collateral kin—his father or mother, brother, sister, etc.

2. That the husband's right to dispose of one-half of the community property by will is contingent on the wife's written consent—except where the husband leaves descendants. In that event he may leave one-half of the community property to these descendants, but to no one else.

3. That when a wife dies before her husband, she may will one-half of the community property to her children (whether by her surviving husband or a former husband). The long-established rule that upon the death of the wife the entire community property remains in the possession of the surviving husband is abolished.

The proposed radical changes in the present law can only be justified by proof that for sixty years, California husbands have oppressed and defrauded their wives, by denying them rights and interests in property to which they were justly entitled; and now that wives are voters, they propose to bring this intolerable condition to an end and establish what they call "justice."

Such is the comment of a famous lawyer—G. W. McEnerney of San Francisco, whose distinguished record includes various appearances in important litigation before the United States Supreme Court, and the successful presentation of some serious governmental questions to the International Tribunal at The Hague.

Mr. McEnerney's objections to the proposed changes in the Community Property Act have been detailed in a memorandum, furnished to the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco—an organization of large membership and much professional and commercial influence.

The eminent lawyer regards the agitation for the overthrow of the present community property law, as the outgrowth of a mistaken belief that as each dollar is earned by the husband, the title to half of it immediately passes to the wife. She therefore regards herself as flagrantly oppressed and defrauded if not permitted at her death (should she predecease her husband) to dispose of one-half of his earnings and accumulations, in whatever way she may wish.

However the agitation started, it has grown into a serious controversy, which may be the preliminary skirmish of a war of the sexes. Those are not the words of Mr. McEnerney, for that eminent lawyer directs his comments to the legal features of the proposed act, rather than to sociological predictions.

He makes it clear that he regards the proposed changes, as freak legislation from which it would be advisable to keep California free.

The new law would not only give the widow all of the community property, when the husband had left no will, but would exclude from inheritance, the husband's children, whether by the living mother or by a former wife.

Under the contemplated amendments, the wife would have an absolute veto, over the disposal of the community property, unless the husband had descendants and made a will in their favor. The husband would be deprived of power to will any part of the community property to his collateral kin, to charity, or to friends, and if he had no children he could make no will at all, without his wife's written consent, endorsed upon or attached to the will.

A man having acquired a large fortune, might desire to reward some persons who aided him to climb the ladder, and who deserved his substantial remembrance, but unless the wife permitted it, no such benevolence would be possible.

The retroactive feature of the freak legislation is also shown, by Mr. McEnerney to be fraught with serious and undesirable consequences. His words are worth the quoting:

> Every will now in existence, which a husband has made and which disposes of community property, whether it affects $5000 or $5,000,000, will be rendered invalid, insofar as it makes any provision other than for the wife, or the husband's lineal descendants.
>
> When the husband, to validate an existing will, or to make a new one, applies to the wife for her consent, she knows that if she vetoes his will, the property must pass automatically to her, for the new law makes it impossible for the husband to will it to any one else (but descendants) Moreover, it would be impossible for him to obtain his wife's consent if she were insane, or if they were living apart estranged. The terms of the will might themselves lead to estrangement.

The divorce record would not suffer by adoption of the proposed legal novelties. On the contrary the activity of the divorce court would be stimulated. Mr. McEnerney foresees that men of means, now living apart from their spouses, in order to avoid distressing family scandal, will be driven into court to complete their domestic disagreement. In that way, only, can they free themselves from the necessity of securing wives' consent which it would be impossible to obtain. The eminent lawyer lays stress on the inevitable difficulty of obtaining consent of dissatisfied wives to charitable bequests by husbands, or to gifts to husbands' own relatives. Wives with grievances against their husbands' relatives are not usually inclined to ask themselves, who is most at fault. As Mr. McEnerney expresses it in his admirable memorandum for the Commonwealth Club:

> Indeed, the wife might grudge any testamentary gift in the belief that anything given away was filched from her—and the husband would be powerless, unless he took up his residence in another State.
>
> In view of the fact that in the majority of cases, the husband alone accumulates all of the community property, it is difficult to understand why he should be denied testamentary power over the "husband's half," and impossible to understand why he should be practically denied testamentary power altogether.
>
> A will is a purely personal and sacred matter, and many husbands, even though their family life were ideal, would justly resent this proposed invasion of rights of privacy.

No man who has dependents could risk marrying without a marriage settlement, if the proposed anti-masculine cinch-bill should be adopted. In the Old World, the marriage settlement is a very serious preliminary of the romantic honeymoon. In America, Cupid usually ignores lawyers, unless some heart tangles involve divorce court proceedings. But Mr. McEnerney foreseeing a possible change predicts:

> Although the chivalry of American men has never been challenged, they will be compelled to make the mercenary feature an important part of the marriage contract; and in that event the prospective bride will be called upon to say whether she has faith in the honor of her intended husband, and is willing to take the "wife's half" of the property which he will create for her, or whether she prefers not to marry unless she can have it all.

Viewed from the standpoint of private business, the proposed change in the community property law, which threatens the greatest disarrangement and injury, is that which authorizes a wife to will to her children by any marriage, one-half of the community property, should she die before her husband.

Thousands of men are engaged in commercial business and other enterprises in which their entire capital consists of community property. The wife of such a

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An Arctic Superman

The Gratification of a Serious Duty Well Done.

By James Hanson

THE "SILENT ONE," was he called, this stripling who dwelt in the spacious bungalow-shack. Thirty years were thought to be written in his frost-bitten face, his square shoulders, his regular features, his keen, blue eyes, by those who knew him; albeit the yellow fly-leaf of his mother's Bible allowed the utmost years of Jason Finley to be but twenty-six. Jason had grown taciturn since his advent into the Northlands, and had aged greatly, in knowledge; but withal he possessed the alertness and aggressiveness of youth. Nor had three winters of the North completely obliterated the tan of the West United States from his countenance.

Despite his years fortune had been kind. Glimpsed through the west window was his hide-covered store-room, wherein reposed voluminous bundles and bales of "prime" silver black fox, musk ox, blue fox, and sable pelts. Outside the shack were upturned kayaks and the larger oomiaks awaiting the next walrus run. Like a Midas he made gold, though his blood was untainted with the lust of it. Beyond his store-house were seen the half score of shack buildings, some of which bore such names as "Jacks Up," "The Nugget," "The Apex;" their walls heard sixteen dialects, and fronted Willow street, the Broadway of Brodney. There, during a lull in his fur-bartering, Jason Finley strayed to chat with Yakima Shorty, the bar-keep, the toil-furrowed "sourdoughs," and the misfit newcomers, for eyes of the Arctic saw not the boundaries of caste. And beyond were the red-brown cliffs abruptly rising from the sea, against which the undulating Pacific angrily hurled its smoke-crested battalions. While northward, heavenward, over a Sahara of satiny white, Aurora extended her

shimmering web—subtly, incandescently gleaming, with all the vibrant changings of a Koh-i-noor.

Of friends Jason Finley had various—fair-haired Sigurd Bjaastad, whose Viking forefathers fought in the ski battle of Stiklestad; the Mongolian-featured Anvik, whose totem pole pictured in symbolic designs of his being the eldest born of Ugaguk, the sightless maker of stories, of Lake Tikchik. They were his staunchest friends, who by his own desire, foregathered and supped in his abode.

The bungalow was fashioned for a connoisseur! The musk ox head over the open grate, the framed Bonheur prints on the walls, the gun rack, stocked with the gamut of arms, from Winchester carbine to Colt revolver, the mink rugs on the floor, all accentuated the snugness of the cabin. Here, when Boreas raged, Jason could defy the Arctic blast.

But a day came of new responsibilities. The crack of a whip lash and the cry, "Huk! Huk!" came to Jason in his bungalow. A space later the panting of sleigh-dogs sounded without; then Moses Sampson, half-breed Siwash, with a speech strangely compounded of Eskimo, English and Chinook jargon, entered the room and stamped the snow from his beaded mukluks.

"Talk paper come by tillikum (friend) Sigurd," he stoically announced, withdrawing a letter from his hooded koolitang in response to Jason's interrogating glance.

"Come up by revenue cutter from Juneau?" queried Jason, by way of a friendly word.

"Eemah!" grunted Moses with a nod.

Newspapers were gold, and letters—letters were too precious in the tundra solitude to be measured in mere gold Half stilled was Jason's pulse as he read once, then again, the packet which spoke an avalanche of words of the Great Outside.

A great tenderness filled Jason's breast, as his mind bridged the gap of years. Of Molly Zane, he thought, and of the day he pledged his troth, that languid California afternoon, among the bee-kissed snap dragons and wandering-Jew in her father's garden. The retrospect thrilled him to the depth of his being, while those bygone moments, evanescent as fresh-blown bubbles, were revered. Then like a changing vision, it seemed—the call to arms, Vimy Ridge, Base Hospital 44, a wound chevron, the Croix de Guerre. The return! Another had taken his place. She had thought him dead. But uncensured she went in her heart-atrophy. He bore it all in silence. And so it was that, unlike Schwatka and Ladue, who sought fame and fortune in the Polar lands, Jason Finley sought seclusion.

For many moments after he perused the letter Jason's gaze rested vacantly on the sparkling crest of a distant iceberg. Silently he resolved that the aged father of the one he had loved should have his written request respected. Jason would watch over and protect the girl and her wayward mate after their North-coming.

* * * * * *

Jason permitted himself no outward display of emotion as he gave cordial greetings to Molly and her husband upon the arrival of the red-stack tug Ajax. Wright Burchell's acceptance of Jason's welcome was characteristic. Indeed indolence was Burchell's strong trait. Jason ill concealed a comprehending smile as he received Burchell's indifferent hand clasp, while Molly's face, wan from sea-sickness, betrayed her nervous disquiet. Molly and Wright were soon ensconced in quarters which Jason outfitted cozily enough to delight the heart of any haus-frau.

Not only did Jason see that they were well lodged, but he secured, for Burchell, a foreman's position with the Alaskan Lumber Company, the same in which he had risen from humble axman.

Seldom did he see his wards. His frequent trips into the interior in quest of furs necessitated his absence from Brodney for weeks at a time. And no one, not even Sigurd Bjaastad, knew that these journeys were prolonged for the lure of the storm-gored tundra spaces where he could battle down the hell-fires of a torturous memory. He knew that Wright's love for Molly was but lukewarm; but the North-Brotherhood taught a high code of honor, and he doubted not that, ere many days elapsed, Wright



Edge of the Arctic Forest.

would fully awaken to the full realization of his responsibilities.

Burchell, in respite from his lumbering, found merry company at the dance halls. Fresh from conventional civilization he came with new anecdotes and knowledge. And he could sing. His voice was peculiarly adapted to the pathos and sentiment of those simple melodies he knew—harmonies that touched the heart-strings of the calloused old-timers, and brought them visions of child-days. But popularity turned his head. For the first time in his years of living he encountered persons who did not shun him for his egotism. His visits to the dance halls became more frequent. The drinks of "hootch" came oftener.

Jason viewed all this with solicitude and thought how unfair it was to Molly, but perhaps it was but a passing whim. One day when passing her place he found that she had been weeping; her eyes denoted as much. Yet she affected a cheerfulness and a gentleness of manner which, however, screamed out its falsity.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" Jason asked.

"Not a thing—" laughed Molly, "if Wright would only stay at home a little more. I get quite lonesome at times."

And while she proceeded Jason noted above the half-sleeve of her dress, the mark of a bruise on the whiteness of her arm.

"I bumped it on the door," she explained, yet two tear drops glistened in her dark eyes.

Jason excused himself with a degree of abruptness and welcomed the outside air. The snow crunched under his heels as he made his way to the Jacks Up. He remembered the letter and of the girl's father and his own promise to protect her in the wild life of the Northland.

Jason's entrance into the Jacks Up served to cause a momentary cessation of laughter and clinking glasses. His well-established repute for courage, his rugged physique, and the very poise of his well-knit figure, alone, controlled silence and admiration. From all sides he was beset with familiarities. But Jason disregarded these exhibits of welcome and fastened his eyes on the lone figure at the bar. He realized the situation immediately. Burchell was again drunk!

The lumberman's face was flushed, and his eyes glittered. Dissipation was taking its toll of him. He swayed unsteadily, while he clutched a glass of whiskey. He was in a surly mood, having lost his paycheck at roulette. Solicitous of the cause of the sudden hush, he turned, in his haggard disorder, and beheld Jason.

"Come on," he gulped, "have a drink."

"No, thanks," declined Jason civilly. "Can I see you for a moment, Burchell—outside?"

Burchell gained control of himself for a moment as he glowered at Jason.

"Talk to me here, if you've got anything to say," he growled.

Jason stood squarely before him, while his voice came with definite distinctness:

"Wright, you should be a little more considerate of that little wife of yours."

Burchell's lips curled in an utter leer.

"Oh, ho!" he drawled contemptuously. "So I've got a boss, have I? Finley, did you ever stop to think that it's a wise thing to mind one's own business?"

"You wrong me, Wright," said Jason earnestly, as he placed his hand on Burchell's shoulder. "I'm your friend. I want to see you and Molly happy."

Burchell tossed off a drink at one swallow, and refilled his glass. The fiery liquid goaded him on. The old enmity was revived—of the days when he had broken his friend's trust and by false whisperings had stolen his all. He grew louder and more indiscreet.

"Jason Finley," he flared abruptly, "your interest in Molly ceased when I married her. While I think of it—and now is as good a time to tell you as any other—you keep away from Molly. I'm on to you, you—" He accompanied his accusation by flinging the contents of his glass, full into Jason's face!

Abruptly, as if halted by some invisible power, the click of the roulette stopped. Words died in the throats of the saloon habitues. Jests ceased from the lips of the inebriates. An old-timer trembled as though he were obsessed with the palsy. A woman screamed. Some sought refuge beneath the tables; while others were too paralyzed to move. Jason

Finley was known from Point Barrows to Sitka, as a man not to be trifled with. They all knew what had been the lot of Portuguese Frank, and Spencer Dog Ribs, the Siwash, who jointly tried to knife the silent fur collector when he had discovered them pilfering his store room. For that insult Burchell would leave a widow!

In the instant Burchell became intensely sober. His face grew deathly-pale, as he realized the enormity of his deed.

Jason was unprepared for the drenching. Things seemed to blur before his sight. He was vague conscious of a chill stealing down his spine, of his mind burning, of cold perspiration oozing out on his forehead. His hand flew to his hip suggestively; but, though his nerves were tautened to their highest tension, he restrained himself. With a colossal effort he shook his broad shoulders and relaxed.

"Some other time, Burchell," he said low-voiced; "some other time. We'll have a reckoning—when you're in a better condition."

With no further word, or glance behind him, he strode leisurely to the door and disappeared from the sight of the dance hall jades who stood unbelieving with mouths agap. And Burchell, who had regained his composure, mistaking Jason's posture for cowardice, sent his raucous laugh following after him in taunt!

"Come back and shoot! You coward! You yellow dog!"

With a bowed head and lagging steps it was that Jason entered his shack. His brain throbbed terrifically. Before a community, without redress, without defiance, had he accepted injury. Liquor had been cast in his face like he were a swine. An epithet, so vile, that not even the lowly squaw-man Scotty, who was known as "18-karat-no-good," would fling upon a wolf-dog. Lastly, he had been accused of trespassing upon the sacred domain of another. Any of these insults would have meant death to another. Jason knew he would lose prestige—aye, even become the laughing-stock of Brodney. He had given no denial to Burchell's terrible charge, hence Burchell would lose no opportunity to assume the role of hero, and the wronged one.

Jason shed himself of his tri-colored mackinaw, and with a troubled brow seated himself and read the epistle which had preceded the coming of Burchell and his wife, and Jason's promise of friendship and protection.

* * * * * *

Outside in the pale light could be seen the drifting of winter into spring. Here and there, upon the great blanket of snow, were dwarf pines, birches, and shrubs that soon would be laden with brilliant red berry-clusters. Harlequin duck were winging their way to the northward. Two snow-white ptarmigan were billing and cooing. The copper-skinned natives were preparing their conoid tupeks (summer houses) in readiness to desert their igloos. Ugauk, pure-veined Eskimo, fifty years old last walrus run, sat recounting Eskimo fables to a quintette of children, equally as moon-faced and saffron-hued as he. Innoko, who claimed chief-blood lines, was feeding his yelping malamutes their daily ration of frozen salmon and pemmican; and Anvik squatted near his totem pole, lined his mukluks with baby-seal skin. At sight of this care-free exhibition Jason Finley buried his face in his hands.

* * * * * *

The winds of time swept on, and Jason had struck out into the desolate vastness, away from the beaten trails. In search, he went, of the furs of the chetwoot (black bear), mink, and beaver, whose sleek coverings were wanted by Parisian-gowned New York debutantes and shop-girls. And while he traversed the solitudes Wright Burchell continued his ways at the Jacks Up.

Birdie La Rue, one who lived by her wits, was in constant attendance on Burchell. A woman, was she, who realized her withered bloom and wasted years. Whisperings in melancholy mockery, once dispelled and dispersed by wine and hollow laughter, returned to her. Beckonings of a fire-side, husband-love, and child-prattle, again came visiting, which goblets and whole tankards of spirits could not erase from her vision. She answered their urgings and took a

gambler's chance. She centered her intent on Wright Burchell!

Born of long practice, Birdie was an adroit flatterer, with a voice toned to angelic softness. So by contrivance and a cunning concealment of inward design, she assembled all her wiles and artifices to cast one last bouquet of temptation at the feet of Youth in search of response to her lure.

And Youth, a tyro in the game of Experience, with a fool's folly, was amply flattered with this great show of false affection, and accepted her clever pretense as genuine. Indeed, boosy as he was kept by Birdie La Rue, Burchell had neither the sense nor potency to revolt, though he well knew of the expressed opinions concerning his conduct.

During the time Birdie wove her evil web about the shoulders of Burchell, Squaw-man Scotty, under her orders, made ready a dog-sled loaded with provisions. Also, by Scotty, word was sent Molly that her husband was likely to be called away from Brodney for a period on business for the lumber company—and Molly, trustful wife, believed and accepted the intimation as genuine.

Events hastened towards a climax while Jason Finley's business journey was nearing its end and his trusted friend, Sigurd Bjaastad and Anvik, the eldest born of Ugaguk, often discussed in Jason's shack the unexpected and amazing termination of the Silent One's affair with Wright Burchell at the bar of the Jacks Up. Jason had not consented to discuss his humiliation with either Sigurd or Anvik; but Sigurd believed that the secret lay in the letter from Burchell's father-in-law which had preceded the arrival of Burchell and his wife. The letter lay on the mantel. Driven by anger at the disgrace thrust upon his friend, Sigurd seized and read the parent's missive with its pathetic appeal for the safety of his girl. An effective curse, that contained no iota of blasphemy, rolled from Sigurd's lips: and, in his estimation, admiration for Jason increased, that instant, a thousandfold. To Anvik he translated it, and Anvik's eyes gleamed maroon, while he fingered a fire-hardened walrus-spear and emitted a tribal grunt. Even as they read and pondered, the sound of sled-runners and the panting of dogs passed into and from their hearing and away to the northward. As Sigurd opened the door and stepped out to learn who had passed, he came in sudden collision with a skulking form that seemed anxious in making a speedy escape. But one man in Brodney possessed such a bulbous nose and slinking manner, and that one was Squaw-man Scotty. Sigurd grabbed him by the throat and shook him as a cougar does a rabbit. He demanded Scotty's business.

"Just sent Birdie La Rue off to Dillingham with a dog-team. She's gone with Bur—!" Scotty's whine ended abruptly with a grunt upon his forced contact with the frozen ground.

Sigurd tarried but a moment before he set out to meet Jason, it was on skiis, for he needed haste in his mission and was born of skiifolk. Jason was homeward bound—indeed, he was due, according to his exact schedule of previous trips, at Brodney ere the lapse of an hour. No one knew better where to intercept Jason on the trail. Before him the white-garmented tundra terminated abruptly in sharp contrast at the sheer line and inner gloom of the lofty forest ramparts. Within two hours Sigurd and Jason met at the edge of the woods. At that moment Anvik was pouring out in a voluble flow of guttural, scarce articulate, throat-noises and hisses of his discovery to the "boys" at the Jacks Up. Never before had he, the eldest-born of a spawn of four, in his forty years of living, or since he first glimpsed the light of day in his mother's igloo, talked so much at one time.

"Me tink he be good for Burchell if him sleep some little while in'm skookum house (jail)," he suggested to Blackie Lewis, who expounded the law in Brodney.

"Skookum house, hell!" thundered Blackie with a withering glare at Anvik. "Not so long as we know how to organize a Vigilante Committee—and knot a rope."

Sigurd and Jason had hardly shaken hands before they set off at right angles, which, according to their reckoning, would intercept the fugitives before they



Preparations for Spring.

could progress one-third the distance to Dillingham.

The pursuit by Jason and Sigurd was shorter than expected. Some exotic, invigorating elixir seemed to be coursing through Jason's veins, contracting the sinews of his face, and making the pulses beat spasmodically in his temples. His eyes, gleaming through narrowed, quivering lids, gradually focused on a dark, slender line which was slowly winding its way in the distance.

Birdie La Rue cringed in fear; while Burchell lunged forward, defiantly, upon the recognition of his pursuers. From beneath his mackinaw he drew a pistol, but Jason's whiplash, five fathoms in length, knocked the weapon from its grasp. Then the two men fought silently, with man's weapons. As gladiators they battled; their audience the sledge-teams, Sigurd, Birdie and the stars that blinked down through profound silences in the trailless skies. Burchell was felled by a terrific blow and when he rose was again crumpled. He landed with force upon the sled. It was enough. No man could withstand such onslaught. He was cowed and whipped. Then Jason turned to Sigurd.

"See that she gets to Dillingham," he said, indicating Birdie; "and give the people at the post her record."

There out in the solitude of desolation should be in the shell of Burchell. Dart after dart did he shoot into the wife deserter's heart with stinging preciseness; while Burchell, now barren of bravado, listened in sullen silence. Gradually the man's blunted conscience awakened until his heart was swept by a river of shame. The eyes of both were moist when Burchell sprang to his feet, grasped Jason's hand and half-stumbling, half-running, disheveled and repentant, began his homeward journey in mad haste across the snows behind the team of wolf huskies.

* * * * * *

Inside the house at Brodney a gray-bearded doctor; and a father, whose heart suffered remorse, though his face visioned happiness, watched a fond mother as she pressed to her heart a warm bundle of humanity, pink as Neapolitan

(Continued on Page 91)

Une Femme Dangereuse

An Instructive Sidelight on the Masculine Animal.

By Andre Birabeau

"AH, MON DIEU!" exclaimed Monsieur Clot, and he dropped his newspaper, and almost toppled over, so great was his emotion.

I shall not attempt to sketch Monsieur Clot, as that would be impossible. He had one of those visages that would assure him impunity, if he were a criminal. His chin was round, his nose medium, his forehead ordinary. Indeed he was no criminal. Far from it; he was colorless and harmless—a man in a commercial calling, like as in the former days when father and son united in business. Monsieur Clot was married, his femme being a lady who led him around by the nose—poor man! He was afraid of his shadow. Never had he done anything extraordinary and never would.

But he had had an adventure. Oh, yes. As he thought of it the round chin of Monsieur Clot trembled. His forehead became covered with perspiration. Listen then.

Monsieur Clot had read in his journal something shocking. The woman, Laure Brichoux, who had just cut the throat of her sleeping lover, with frightful cruelty, had formerly been the mistress of Monsieur Clot.

That adventure had occurred a dozen years ago and Monsieur Clot retained but a confused remembrance of it. He ransacked his brains to make his recollection clearer. " Laure Brichoux—Laure Brichoux? I know that name," he muttered. Of a sudden it all came back to him. "Oh, yes—yes—it is Laulau."

Then his frame was swept by emotion and his newspaper dropped from his hand.

"Ah! mon Dieu!" he again muttered, as he bethought him of his first glimpse of Laure Brichoux, sewing at a window. That was ten years ago—at least. How little of the adventure he recollected clearly. All that he could recall was that the liaison had not extended over a few weeks. The girl was the friend of the friend of a comrade, and seemed amiable. They had been to the country together, and had dined in the little restaurants, but the episode was far from memorable. It had been terminated because Monsieur Clot, senior, had taken his son to Frankfort on business. The girl had accompanied her amant to the railroad station and had wept a little.

It was a gentle little history, altogether sans eclat, like all the histories of Monsieur Clot's life. But now—that story of the throat-cutting of her lover—Mon Dieu! The details were frightful, the sang-froid in the premeditation was hideous, the violence in the commission of the crime was awful, the cynicism in the woman's confession was blood-curdling. Small wonder that Monsieur Clot dropped his newspaper.

It is a singular impression, that of having been the intimate acquaintance of an assassin, for days and weeks—of having eaten and lodged with the slayer. Ah! That last thought made Monsieur Clot shiver. Yes! For weeks he had slept the confidential tranquil sleep that always was his—and all the time that murderess was within striking distance.

"Eh, bien! I have had a narrow escape," said Monsieur Clot, to himself.

Who knows? One imprudent word, one gesture maladroit, and the terrible deed were done. Had she not just slain her amant in a fit of jealousy?

Monsieur Clot thanked his stars that he possessed a calm temperament, which enabled him to be off with the old love before he was on with the new. Voyez vous! Suppose that he had capitulated to temptation and that Laure had known

it. Ah! Mon Dieu! Monsieur Clot, remembered that once he teased Laure about addressing a fine blonde girl who lodged opposite them. What a blockhead!"

"I have escaped well!" repeated Monsieur Clot.

But those retrospectives were not utterly disagreeable. Monsieur Clot was sensible of a quickening of the pulse and a growing sense of importance. When he heard his employes discuss the murder he listened and wore a smile—a smile superior. After dinner, when smoking with his friends, he could not restrain himself from remarking—as one would say between men:

"Laure. Oh, yes! I know her very well. We have been ensemble—that was some years ago."

This he said with an air detached, and a tone of affected modesty but really full of vanity. And he became equally swollen with pride if some one around him should happen to remark:

"And in your time, Monsieur Clot, was she already like that?"

"Jealous? Oh, terrible; There were scenes all the time!"

Monsieur Clot found himself becoming glorious. He held up his head. His former uneventful life seemed hateful. He found nothing in it of importance. Henceforth it would be different. His father was given to repeating: "When I was presented to the Emperor," etc., etc. In future Monsieur Clot could reply to the boast of his parent: "The time that I was with the famous Laure Brichoux."

Naturally the affair came to the ears of Madame Clot and she demanded a confirmation of the report. "Oh! It is true!" and she shrugged her shoulders, but after that it was noticeable that she treated him with greater respect.

* * * * * *

One day the office boy brought Monsieur Clot a card in an envelope. The garcon said it was from a woman who insisted positively on being received.

"Laure Brichoux."

She! Here! She was not then in prison? And what could she want from Monsieur Clot? Monsieur Clot wished very much not to receive her, but would that be prudent with such a woman?

"Tell her to enter," said Monsieur Clot, "but do not go far, and at the least suspicious noise run here."

What could she want? Monsieur Clot placed himself in the shade. The table would be between them, and in the drawer, half open, a revolver, all ready was at hand.

A petite form entered and was recognized at once by Monsieur Clot: it was indeed Laure, sweet and smiling in manner. The hypocrite!

"I see that you recognize me," she said. "I see also that you are moved. Ah! That will make it easier for me to obtain what I need."

And she demanded money—a small sum, because she was at the end of her resources. She had thought of him because they had been friends, at one time. He would not refuse her. No, no. He refused not. Already he had signed a check; but in tendering it he ventured to say in a low voice:

"S o m e o n e has—placed you at liberty—?"

She uttered a dolorous little cry.

"Oh! You have believed—you also! It is because of that I am without work; because they call me like the other, Laure Brichoux, all the world takes me for her. But that you who have known me—that you believe me capable—Oh! Oh!"

She lowered her head as when she sat at the window doing her sewing. Monsieur Clot remembered the attitude. With a violent gesture he closed the half-opened drawer, where the revolver lay all ready, and, in a voice in which Laure was surprised to find brusqueness and rancor, he said in handing her the check:

"Take it and get out! But it is the first and the last time, you savez, and given for the favors you have rendered me solely!"



Her State of Mind

Naturally the Perturbation Was Caused by One of the Opposite Sex.

By Jeannette Lyons



ALL PASSENGERS look alike when the sea is rough. So it happened that although Virginia and Preston sat opposite each other at a writing desk on board the S. S. "President" bound for Honolulu, and carried on a conversation that lingered in their memories, they could not identify each other afterward try as they might, until—

But I'll begin at the beginning.

"Have you a blotter?" A pair of appealing eyebrows lifted themselves above the partition of the desk in the social hall of the S. S. "President."

The young man opposite glanced up for a moment.

"Unfortunately not, but I'll brave the purser in his lair, if you like."

"Thank you, no. I'll try to mop up this mess with a post-card."

There was a moment of silence.

"Ugh!" said a disgusted voice. "My goodness gracious!"

"Evidently the experiment was not pleasing." The man's voice was amused.

The girl held up a sheet half covered with a fantastic blot.

"I hate to write it all over again, too," she mourned.

"Why not label it a picture of your state of mind, and send it along," he suggested promptly. "You do feel somewhat like that, it may be."

"Just a little," smiled the girl, "though perhaps not in just the way you think."

She gazed at the grotesque spot for a second, quirked her pretty brows and busily resumed writing, her head bent so low that all the man could see was the bright hair.

He wished absently that those eyes would appear again, but the scratching of her pen continued uninterruptedly. Having exhausted his imagination in a post-card which read, "Dear Jack—Am feeling bully. No mal de mer for mine," and seeing a statuesque old lady staring him out of countenance, and suggestively brandishing a fountain pen, he rose and moved out on deck with one hopeful backward glance in the direction of the desk. It was apparently fruitless.

But Virginia was not so absolutely indifferent to his departure as she appeared or as he imagined. Her eyes strayed primarily downcast on the paper, but she was quite conscious of his going, and glanced up swiftly to see a rather vicious looking plaid cap move past the window.

To Virgie Dane life was one tremendous glittering adventure. She was bound for Hawaii, leaving behind a rather dubious and reluctant family.

"But, mother," she protested when her mother presented solemn warnings on the dangers of traveling alone.

"But, mother, you know I can be the soul of discretion! I'll say prunes and prisms for three hours every day. Like

this:" and she contorted her red lips into a weazened cherry.

"Now, don't I look formidable? A bold villainous young man at the table ventures—'May I trouble you for the salt, my haughty miss?'"

"'How dare you sir,' says I in my most prunesy and prismy manner. He slinks out followed by the contemptuous glances of the passengers. You see, mother, how safe I'd be."

Mrs. Dane laughed and capitulated.

This was Virgie's first big venture from the maternal presence.

"I feel," she told her best friend, "that this is the turning point in my life. I expect to find an adventure around every corner. Oh, Marjy!" she breathed, "Isn't it heavenly that I'm going!"

"You'll find your adventures," Marjy prophesied sagely, "Tommy Bingham says your eyebrows alone would make a man want to kiss you."

"Tommy's a silly," said Virgie severely.

And here she was embarked on this great wonderful series of adventures. The boat was the most thrilling place she had ever been, and although some of the passengers were already complaining about the smallness of the passenger list, and the stupidity of everything, Virgie loved it all.

And there was something about the conversation at the writing desk that fired her imagination at once.

"He must be unusual," she mused, gazing at the blot meditatively. "A usual man would never have thought of calling that a picture of my state of mind. That was really clever. Perhaps he is literary! If I were writing a story I'd use that conversation as a beginning. Have me say:

"'Have you a blotter?'

"And have me look over the top of the desk at him. And have him say in a deep, amused voice—that sounds so story-bookish!—

"'Call it a picture of your state of mind!'

"And then, of course, I'd make my heroine very charming, and the dulcet (I love that word!) tones of her voice would haunt him, and they'd spend long, lazy days on deck, and finally his hand would close over hers on the deck rail and he would breathe:

"'Oh, that we could sail over the sea of life together:' And I, I mean my heroine would say in a vibrating voice:

"'I'd be willing to breast any storm with you, dear,'"

Virgie was so carried away by this triumph of her imagination that she heaved a little, ecstatic sigh that made the statuesque dame look up suspiciously.

Virgie wilted under the look and scrawling a "With oceans of love—Virgie," at the end of her "state of mind" letter, she departed to powder her nose and pin on a fresh bunch of violets, which were the gift of the already forgotten Tommy Bingham.

Two lovely, lazy days passed. Virgie greatly desired to continue that conversation so auspiciously begun yet no one of the passengers seemed remotely to suggest that he knew aught of the inner workings of her mind, and she let the half formed hope sink down below the surface of her conscious thought.

Suddenly in the middle of the night Preston Weatherly woke to find himself alive again, and possessed of a very lively curiosity to know who the girl was who asked for the blotter in that long ago, before annihilation seized him, and he was reduced to a pitiable, pea-green proneness. As he turned on the light, his eyes fell upon the confident post-card:

"Dear Jack—Am feeling bully. No mal de mer for mine!"

He tore it to bits with quiet fury.

"Two days wasted, damn you!" Just what he condemned was not very clear.

Then he turned in and slept peacefully.

Sunrise found the now jaunty Preston on deck. Another passenger was there. A sudden inspiration struck him. He moved over beside a tall girl and remarked casually, although with deep guile:

"Just what effect has a sunrise like that on your state of mind?"

She glanced at him, glowing.

"Oh, isn't it just too cute! I don't see how people can sleep in the midst of such a—a convulsion of Nature! I just worship Nature, you know. I am writing a

poem beginning 'O Sun, that heraldeth the dawn', but I guess I'll have to change that, for I simply can't find anything to rhyme with dawn, except fawn and lawn and of course there are no fawns or lawns in the ocean. Our home paper prints a lot of my verse," she added pensively.

"Stung!" muttered Preston under his breath—"Gee whiz! the village literary light! This isn't the one, I'm darned sure."

He mutter aloud an inanity and started to move away. Just then a stateroom door nearby opened, and a girl stepped out—a little, radiant girl. The rising sun turned her hair to shining gold. Her eyes were widely mysterious with the wonder of the birth of a new day. She moved off on a brisk, before-breakfast constitutional though she bestowed one impersonal glance on his plain gray cap.

What had become of the man with that viciously plaid cap? Probably he was buried in literary effort. She was so sure he had been literary. She gave a little sigh. It would have been so romantic to have had an affair on the boat! Everything else was so perfect—and one was supposed to have a love affair aboard ship. She had read so many stories of that sort.

How was Virgie to know that Preston had two caps!

Of course if she had recognized the cap she would not have boldly advanced and continued the writing desk conversation. But there were ways! She might have leaned pensively over the rail and half unconsciously addressed the sunrise, or she could have dropped a handkerchief—or a commonplace remark. She was sure she could have managed.

Preston's eyes lighted as they followed the straight little figure. Surely there was something familiar about those eyebrows. Jove! What a pretty girl. He was sure she was the one. She fairly radiated joyousness. He straightened his tie, and assumed a "see-the-conquering-hero-comes" pose. He was glad he hadn't decided to die in his berth the first night.

Jove! How blue the water was, but it wasn't in it with her eyes. Say, it almost made a fellow want to write verse like the literary dame over there by the rail. Let's see—blue, hue, true; eyes, surprise, sighs. It was easily done!

He went confidently down to breakfast, and found that he could look a Spanish omelette in the face with perfect bravado. He must brace himself for the effort of scraping the acquaintance of the girl with the eyes. He'd heard that nothing was easier aboard ship. He would try to work in that "state of mind" idea. Darn it all! That was rather clever of him. It had come to him just like that! Springing it upon people and watching its effect ticked a streak of boyishness in him for finding out things in a manner subtle and deep.

Third day, fourth day, fifth day out and Romance hadn't flickered an eyelash. Preston saw Virgie everywhere—talking prettily with the Captain, and calling the Captain's dog love names that fairly made Preston's heart contract with envy, conversing animatedly with a man old enough to be her grandfather, reading to a fretful looking old lady, always busy, always sparklingly alive.

He had thought himself fairly launched into acquaintanceship when they had pitched a game of quoits together. She had exclaimed with pretty wonder at his cleverness in ringing the post, and had adorably requested him to show her just how it was done. It was quite necessary, of course, for his big hand to close over her little soft one to demonstrate the proper way of holding the ring. Then as the gods were favorable and the "state of mind" question was trembling on his lips, a disgusting creature came up and bore her off to show her a school of flying fish! Flying fish! Ye gods and little fishes! Was he never to have his chance?

Preston retired to his stateroom in disgust, smoked a particularly vile cigar, and spent an agonizing half hour trying to decide which necktie was the most becoming, finally deciding on a solemn blue one as most typifying the state of his feelings.

Then he absent-mindedly donned a certain vicious looking plaid cap which he had abandoned first day out because a steward had spilled a bowl of consomme over it while Preston cursed him feebly from his berth.



Road to the Volcano.

How was Preston to know that a lurch of the ship, and a bowl of consomme had interrupted a Romance!

Preston emerged from his stateroom gloomily. Virgie was smiling and dimpling at an odious creature with white whiskers who was showing her kodak pictures. Preston lifted the fatal cap as he went past on his way to the smoking room. He did not catch the started glance she sent after him, nor the puzzled look which followed him down the deck. There was no mistaking that cap!

The last evening was spent in the inevitable ship's entertainment. An old man with a lisp recited, "That's Where the West Begins," somebody or other gave a lecture on "Orientalism," and some of the ship's crew supplied music. Preston sat where he could watch Virgie's glowing face. He was going to know her, by Jove! Business could go hang. He'd follow her to the ends of the earth.

He went out on deck and wandered around disconsolately. Then the gods smiled. Preston's heart missed a thump. She stood alone by the rail—no captain, no dog, no tiresome white haired old bore near. He moved beside her. He mustn't miss this trick. He slammed down his trump—

"Er—what would describe your state of mind just now, Miss Dane?"

Unpremeditated guile entered into Virgie's soul.

"I'm quite excited," she said in her primmest little voice. "Almost too excited to pack, but I must do it at once. Good night, Mr. Preston Weatherly." Then she went to her stateroom where she sat on the edge of the berth for an hour staring at nothing.

When Preston walked down the gangplank and left that girl he felt that he could not live and breathe unless he could see her again. All his being cried out for her. If there had been any decent excuse for him to linger he would have done so, but her pre-occupation had been so absolute as she went past him to say goodbye to her other friends of the voyage that he had nothing else to do but to go. And yet there had been—he thought there had been, just a shade of hesitation as if she had something more to say. The appealing eyebrows had arched, there had been a little catch of the breath—and she had passed on to

others. Her voice, like a fish hook, caught in the fibre of his soul and dragged him backward as his straining step bent forward. It was unsupportable and yet he went forward.

He caught a glimpse of her on the roof garden of the "Alexander Young" dancing with a man handsome enough to grace a magazine cover. He saw her rejoin an elderly woman whom he fancied was an aunt. She gave him a cool little nod as they passed.

Thanks to his Sherlock Holmesing he beheld her walk up the gangplank of the "Mauna Kea" just ahead of him. She was following in the wake of the elderly aunt but to Preston's relief was sans the Adonis of the roof garden. He had built great hopes on that brief voyage, but he was whirled almost at once into the oblivion of seasickness and when he staggered weakly forth next morning found that she had landed at Mahu Kona during the night!

Then Preston took for his motto: "Persistency, thou art a jewel." He felt that she would eventually come to Hilo and determined to remain at the Hilo hotel until she did.

Two days, and he grew restless. The volcano was said to be particularly active. he would kill a little time with that trip.

Poor Preston! Love had come to him with all its exquisite pain, its frantic graspings after happiness. Volcanoes meant nothing to him. His whole soul was in eruption. He wanted something badly, and for the first time in all his petted, careless life, he couldn't have it. It was too darn bad, so it was! To have girls thrown at you all your life and then to have that but of a thing as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. It was maddening. He imagined he was losing weight, and gazed at his reflection gloomily. And then after all he found her standing on the edge of the crater of Kilauea wide-eyed with that same mysterious wonder which had stirred him that early morning on the boat.

A man near him remarked, "Gosh, if this is a pocket edition of Hell, me for the straight and narrow!" and a girl laughed shrilly in response.

Preston moved over to Virgie's side.

"It's very awe-inspiring, isn't is?" he ventured.

She lifted a flushed face.

"It is so entirely different from my preconceived ideas," she said. "You know when I was a little girl I learned to say glibly, 'A volcano is a mountain that sends forth smoke and melted rock known as lava.' And there was a picture which looked like an icecream cone with the end bitten off and the icecream running down the sides. Then the colored pictures of Kilauea that I saw at the hotel looked like the explosion of a tomato can! But this!—" And she made a comprehensive little gesture.

They stood for a while in silence, watching the fountains of fiery lava spurt up and fill the air with little dancing demons.

The rain was beating ceasely on Preston's back. The heat from the crater was burning his face, but he thought he had never been so happy.

"What are those men doing down there, poking around in the lava with sticks?" asked Virgie pointing to some figures on the lower edge.

"Making lava doughnuts, ma'am," remarked a guide who had overheard her question. "They take a coin and collect the hot lava around it. Then they cool it. I sell 'em, ma'am, at fifty cents apiece." He held one out. Virgie poked it with a tentative finger. It was still warm.

"Lava d o u g h n u t s! How funny," laughed Virgie. "Will you go down with me and show me how to make one?"

She produced a shining penny from her purse.

"Really, Miss Dane," Preston hastily interposed. "I don't think it is wise at all for you to go down there. It's awfully hot, and it might be dangerous. Really, you mustn't." Preston's tone was masterful. Virgie's round chin went up and she looked at him cooly.

"Please do not concern yourself, Mr. Weatherly. I am not in the least afraid." She turned to the guide with a smile. "Shall we go?" she said sweetly.

She started ahead down the path, her foolish little high heels tap-tapping on the

(Continued on Page 91)

Spanish Gold and Mine

Be It Splendid or Humble There Is No Place Like Home.

By Harriet Marshall

IT WAS a beautiful day. The spring sunshine gave a new light to everything. All trace of the heavy fog which had hung low in the morning was now gone with the coming of a light sea-breeze. As we walked up the hill we often turned back to admire the glad blue of the Golden Gate with a ship, just dipping out of sight in the great Pacific. Soon we saw and no longer looked back, for near the top of the hill was the loveliest little bungalow ever seen. Climbing roses covered the western side, and as we came nearer, the front veranda came to view, curtained with Boston ivy.

A pleasant lady admitted us, and immediately began to show us the many virtues of the interior, but the whole family seemed much more interested in looking out of the window, than in the quality of the wood-work. Several ships were anchored in the bay, and on the other side San Francisco was plainly visible. To the north, Tamalpais lifted its stately head to the sky.

We spent the afternoon going over the place. There was a garden in the rear with little plots of roses, chrysanthemums, and many other flowers, some in full bloom, and some offering the promise of a bright array in the autumn.

We went home to a late dinner, but little appreciated the cooking, for we discussed the little hill paradise that might be ours, all its virtues, and even (I hate to admit it) its faults, but these were very few. The owners were only willing to sell because the place was too small for them. Surely there could be no other spot so lovely. One would offer some criticism, but the conversation would always return to that one idea—surely there could be no other spot so lovely. "Well, I guess we had better buy it," said Father, and immediately went back to arrange the purchase.

We had to wait a whole month to move in. It was such a long time. Several times we went back to look at our new home, and furnished every room, in imagination, over and over again.

Finally the great day arrived. It was in April. How wonderful it is to furnish your own home with things selected for that very house! Three vans came at once, and began to unload at the same time. There was a delightful confusion—two men bringing a table in the front door, two lugging a dresser in the back, the plumber setting up the kitchen range, and me washing the dishes. And so many! There was a fifty-piece set that had never been washed before, and ever so many pots and kettles. As the day went on, more trucks came with more furniture, and finally the piano. We hustled around for all we were worth because the place had to be fixed by night. We insisted on this in spite of everything.

By supper time everything was at least temporarily arranged. Hot rolls appeared from somewhere, and a kindly neighbor who keeps a cow, brought a quart of milk. The meal was served on King Arthur's table round, as we call our most recent acquisition, and indeed, the sunset scene that was framed by our dining room windows was as beautiful as any wonders ever seen from the enchanted castle of Camelot.

Many days of happy arranging followed, until everything was set in its own corner. After that we began to explore. A blackberry arbor invited us to have tea in the open. Two cherry trees and a convenient ladder soon had us interested. When we had all the cherries we could

eat, and a huge pail of blackberries was setting on the back steps, we remembered the swing. In this swing you could touch the branches of the apricot tree with your toes, and between the leaves catch a glimpse of the Golden Gate through a fairylike mist which was fast withdrawing in the morning sun.

Now autumn has come and we are well established. The ivy is a bright scarlet. There is often fog all day, but a cheerful fire burns on the hearth. Yesterday at sunset a single flame colored streak lit up the west. Thick mist hung low, and the water was like polished steel. As night came on the sky blackened, but near the surface of the bay it was clear. The lights of the other side twinkled like drops of gold, making the whole like a vast theatre with the black curtain of clouds raised to give a glimpse of the mysterious waters beyond. One could not help thinking, what tragedies, or what joys, were passing on that dim other shore, or in the black Pacific beyond.

It is beautiful, always, here—in the fog, under the bright sunshine, when the rain falls steadily and the bay is a long stretch of gray, or when the great sun-god sinks majestically in the Golden Gate, in waters that seem to close about him. Some think it is beautiful only on a clear day, but it is beautiful to me, always.

The hills are no less lovely than the western scene. In the spring the emerald carpet flecked with poppies invites everyone, and the valleys ring with the happy voices of flower seekers. It is pleasant to go over into the valleys on a spring morning when the meadow larks sing. On all sides are hills, and if you climb to the top of one of the highest and look off to the east, as far as you can see are those same rolling hills, with a faint purple on the horizon that may be the Sierras. To me this is part of my home, too. Sometimes we have supper in a nearby ravine that seems almost as wild as those we read about in California romances. As the sun sets and a purple mist enfolds the surrounding hills, we start our fire and boil the coffee. After we have finished, and are sitting around the coals someone always discovers a box of marshmallows, which we toast over the embers.

"Sunset and evening star," and the rosy depths of the bay below, a ship just putting out to sea, past the twinkling lighthouse; or what the Spanish hoped to find—jeweled temples to heathen gods with slavish natives worshiping golden images, and then the sword of the conqueror, the treasure ship, the slave galley! Who would change for the Spanish dream? When the sun sinks into the waters of the Golden Gate, think instead of riches being borne off to sea by the treasure seekers of the past, and choose—will you take the golden sunset, or Spanish coins? I would not give up these wonders for all the wealth of Cortez, and who would if he knew?

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!"

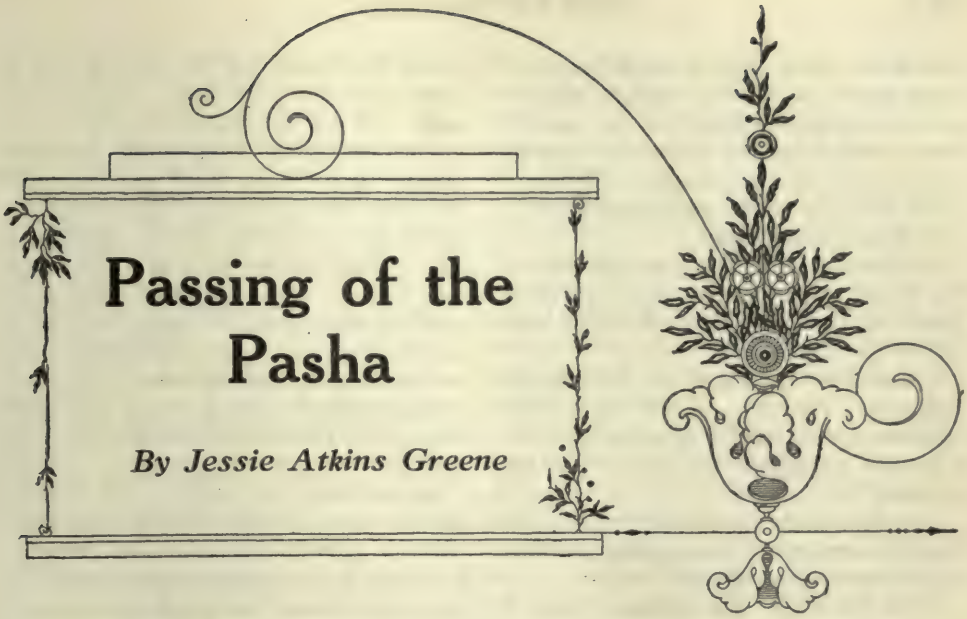
GOLDEN ROD

By Mary E. Smith

Golden rod! Golden rod!
Scepter for a king!
Growing in the humble sod,
Like a common thing!

Bowing in servility
Unto none who pass,
Lifting courtly dignity
In the lowly grass!

Farmer lad! Farmer lad!
Bare feet in the mire!
Stout of heart as Galahad,
Proud as village spire!



Passing of the Pasha

By Jessie Atkins Greene

WHEN men looked upon Dodo—which was easy—the first thing they noticed were her eyes; remarkably lustrous eyes, of that clear dark, limpid brown which soothsayers and dream books have ever described as the "Orb of Constancy." Dodo's eyes proved the rule by being the exception, perhaps, for a more flirtatious pair were never owned by any girl in the entire history of the Art School. Slightly oblique, surmounted by black brows none too delicately outlined; partly veiled, not by heavily drooping upper lids, but by a full upward mounting of the lower lids—oftenest seen in Orientals—her eyes made you forget her rather ordinary nose and too round chin.

When those of her own sex appraised her, the first thing they remarked was that her clothes were the last extravagant scream of Fashion, and that her hair was so elaborately waved, puffed and pompadoured that this one item in itself sufficed to explain her invariable tardiness to Balte's morning Life Class. The third, and in the eyes of the other girls, the most noticeable least excusable, not-to-be-forgiven-or-expiated characteristic was a clear, low, naturally well modulated voice. Where nine out of ten damsels expressed their likes in high G sharp and were coldly looked upon by those whom they wished to captivate, Dodo could utter the most breath-taking unconventionality in that mellow E flat of hers, and not only get away with it but be adored therefor. As Regina Bagley pronounced to a crowd of girls in the rest room one day:

"Dodo Gladden has a perfect vampire of a voice!"

Candor compels the admission that Dodo was not the idol of her sex. In fact, they even went so far as to dub her the "Man Chaser." However, Dodo was not entirely to blame if she merited the nickname; the men literally came up and begged to be caught; and as even her severest critic had to admit, the girl "had a kind heart."

Eyes and voice were turned to account on mornings when she breezed in thirty minutes late, to the life class. Fresh complexioned, immaculately attired in the crispest of blouses and the smartest of skirts, manicured as no true art student has a right to be, she would stumble hastily over the outstretched feet of the unfortunates who occupied the low stools in front, spend frenzied moments hunting for her mislaid drawing board, meanwhile effectually concealing the view of the model from at least three enraged fellow-students; at last, having completely upset the tempers of everyone in the class and drawn black frowns from Balte, the portly instructor, she would gracefully arrange

her skirts, place her drawing board at right angles on her lap, and proceed to get the righ proportions of the model's neck and shoulders, squinting placidly with crayon at arm's length—all this in sweet oblivion of the searing glances of her disturbed associates.

At this juncture Balte generally cleared his throat, arranged his pince nez more firmly on his fat nose and delivered himself of the following:

"Ahem—er—perhaps we had better call time for the model—until Miss Gladden gets herself thoroughly and satisfactorily arranged—for the rest of the morning."

At this Dodo would lift her eyes limpidly innocent of wrongdoing, and coo in the most dulcet tones:

"Oh, Mr. Balte; please forgive me. I am truly sorry I have disturbed anyone, but really it was impossible for me to get here any earlier this morning. I am so sorry!" And to the disgust of every girl in the room Balte would try to frown, make a bad business of it and finally dismiss the episode with the admonition delivered to the entire class—to "see that it doesn't happen again! Discipline must be preserved—Art is long," etc., etc.

This was Dodo's second year at the Institute. She had, through some stroke of unparalleled good fortune, managed to get a study of her landlady's back yard in oils, accepted by the Art Student's League, so that now she felt privileged to indulge in "Temperament."

When the fall term opened, Dodo cast about for new material, and fixing upon Dick Fielding, made him her slave. Dick, despite his air of seriousness, was the very one for Dodo. Her frivolity fascinated him while his unswerving devotion in spite of all her open flirtations, secured her a haven of refuge to which she could return and be sure of forgiveness. She grew to depend on him—a bad habit for a flirt—as it sometimes leads to dreadful things, like marriage—for example.

Dick held prestige above his fellow students in that he actually had received orders for no less than three portraits, and had illustrated one short story. He tried manfully to conceal the damning fact that his parents lived on fashionable South Drive and that he could afford a studio in the Fine Arts Building. It spoke well for his personality that he remained popular in spite of his inartistic riches. As he was a third year man and had won the Traveling Scholarship he had a few privileges, one of which was that of working in the classes but three days a week. True, of late he had done precious little work of any kind, for a new development in his affair with Dodo was paralyzing his painting arm, and causing him to see red fezzes and olive skinned Orientals, whenever he half closed his eyes in meditation.

Up to now, he had trailed Dodo's erratic course, through one flirtation after another, always patiently and uncomplainingly receiving her penitence, having her sworn promise that after all she loved him better than any of them, but as he confided one day to his bosom friend and sympathizer, Bob McTavish:

"I could put up with it as long as she stuck to the Anglo Saxons, the French, or even that Spaniard—though it was quite a strain—but it's hitting below the belt when she turns me down flat for a Mohammedan Turk from the Lord knows where. I simply can't stand it much longer!"

"You mean that saddle-colored Ali Bey," answered McTavish, with a quizzical look, as he knew as well as Dick that should Dodo deign to beckon at that instant all would be forgotten. The angry lover would gallop off to bask in Dodo's smiles even for a brief moment.

The Turk was the mystery of the school. Ali Bey had entered in the fall.

Like a comet he whizzed through the intervening classes, landing in the Men's Life within two months from the date of his entrance. His red fez, and suspicion of a moustache, gave him such a distinguished look that he was christened "The Pasha" at once. He spoke to few people, affected a solitary pose, wore well-designed clothes, and worked hard. Talent can override many barriers in the realm of Art, and the Pasha was welcomed on equal ground by the men and covertly admired by the women. It remained for Dodo with her usual daring, to fling all prejudice to the winds. She openly

strolled the halls with him, talked over mooted points in painting with him, and last and most daring of all, lunched with him in the school lunch room, loftily unaware of the battery of hostile glances leveled at her by the entire feminine body of students. Regina Bagley prophesied sagely, after the lunch episode, that if Dick Felding stood for that, he was a mollycoddle and deserved to be treated worse—if possible.

It seemed as though Regina's prophetic words were about to be fulfilled, for two weeks elapsed before Dick and Dodo exchanged a word. Just the same, Dodo kept on, taking pains to meet Dick unexpectedly while engaged in her morning stroll with the infatuated Pasha.

One dull, foggy morning, Dick felt the urge to smoke assail him so strongly that he yielded to the impulse and slipped down to the secluded Anatomy Room for a few forbidden puffs. As he swung along the empty corridor, whistling a ragtime version of Handel's Largo, his ears caught a familiar tantalizing laugh floating around the turn in the direction of the Anatomy Room. His whistle died into a tuneless croak. He scowled ferociously and quickened his pace.

Now the casual observer would say that the Anatomy Room was the last spot in the building to select for a trysting place, before he was made aware of its peculiar advantages as such. It contained a group of skeletons in glass cases—said to be the bones of former instructors who had bequeathed their last remains to the cause of Art. Its windows overlooked a narrow passageway or court, and being heavily cob-webbed, but barely sufficed to light the barn-like room when the semi-weekly class in composition met there. Rows of wobbly seats clustered in the center, and scattered chairs near the window invited a weary seeker after the forbidden joys of Nicotine. Its remoteness from the other classrooms lent it a charm for any demure feminine person desirous of dabbling away at a canvas, encouraged the while by a lazy masculine person, half hidden in clouds of tobacco smoke. Sometimes the friendly criticisms became so friendly that they took a personal tinge—and the painting lagged and even came to a halt—but the skeletons at the far end of the room never even rattled, and approaching footsteps had a trick of loudly heralding their owners.

Unfortunately for Dodo, Dick wore tennis shoes in his working hours and so his approach was noiseless. Owing to this simple fact he arrived at the entrance to the Anatomy Room just as Dodo was saying in the tones she employed when she wished to reduce her worshippers to a semi-idiotic state:

"Ali—Ali Bey! What a romantic name! Do you know, Mr. Ali Bey, I just a-d-o-r-e people who are—different! Now, anyone can be plain American—but only—" She glanced up, and to her credit be it said she blushed. Dodo was barely nineteen and had not a hardened conscience.

Dick glowered from the doorway, pipe in hand. Beside her, twirling a mahl stick in his brown slender fingers lounged the Pasha, indifferent to the black look on Dick's usually sunny face. His eyes rested on Dodo, and his lips curved in a slight smile, which made Dick long to land a knock-out blow directly on them, thereby disfiguring his pulchritude for some time. After a moment of strained silence, Dodo smiled and very carelessly said:

"Surely, Mr. Bey, you know Mr. Fielding! Two such good artists ought to be great friends, when they have so much in common!"

Dick barely acknowledged the introduction, and fumbled with his pipe a moment, rage rendering him speechless. At last he drew a long breath, carefully placed his pipe in his pocket and said as clearly as his feelings would permit:

"Sorry I interrupted your charming little tete-a-tete. I must get back to work now. Good morning!" And with that he strode out into the hall, a victim to the fiercest pangs of jealous rage that ever had been his to cherish.

All desire to smoke had left him, but as he glanced at the clock as he passed the office he noticed it was nearly lunch time, and decided a good strong cup of black coffee was just what he needed. As he approached the lunch room the appe-

tizing odor of freshly made apple pie smote his nostrils, and being young and healthy, though hopelessly in love, he hastened thither. Nellie, the high-waisted, high-tempered and high-voiced mistress of the lunch room, had her favorites and Dick was one of them.

"Quick, Sally, cut a piece of that pie —mind, now, a big wan!" she hissed in the ear of her helper. Then when Dick slouched up to the marble slab, she smiled her gleaming motherly smile, and turned on the spigot of the coffee urn.

"Shure, Mr. Dick, this coffee'll make you forget the most worthless female that iver darkened the doorways av this building!" and Dick, knowing she meant no offense, grinned ruefully as he took the steaming cup.

He seated himself purposely with his back to the doorway in order to avoid seeing Dodo should she enter with the accursed Turk.

Just then McTavish appeared in the doorway and spying Dick, came over. "Wow! Any one would suppose that coffee was wormwood, the face you are making over it!" was his greeting. "What's wrong? Still down on the Mohammedan religion and all the Faithful?"

"Bet the Pasha left a whole harem in deep mourning when he beat it for the land of the Free," continued McTavish, as he returned from rescuing a chocolate eclair and cup of cocoa from the frenzied crowd, now three deep at the lunch counter.

Dick frowned blackly. "If you mention that fellow again I may spoil that innocent baby face of yours! I have had all I want of him for a few hours!" he growled.

"Now, don't make the mistake of getting sore at the wrong person!" counseled his friend. "What you should do is have it out with the cause of the trouble. Tell her quietly but firmly that you are not a man to be trifled with—that you own a block of Consolidated Steel, and have three changes of socks—She will realize your importance then, and—"

A portion of his own eclair silenced McTavish and before he could get the sticky contents out of his eyes his assailant had fled.

"By George, he's angry! If I were Dick I'd teach that girl a lesson she would never forget," muttered McTavish to himself, still busy on the scraps of eclair.

But Fate had decided to take a hand herself and save Dick the trouble of thinking up something.

As Dick passed the office Mr. Brown, the registrar, hailed him.

"By the way, Mr. Fielding, could you —do you think you could spare a couple of hours this afternoon? I—I must leave on business and I would be extremely obliged if you would kindly check up the attendance book. Miss Seldon will help you."

As Dick assented he thought, darkly enough, "Suppose the old fox is planning to take in the ball game. Oh, well, might as well do it—can't paint anyway, lately."

At one-thirty he entered the sanctum of the office, seated himself in the registrar's revolving chair and began the task of checking up the attendance records in the big tome.

It was dull enough work and Dick was heartily sick of it before he was half through. He checked mechanically as Miss Seldon's thin voice intoned the names. Suddenly a name smote his ears which brought him to the keenest attention.

"Bey. Ali; Benton Harbor, Mich. Entered November 29, 1908. Absent December 6; December 17; January 5."

Dick glanced down at the page and mechanically checked the words the while his mind kept repeating the words "Ali Bey, Benton Harbor," over and over like a litany. There was some dim remembrance that strove to rise out of the fastnesses of memory and flooded with light the unreasonable connection between a Turk from Constantinople and a sleepy American town.

In the effort to listen to Miss Seldon's never-ceasing voice and at the same time probe his memory, Dick made two false entries and had recourse to ink eraser and sharp pen knife to remedy matters.

Benton Harbor! What recollections that name called up in his mind! A big brick house on a wind-swept hill, replete

with fireplaces and apples and crullers in winter—time and coolness and ice cream in summer. For years, in fact since Dick had been able to toddle, he had spent vacations and holidays with his great aunt Betsy, whose house was among the earliest built in Bentor Harbor and who knew every man, woman and child within the town. Dick used to scour about on the bicycle she had given him on his ninth birthday anniversary, and grew as familiar with its nooks and corners as any old resident. The last five years, however, had allowed him scant time for visits, for vacations now spelled painting trips and Aunt Betsy had grown feeble and no longer entertained her host of relatives at holiday time. Dick wrote to her at odd times but it had been at least three years since he had paid her a visit, he acknowledged with remorse.

But how in the deuce did a fellow like Ali Bey happen to be down in the registrar's book as hailing from Benton Harbor? There was no foreign quarter, to speak of and besides, hadn't he told one of the fellows he came from Constantinople only six months ago? Studied in Oxford, too! Bah! He was putting something over, Dick was positive of that.

Just as he was preparing to leave the office as the clock struck four, the obstinate, closed door in his memory opened wide, and in a flash came the revelation. Dick smote his forehead and gave vent to something between a chuckle and a curse; the chuckle for his luck in finding out the truth about the mysterious Pasha, and the curse when he thought of the smooth way Ali Bey had hoodwinked the school, and Dodo in particular! At the thought of Dodo his brow clouded and he entertained dark schemes of throttling the smiling Turk in full view of the rest of the students—but only for a moment! No, it would be much the wiser plan to expose the fellow in such a convincing manner that there would be no doubt at all in anyone's mind about it.

Walking briskly home that night, Dick revolved plans for his campaign. He must pay Aunt Betsy a visit. Better take Mac along. Mac always had a surfeit of brilliant ideas. Guess he would call up Mac and tell him to come over to dinner that night.

So it happened that the two young men sat late into the night, consuming innumerable pipes and talking steadily, with the outcome that the following Friday found them bound for Benton Harbor for the week-end.

* * * * * *

"Going up to the Informal tonight?" sang out Regina Bagley, as she fussed over the stubborn combination of her locker. Dodo's was next to hers and it was thus that they often met for a brief but deadly interchange.

"Oh, yes," carelessly answered Dodo, painstakingly engrossed in spraying her latest drawing with Fixatif, "Nic Haskins asked me a week ago. And I have all my dances taken, too! You know Nic is the grandest dancer of all the Architects! We are going to the Tip Top afterward for dinner."

"Yes," rejoined Regina, dryly. "I ought to be reasonably well acquainted with Nic's dancing accomplishments, seeing that I used to go to the Informals with him before you ever came here."

Dodo pinned on her hat and then assiduously powdered her already well-coated nose, before replying.

"It is too bad, isn't it, to get past the age when you can enjoy dancing!" she observed sweetly. "It must have been hard for you to have to watch the younger generation elbow you out."

Regina dove inside her locker, and her voice sounded from out its depths in a last shot:

"Well, at any rate, I never was reduced to taking up with Turks and Moslems. I drew the line, somewhere!"

"I fear, Regina, that you are predestined to become a teacher of some industrial Art school—where they open the day with a psalm and where only strict Presbyterians are allowed to occupy the faculty chairs!" and Dodo having finished powdering her nose, sailed off leaving Regina with crimson cheeks and a desire to bite something.

The Informal was in full swing when Dodo arrived with her escort. It was held in an unused gallery, and the least informal thing about it was the way the

fat girl with the Louis heels ground them into your toes while rapt in the rhythmic intricacies of the Barn Dance. The floor was always crowded at these fortnightly dances, and the music indifferently rendered, but everyone danced as hard as possible and had a hilarious time of it.

The Pasha was there, in the role of an onlooker. His eyes followed Dodo's progress, and from time to time his perfect white teeth showed themselves in a faint smile as he caught her eye. Dick was also there, and Bob McTavish. The former danced but little, and made no effort to seek Dodo out, a circumstance which did not escape the lynx eyes of Regina Bagley, as she stood near the entrance. She also noticed that Dick seemed unusually gay, having lost the pall of gloom which had hung over his good humored features for the past six weeks. She concluded that he and Dodo had at last "fallen out" and that his heart was once more free.

A fortnight had elapsed since Dick had made his illuminating discovery in the registrar's office. During this time he and McTavish had made an unobtrusive trip to Benton Harbor, and as unobtrusively returned after a few days at the big brick house on the hill.

While there he secured a splendid chauffeur, with the best of references, for his mother's pet car, although he disdained the use of the thing himself, preferring to walk.

Tonight the Art Students' League had planned a spread in the lunch room and had appointed Dick as master of ceremonies and "Chief Rustler of the Eats." Accordingly, he found it necessary to depart before the Informal ended, taking with him the faithful Mac. A few minutes before six o'clock the dancers began to thin out, the tired looking pianist struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and all members of the League drifted en masse down stairs to the lunch room.

Dodo was in high feather, her cheeks flaming and her wonderful eyes sparkling, as she sauntered into the room and dropped into a seat facing the door. The Pasha, also, arrived, and seated himself directly facing Dodo. The usual hubbub prevailed for about twenty minutes but gradually everyone found seats and the feast began.

"Where's Dick?" suddenly inquired Regina of her nearest neighbor.

"Oh, he and Mac had to rush off to Huyler's to see about some ice cream.

(Continued on Page 96)

HOPE

By Eva Hamilton Young

Unbidden tears beneath my eyelids well
At twilight hour;
And Mem'ry, wakening with the vesper bell,
Has subtle power
To fill my heart with value and yearning pain,
And songs of lost delight in haunting strain.

As bats through morning sunlight startled, wing,
My drear thoughts flee;
Hope whispers: "Hungered heart, to thy faith cling!
Love leadeth thee
To peace and joy beyond thy sweetest day—
Through pain and yearning of the Sorrow Way."

From A Clear Sky

By Caroline K. Franklin

Part IV.

LATE on the afternoon of the following day, I had occasion to drive out in the direction of Ocean Beach and La Jolla.

My errand accomplished, the beauty of the day tempted me to drive on, all the way to the beach. There were belated bathers at the Cove, for daylight-saving had so lengthened the days that it was still some time to sunset. I watched the antics of the bathers for twenty minutes or so, and then started back toward town. I hadn't gone far when I heard a sound like a pistol shot, and the car ahead of me swerved dizzily to one side of the road, and stopped.

I slowed up alongside; and raising my hat, I asked the two girls in the machine if I could be of service. Both girls smiled their gratitude. Both of them were young and pretty. I momentarily forgot that I was (virtually) engaged to the flabby young woman in the violent pink dressing gown.

"A blow-out, I guess," the blonde girl was saying.

"Sounded like it," agreed the driver of the car, who was the possessor of merry brown eyes and a dimple that came and went most erratically.

I removed my coat, and got down to business. It isn't much of a job to put on a tire—that is, if one is not too strenuously assisted. Both of the girls tried to help, and thereby got very much in my way. Meanwhile, they kept up a ceaseless chatter of little or no interest to me—until they mentioned the fact that they were school teachers, down from Los Angeles for a few days of rest.

"Do you happen to know a Miss Carmen Rois?" I ventured.

Both of the girls laughed.

"Know her!" exclaimed the blonde. "That is why we are here. The three of us motored down to see if we could get schools down here—especially Carmen Rois. Her people are wealthy, but she is determined that she will teach. She's trying for a school, either here or in Imperial Valley. She is going to nurse in the Tubercular Camp in Pasadena if she doesn't get a school."

"Teach!" I blurted, suspending operations on the tire. "Teach?" Why, she looks as if you could knock her over with a cream puff! That poor girl isn't long for this world, or I'm no prophet. She looks as if she was three-fourths gone with tuberculosis herself."

The blonde girl had an inspiration.

"It can't be the same one," she said,

reflectively, with a slow shake of the head. "Why she's attractive—pretty, rather; and she certainly isn't tubercular."

The extra tire was now in place; and the hearty thanks of the young ladies was supplemented by an invitation to join them in the beach supper they had planned.

"Miss Rois will meet us at Ocean Beach in half an hour. Oh, please do!" they begged in unison. "Let's get at the bottom of this mystery."

"No. Not if she'll be there. I—I—don't care to see her."

Two pairs of questioning eyes were upon me.

"Dear Carmen! Why? And so attractive!"

It seemed to me that I had been handed enough trouble in connection with Miss Carmen Rois. Unresponsive, I went to a nearby hydrant and washed my hands. Upon my return I was again urged to join the girls—Miss Wade and Miss Clark—in their beach supper. Miss Wade—the owner of the brown eyes and the erratic dimple—told me that there would be stuffed eggs. I have a weakness for stuffed eggs.

"I'll come and help you get your beach-supper ready," I conceded, "and steal a couple of eggs and just one sandwich before Miss Rois gets there."

"She may not come. A little friend of hers, whose mother is taking care of a friend's house for a time—"

"Peggy Mason," the other girl put in.

"Yes, Peggy Mason. What was I saying? Oh, yes! Peggy Mason had been entrusted with Carmen's letter of recommendation—by a third party, you understand, Mr. Harrington. Well, she lost it. Then she went home and had a nervous chill, or something. Anyway, she's almost down-sick over it; and Carmen may have gone to see her about it. If not, she'll be on the next car that goes by that water tank 'way over there, in about twenty minutes."

"I'll hold the fort," I repeated, and—"Oh, by the way, Miss Wade! Does your friend, Miss Rois, enjoy gardening?"

They both exclaimed at the question.

"Gardening!" volunteered Miss Clark. "She can plant a dry stick, and it will never fail to smile up at her in blossoms. Her war garden was a wonder."

She said other things, but I didn't hear them; my imagination had gone running off, with little skips and bounds, to the garden behind the lilac hedge.

I wondered if it would be a good idea to have pigeons, too, as well as hens and rabbits. I have said that I am something of a poet; and really, the picture that appeared on the screen before my mental vision was most attractive. Carmen, in white, her cool wrist clasped by the rosy feet of a cooing pigeon of iridescent plumage. Besides, a squab properly cooked, is mighty good eating.

I remained to watch the fire that I kindled, and the coffee, while the girls drove off to the street car to meet Carmen Rois.

The flaming sunset, the sea, creeping white-footed along the sands—everything spoke a different language, and one that I instinctively understood. The wind, sweet with odors from the gardens of the sea, whispered her name: "Carmen! Carmen!" I wrote it on the sand: "Carmen Harrington." A wave came romping up and washed it away. I hoped that it was not a bad omen, and started to write it again. Just then the coffee boiled over!

The young ladies were gone, what seemed to me an age. My heart stopped as I saw three girls coming toward me. The third girl was dressed in the summer-est of togs. She held out her hand to me as Miss Ward introduced us.

"Nice of you to keep house while the girls came for me, Mr. Harrington. They say you have been very kind to them."

"Any one else would have done twice as much."

"Not from what they say."

I tried to think of some brilliant remark. My brain was hash—I was bewildered. I could not readjust myself to this Carmen. Her wonderful chestnut hair was naturally curly. I had planned it straight and black; and here she was with fly-away locks that played saucily round her face. Her eyes! Soft gray and very large—how could I ever have pictured them as brown? They were just

such eyes as Carmen ought to have; shaded by the longest black lashes I ever saw. Her skin was fair with the perfect blush of health.

She smiled when she spoke, showing a line of white even teeth. Doctor McDonald would have found a very different pulse than when he examined me for insurance. . . . Inwardly, I resented her treating me as if I was just another girl added to their party. I had to admit to myself that she was the most indifferent girl I had ever met.

"Oh, girls! I must tell you," Carmen Rois began. "I guess my recommend has gone for keeps; and worse than worse, poor Peg has had a time of it! But she is out of all danger. A young M. D. nearly murdered her!"

I slunk down, and wished myself out in the ocean, or anywhere else.

"What had I done now?" was my mental query.

"Yes," continued Carmen Rois, "this Doctor Harrington—I hope he's not related to you."

I don't know how guilty I looked; but at any rate she went on:

"They had three doctors working over her with a stomach pump, and I don't know what all! And—" after a pause—"if I haven't found my recommend, I have my boarding place; and I've written to Miss Phillips for another testimonial."

I resolved to produce the paper and make her happy; but I longed to see her alone, and give it to her then. I was in a stew about "Peggy" even though she was out of danger. I called myself seven kinds of a fool for having acted as I had, and for recklessly putting Doctor McDonald in such a predicament. I longed to make things right. Then suddenly the absurdity of the thing broke on me. I was insured in a rich girl's favor! How could I explain it to her?

No matter what I said or did, Carmen Rois acted as if it made not the slightest difference to her that I was there. The girls took ukuleles out of the back of the car, and twanged away as if they were running races with themselves. Then they quieted down, and Carmen Rois took a hand in the evening's entertainment. She played and sang. Her voice had a soft, beautiful quality. I wanted to ask her to sing "In the Gloaming"; but every time that I opened my lips, my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. Twilight deepened into night, and still we sat and chatted, and watched the phosphorescence of the breakers.

"I must get back to Peggy," said Carmen Rois. "I feel so responsible!'

And I—How did I ever muster up courage to say it?

"Miss Rois, will you ride in with me?"

(Continued on Page 95)

THEY TWO

By Winona Flaven.

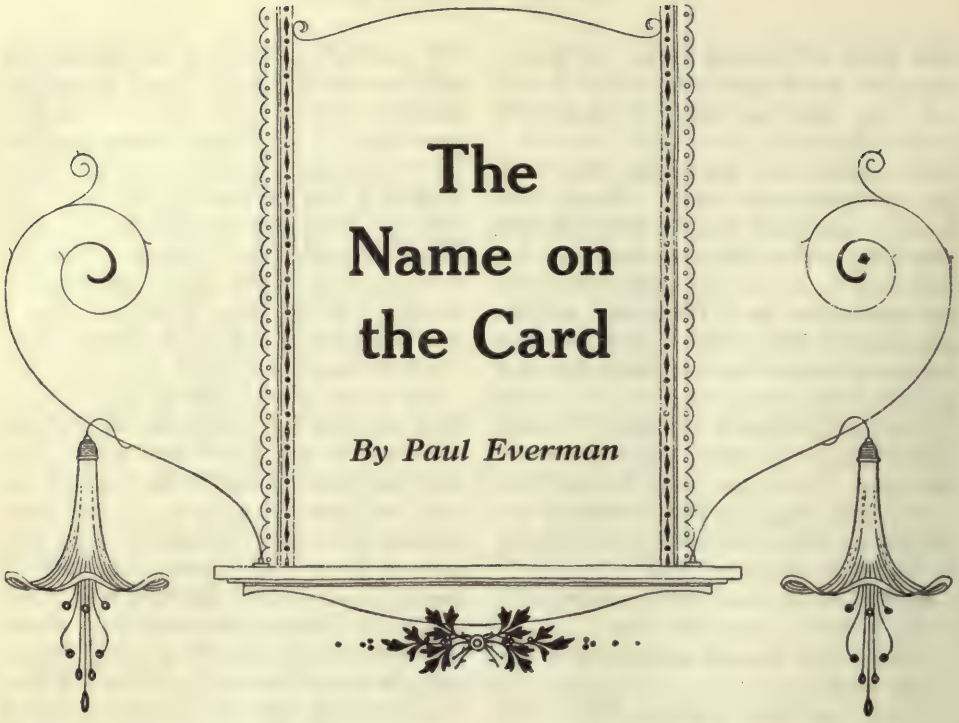
Moonlight bright and roses white,
Dampening dew of a summer night.

Shadowy leaves, on whispering trees,
Soft baby winds, caress and tease.

They two stand, hand clasp in hand,
With thoughts a-racing through dreamland.

Youth had past, yet hearts beat fast,
For memories forever last.

Soft good-byes, 'neath starry skies,
Ends a romance with just—sighs.



The Name on the Card

By Paul Everman

A STURDY-SHOULDERED young man with a knoblike chin stepped in at the doorway of the smoking car and paused to scan the two long rows of red-plush-covered seats and their chary sprinkling of occupants. Presently he swung himself down the aisle to the far end of the car, his thick hands dangling aggressively from bowed arms. And with perfect nonchalance he slammed himself down in a seat beside a pair of rust-colored leathern boots into which brown trousers-legs were slovenly stuffed.

His cool gray eyes ran upward from the boots to the corduroy trousers, tight with monstrous legs, to a corduroy coat, a protruding chest, a shriveled red neck and a pair of tiny eyes that glittered piggishly in their flabby pockets.

He nodded. "Nice day."

"Naw!" The word was a raspy explosion of voice. "Naw!" The corduroy clothed man shot up from his sprawling attitude and leaned far over, shaking his shaggy head savagely almost in the other's face. "Naw, it ain't! You call this nice? Pf-f-f-f! Look!—" and he flung a loathful hand toward the car window, where yellow cornfields were flashing past under a gray sky splotched with gloomy islands of smoke. "Look at 'em —clouds, rain, smoke! A nice day? Listen here, friend, if ye want to see a nice day come with me to Happy Gulch, an' I'll show ye a sun that shines the year 'round, I'll show ye a sky that's bluer than turquoise, I'll show ye a country where canyons is cities, where hosses is automobiles an' street cars, where cows is a crop!"

The young man with the knoblike chin looked up at the speaker thoughfully. "I see," he said, placing his feet on the seat beside the other. "You're from the West."

The piggish eyes flared triumphantly. "You said it! Happy Gulch, New Mexico's my stampin' grounds."

"On your way to New York?"

"Naw. I'm going to a town called Mardale."

"Mardale? That's the next stop. About ten miles from here. Visitin' friends, I s'pose."

"Naw," growled the Westerner. "I'm huntin' a hombre by the name o' Hollingsworth. An' when I find him I'm goin' to—" His heavy hand crushed an innocent fly that had lingered too long on his corduroy leg. "Jist like that!" he snarled.

sweeping the fly aside. "Jist like that."

The younger man removed his feet from the seat and carefully brushed a bit of dust from the sleeve of his blue serge coat. "I see," he said finally with a sage nod. "I see."

The Westerner was staring into nowhere, an aggrieved expression twisting his leathern, sun-fired face.

"He stole my gal!" he burst out huskily. "This Hollingsworth coyote—he stole my gal!"

"Oh, your daughter."

"Naw—my gal!"

"Stole her?"

"Married her! Him, an Eastern college baby, stole my gal!"

"I see," said the younger man. "How'd it happen?"

The corduroyed hulk quivered for a moment's emotion, then stiffened. And the raspy rumble of voice went on passionately, with the confiding garrulity begot by a receptive listener.

"Me an' Effie's pap, John Comboy, used to be pardners, prospectin'. An' when he bought the Lazy K down by Happy Gulch I got to be sort o' foreman for his outfit. Why, I was jist like one o' John's family. Many's the time I used to hold little Effie on my lap when she was a little mite not more'n three or four. She was plumb crazy 'bout me, Effie was! called me 'Uncle.' An' me an' John sort o' come to a silent agreement that when Effie got growed up, her an' me'd get married. Sabe?"

"He gave you permission to marry the girl, eh?" suggested the other helpfully.

"Well, we done had an agreement—a silent agreement. I never asked John an' he never told me I could, but it was jist kind o' understood that when Effie got big she'd need a feller to look after her, an' that I was the feller. But when Effie was five her mother up an' died, an' John sends Effie back East to his wife's relations so's she'd have women folks to look after her. My, I can remember jist like it was yesterday how she cried when she was leavin' me an' John. She loved me, that little gal did!"

"She didn't come back to Happy Gulch for ten years," he went on finally. "An' when she did come she was purty as a picture, with yeller hair, an' eyes jist like them New Mexico skies I was tellin' ye 'bout. An' during all this time, mind ye, me an' John Comboy had done kept up this silent agreement 'bout me an' Effie gettin' married after she growed up. But them Eastern folks she'd been stayin' with had spoiled her." The Westerner's underlip shot up, and his tiny eyes squinted viciously. "She wouldn't set on my lap no more, an' when I tried to kiss her she slapped my face. Said she was too old to be kissed. O' course," he growled moodily, "it was just a fool notion them Eastern folks had put in her head."

The knob-chinned young man nodded attentively, his cool gray eyes staring out the car window at the gray and yellow of the swiftly passing countryside.

"She was just kind of bashful and modest," he suggested, turning.

"Yeh, that's it! Course that was it! She loved me, Effie did, an' when she started back East a couple o' months later she cried like her heart'd break—jist because she had to leave me an' her pap, ye see. I done wrote to her a couple o' times, but she didn't answer. Them Eastern folks she was stayin' with wouldn't let her, ye see. They wanted her to marry some rich dude.

"Well, three years later she come back—jist a year ago, it was. An' she was purtier'n ever—but awful spoiled! All she could talk about was theayters an' automobile rides an' dancin' an' the like. An' she wasn't right smart friendly at first. Fact is, I thought she was mad at me till one day I caught her writin' me a letter. Friend, I peeked over her shoulder an' saw these words in that there letter: 'Dearest Dick, I am so unhappy—' That's all I got to read, for she saw me an' jumped up an' run away with the letter. Ye see, the gal loved me after all!"

The younger man spoke up quickly. "But how—"

"Don't ye see!" burst out the other triumphantly, "she was writin' to me! 'Dearest Dick' was me!"

"Oh, your name's Dick."

"Sure! Jake Richard McGoogan—that's me!"

"She called you "Dick,' eh?"

"We-ll, she called me 'Uncle' most o'

the time. But this 'Dick' was jist a kind o' pet name for 'Richard' that come to her while she was writin' the letter."

"Did she own up that she was writin' to you?"

"Naw, she was too bashful, jist like you said. She loved me but was too bashful to let on. An' the next day, before I could corner her an' ask her to tie up with me, she an' her pap done lit out for Happy Gulch, an' she went back East.

"Well, I went prospectin' down in Hualapai Valley, Arizona, for a year, an' I got purty lonely for the gal an' decided that she had growed up enough an' that there wasn't any use o' us waitin' any longer. So I goes back to Happy Gulch an' reminds John Comboy of his promise. An' John—' The Westerner paused, his red face twitching. "John turned me down!" he cried at last. "He turned me down—an' us old pardners! Said there hadn't been no agreement, an' that I was too late anyhow, for Effie had married a young college feller back East a couple o' months before!"

A succession of mournful whistles from the snorting engine checked the conversation for a minute. The knob-chinned young man rubbed a scarry-knuckled hand across his mouth and continued to watch the other closely.

"So she didn't love you after all," he ventured after the whistling had ceased.

"Yeh, she did," growled the Westerner angrily. "John let me read a letter he'd got from her. She said she'd married a feller named Hollingsworth, a college feller. Said that he had a good job in a kitchen-cabinet factory at Mardale, where they was livin'. But at the end of the letter she's put these words: 'I love Dick so much, Dad.'

"See? She loved me all the time! She didn't love this other feller. Them Eastern folks prob'ly talked her into marryin' him, an' he stole her from me—him one o' these office fellers, a college baby, a tenderfoot!"

A ruddy-cheeked youngster came prowling between the seats from the aisle, snuggled past the younger man and, with the free inquisitiveness of youth, laid a chubby hand on one of the corduroyed legs. McGoogan's savage shove sent him tumbling back to the aisle.

"G'way from here, kid!" snarled the Westerner. "Ye nosey little devil, to come snoopin' 'round! G'way!"

With an affrighted squawk of "Daddy, Daddy," the child fled down the aisle to the middle of the car. A nervous, bald-headed little man snatched him up, murmuring comfort, and ventured a glance of bristly indignation at the red-faced Westerner. But at a wicked flash from the piggish eyes, he subsided hastily and sat down.

"Damned kids!" growled McGoogan. He turned cumbrously to find the younger man watching him narrowly.

The latter took out a watch. "Three-fifteen," he remarked carelessly. "In five minutes we'll be in Mardale. I guess you'll have time to finish your story. What'd you do after you read the young lady's letter?"

"I writes him a letter," muttered the other, "an' done tells him that I'm comin' after him. I done tells him that he's stole the gal that loves me an' that was mine by her pap's promise. I done tells him that I'm goin' to fix him with my bare hands. John Comboy tried to keep me from comin'. Reckon John'll be laid up for quite a spell—"

The knob-chinned one nursed his scarred knuckles and nodded. "I see. You're a fighter, I take it—" with a speculative stare at the massive body.

"Fighter? I'm a jumpin' t'rant'lar, an' mighty careless with my hands!"

"Maybe this Hollingsworth guy is a fighter, too," suggested he of the knob-like chin. "Some of these college guys play football and—"

"Football?" jeered McGoogan. "Football? Lemme tell ye somethin', friend. He sprung trouble with a tough old hombre when he stole my gal. Football? Pf-f-f-f!"

He paused abruptly, and his piggish eyes flared to a deathly white. "I had a woman down at Alamogordo once," he muttered with a suggestive flip of the shaggy head. "Three punchers from Old Man Houston's outfit tried to cut me out. They had a couple o' buryin's down at Houston's a day or two later."

"I see."

"But it's different 'bout Effie!" cried McGoogan. "Don't ye see? Effie was my gal! An' when I get to Mardale—"

At the other end of the car the door slammed open.

"Mardale!" bawled the brakeman above the rattle and click of the car wheels.

The knob-chinned young man in blue serge rose swiftly and peeled off his coat, exposing a pair of vigorously broad shoulders which tapered to an incongruously lithe waist. He drew a piece of white cardboard from a vest pocket and turned to the hulking Westerner.

"Now, Mr. Jake McGroogan of Happy Gulch, New Mexico," he said grimly, his keen gray eyes boring steadily from beneath lowered brows, "if you're done shooting off at the mouth perhaps you'd like to look at my card."

"Heh?" McGoogan took the card, turned it over and read

RICHARD COLNEY HOLLINGSWORTH.

He stared at the card. Then he dazedly watched the other step into the aisle, with body poised invitingly.

"You—you—" he sputtered. Then his voice roared above the piercing whistle of the train. "You damn' coyote! You stole Effie, you—"

Head down, he plunged into the aisle, his great arms clutching beastially, his coat tail flying. The other side-stepped between two seats. His right fist flew out surely and cracked against McGoogan's broad jaw. The Westerner tumbled backward and crashed over a seat to the floor.

But he staggered up, shouting wild curses, and lurched forward, careening uncertainly with the train's motion. His shifty opponent again evaded the clutching arms. A crushing jolt found one of the piggish eyes. McGoogan staggered backward. A smashing uppercut sent him to the floor again.

Up he came, swaying forward, his breathing stertorous, his sun-fired cheeks stained with a streak of deeper red.

The other occupants of the car had crowded eagerly about the fighting men, and were salvoing encouragement to the smaller of the two.

"Eat him up, boy! Ah-hah;—some uppercut!"

"That's right! Paste him again!"

"Watch that clinch! Don't let him clinch! Fine! Fine!"

McGoogan was again on the floor, dazed and bleeding. Clutching the arm of a seat he at last managed to pull himself to his feet. And he lunged blindly in a last desperate effort to get his pawing hands on his opponent and crush him.

"Watch him, boy!" squawked the bald-headed little man, quivering excitedly. "Don't let him—don't—"

The knob-chinned one set himself firmly. His right fist flew out and caught McGoogan flush on the jaw. The Westerner collapsed.

With squeaking and grinding of brakes, the train rolled into Mardale. And as it stopped jerkily before the squat, red-brick station, McGoogan opened his undamaged eye.

He saw a medley of faces gazing curiously, vindictively, down at him, heard a chatter of exulting comments. Then with the abrupt rush of returning consciousness he recognized the knoblike chin of his pugnacious opponent.

"Now, you big four-flusher!" grated the latter, bending down and shaking a threatening fist at the abject Westerner's face. "Have you got enough?"

McGoogan tried to shrink away. "Don't!" he whined through puffy lips. "For God's sakes, don't!"

The fist opened, and two hard fingers tweaked savagely at his nose. "So you're a coward, too, you big bluffer! Do you admit I'm the best man? Say?"

"Yeh—yeh!"

The fist opened and closed again. "Well, listen here: If you ever bother Effie again, I'll kill you! Understand? I'll kill you! Now get up. There's a train leaves for the West in five minutes. It's Happy Gulch for you. Get up!"

McGoogan got up.

With eyes that alternately jumped and blessed, the bald-headed little man watched the departure of the victor and vanquished. Then he grinned hugely. In the seat beside him sprawled the inquisitive youngster, blissfully masticating a

finger-grimed name-card which he had rescued from the aisle.

Outside the squat, red-brick station, McGoogan's conqueror watched the westbound train puff and glide out of sight. Then with springy strides he left the station and walked north, his broad shoulders swaggering. Mardale, a booming factory town, had barely reached the paved-street and two-story stage of growth, and he passed quickly through the brief business blocks and out toward the manufacturing district.

A few minutes later he stepped into a neat office building near the outskirts of the town. For a moment he paused before a door which on its frosted glass bore the lettering:

R. C. HOLLINGSWORTH
General Manager
Private.

Then with a quick turn of the knob he flung open the door and stepped inside.

A sleek-haired young man sprang up from the flat-topped mahogany desk, his fingers working nervously beneath silken shirt cuffs, and demanded, "Well?"

" 'S'all over," he of the knoblike chin announced laconically. "I caught Number Eleven down at Fairmount, and he was on the train just like you had figured. As soon as I flashed the card on him he jumped me, and I crowned him. He's on his way back to Happy Gulch now with a terrible headache. He wasn't such a hard guy as you thought, Mr. Hollingsworth.

Dick Hollingsworth nodded slowly.

"Good work, Gharrity," he said at last, a faint smile of relief crossing his fine dark features "Ah—the old fool's coming would have been very repugnant to Mrs. Hollingsworth. No doubt I would have had to shoot him. But as it is, I think we have managed the matter nicely—yes, very nicely."

THE PATHOS OF IT

By Arthur Lawrence Bolton.

Out in the country, the other day,
In the midst of orchards and fields of hay,
Where a wealth of ripening fruit abounds,
And the strident note of opulence sounds,
There stood in ragged and soiled attire,
In the glow of the western sunset fire,
Children of want, unkempt and forlorn,
With shapeless shoes, all tattered and torn.
Soft was the Autumn on the air,
And birds were singing here and there,
Mid scenes of plenty, what could be,
The cause of this seeming misery?
Sorely tempted to offer aid,
Back and forth past the Inn I strayed,
When the smallest child, all languid and sad,
Called to a slatternly man, "Say, Dad,
It's time we beat it, come on, don't stay,"
And they got in a Sedan and drove away.

In Santa Clara's scented Vale,
When you see the signs of the Hard-Luck Trail,
And feel for your wallet, with saddened heart,
Just wait a bit, before you part
With your limited shekels, and take my tip—
Ask the slatternly man for an auto trip.

The Stolen Melody

By Farnsworth Wright

IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE that there ever was a time when Mascal was not a musician. Yet the world of music was an undiscovered country to him until after his twentieth birthday. He used to run the night elevator in the Occidental, an old-style apartment house in a part of the city formerly wealthy, and still retaining much of its gentility, though fallen on evil days. Somber gables stared a mute protest at the upstart modern flats which stood at the end of the block; the walls were chastely papered in a plain, dark pattern; and an elevator jerked hesitatingly from floor to floor under the uncertain propulsion of an iron rope.

Hard though it is to believe that Mascal at one time in his life knew nothing about music, it is still more incredible that he lacked ambition. Such, however, is the fact. In the drowsy atmosphere of pride and decay which hung heavily on the apartment house, Mascal had seemingly no higher aspiration than to remain an elevator boy all his life. The guileless expression of face, which still characterizes him, seemed to contradict the nobility of his finely sculptured head; his gentle blue eyes contrasted strangely with his brick-red hair; and from these soft eyes gleamed at times the dreaming soul of a poet. Why Mascal, of all men, should bury his light in so trivial an occupation as running an elevator is beyond comprehension. How many unearthly sweet melodies must have been lost to the world by his utter lack of desire or ability to set them down on paper!

Mascal did not play any instrument. He could not sing, for his voice was unmusical. Written music was like Chinese hieroglyphics to him, and he had never heard an opera or a symphony orchestra. The music of the vaudeville theaters sounded tawdry and coarse to his sensitive ear, but he liked some of the old tunes, such as "Swanee River," and "Old Black Joe," and he used to whistle Dvorak's "Humoresque" and an aria from "Il Trovatore" until they became banal. He learned few new tunes, and most of these were torture to him.

Mascal was better pleased with the tunes that welled up out of his own brain —soulful melodies, which sang themselves to him, possessed him, and grew and developed as he whistled them. They came to him on walks in the suburbs, amid the roar of street traffic, or when he was alone in his elevator at night. Then they passed out of his mind, except the melody.

This particular melody was no better than many others that had come to Mascal, but he could not banish it from his thoughts. It haunted both his waking and sleeping hours, wove itself into his dreams, and molded his musings. Metz, the violin student who lived in the same boarding house, wanted to know the name of the tune he was whistling, and Mascal

did not know what to tell him. Mascal took the melody, at the advice of Metz, to a musician who made his living by transcribing music, supplying parts for orchestras, arranging and harmonizing. He charged Mascal only five dollars, and for this he not only wrote out the melody on manuscript paper, as Mascal whistled it to him, but he also supplied a piano accompaniment for it.

Mascal was now, in a sense, a composer. Metz played the melody on his violin, and showed him what the notes meant on the keyboard of the boarding house piano. Mascal was fascinated at finding meaning in each little tail to the notes, and logic in every dot and line. The hieroglyphics were taking on significance.

He took enormous pains in mastering the characters on that sheet of music. He easily learned to play the melody with his forefinger; but the chords in the accompaniment, the synchronizing of his fingers, were so difficult that they almost disheartened him. His fingers refused to strike the right notes.

When he had learned to play the piece, in a manner of speaking, very slowly, with frequent pauses to rearrange his fingers on the keys, it annoyed and depressed him. He began to experiment with different chords, and found that he could better the transcriber's arrangement. But he did not know how to set down the harmonies that were in his mind, so he left it in its unsatisfactory shape, and whistled other tunes as he went up and down in the elevator—snatches of airs from the operas, as he had heard them in cafe orchestras, and old-time tunes; but mostly he whistled phrases that gushed unbidden from the depths of his own consciousness.

It was in a vaudeville theater that he heard his tune again. At first he thought it must be only a coincidence, in the opening measures; but no, it was his melody which the girl was singing in her throaty, disagreeable voice. All the beauty had gone from it. It was twisted and tortured out of its original form, set to disgusting verses, and the girl was ragging it, debasing it, shouting it at the audience, dancing to it and making eyes as she sang, to bring out the risque suggestiveness of the verses. The audience clapped and stamped and yelled for more, and the creature sang additional verses.

The tune was catchy, cheap and trashy! His brain was hot with anger. As he went out of the theater with the throng, people were humming his melody. If it had only been sung in its original form, and set to noble verses! He was ashamed of it now, and enraged by the debasement of a theme that once had haunted him by its sheer beauty.

Mascal sought out Mueller, the man to whom he had paid five dollars for transcribing his melody, and protested vigorously. He was met with insolence. Mueller defied him to prove the melody his.

"Mr. Mueller," Mascal explained, a menacing glint steeling his gentle blue eyes, "it is not that I object to your making money out of my melody. But you have robbed it of its beauty. You have set it to filthy words. My melody was majestic, singing, beautiful. You have made it a cheap thing, a nothing."

Mascal's accusation brought Mueller to his feet.

"You upstart!" he bellowed, the fat folds of his bullneck purpling, and his little pig eyes narrowing in the red ocean of his puffy face. "You, what do know about music, hey? You can't play—you can't read—you have to come to me to write your tune on paper. Now you try to tell me what to do with it, hey? I made it popular. Less than one month it is printed, and one hundred thousand copies are sold. Hey? In three more months I sell a million. Get out of here, you, you—"

Mueller was shaking a pudgy forefinger under Mascal's nose, and Mascal's anger flamed hot within him. His clenched fist caught the melody-thief under the chin, and knocked his across a chain. Mueller bellowed for help, and Mascal hastily retreated down the stairs.

Perhaps it needed just such a burst of anger to break the chains that bound the slumbering genius of this easy-going boy. Certain it is that ambition came to him then for the first time in his life. It was no selfish resolve that he made that day,

for it brought him pain and suffering, sleepless nights and days of hunger. He would devote his life to vindicating his melody before the world. The tawdry thing was even now a torment in his ears, as whistled by the driver of a passing taxicab.

Mascal smiles reminiscently when he thinks of the months that followed. But he did little smiling then, for he spent the greater part of that disheartening time in shiny clothes, underfed, often wondering how he was going to get his next meal. But it is a glorious thing to be possessed by a dream.

Most of his little bank account went to pay his tuition at the musical college. He had to learn from the beginning. They let him take up piano and violin playing, but they told him it must be a year before he could begin the study of harmony, for he had no preparation for it. He never became a great player. He seldom touches his violin today, and he still finds his fingers stiff on the piano. But he studied hard, and read harmony and musical history on the side, and they let him begin harmony lessons within four months.

He soon discovered that he could read harmonies away from the piano. They sang themselves to his eye. He nearly fainted from excitement the first time that he ever read a measure of chords away from the piano and pictured the harmony in his mind. He rushed to the piano to verify the harmonies that his eye had sung into his brain. He began to be able to play all of his pieces in any key, for the notes that were written on the staff sang into his ear before he struck the ivory and ebony keys of the keyboard.

He possessed, far more valuable than familiarity with the classics, the ability to evolve melodies out of himself. Each new musical discovery thrilled him, and he never lost his enthusiasm, despite his privations. He applied himself so diligently to harmony and composition that he left the class behind him, and had to take private lessons. These cost more money. His bank balance was used up, and the money he earned as night elevator boy was not enough to keep him properly and pay for his lessons also.

He moved into an attic room for which he paid one dollar a week, and another dollar each week went for the privilege of practicing two hours a day on a piano. He began going without his breakfasts, and occasionally he had to skip his evening meal. He became woefully thin, and darned his cheap cotton socks with coarse thread when the holes got large, for he could not afford to throw them away. The Chinese laundry tore his shirts and saw-edged his collars. He did his own cleaning and pressing, and his clothes became smooth and shiny. He carefully polished his shoes each morning, but more than once he went to his lessons with his shoe laces knotted in three or four places, to postpone the expense of buying new ones.

His privations depressed him, because he could not see the end. But when he was studying he forgot everything except the beauty that was burning in his soul.

He earned his teacher's praise for the intrinsic beauty of the original themes on which he elaborated, even when the elaboration was unskillfully done. His pet delight was to disguise the stolen melody and elaborate it, but always his teacher rebuked him, saying that the theme, which he recognized as the tune of a distressingly vulgar popular ragtime air, offended his ear whenever and wherever he heard it. Each such rebuke inspired in Mascal a gnawing dread lest his sacrifice and struggles be in vain. He lost hours of sleep trying to make noble arrangements of his melody, but the teacher's eye sought them out under each disguise, and always branded them as tawdry.

Mascal had been studying a year before he ever heard a symphony. He plucked up courage to ask for his teacher's ticket for a day when he knew the teacher would be absent from the city. He did not realize what important results his request would bring, what further sacrifices and what marvelous joys were to be his.

He watched the different themes enter and leave as the orchestra played an overture, but it was simply greater playing than he had heard in the orchestra of the musical college. It was followed by

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Mascal heard the striking of the first four notes. They were repeated, in a lower pitch. Then the strings took them up, playing them quickly, in ascending series, and the first movement of the symphony finally came to an end without varying from the one little theme of four notes. Can four notes make a whole composition? he asked himself. But as he listened he realized that they were indeed the soul of the movement, now sung by the strings, now sounded by the brasses, now shouted in chorus by all the choirs at once. Little themes sprang from them, and the orchestra returned to them. The movement was a composite whole, as different as may be from those sugary impromptus that begin nowhere, end nowhere, and have no excuse for being. The world of harmony that followed the opening of these was predestined in the first four notes.

Mascal realized that this symphony would lose its glory if played on the piano. The color of the different instruments gave it life, soul, feeling and beauty. If a great master can develop a whole movement of a wonderful symphony from four notes, like a knocking at the door, why could not he do equally wonderful things with the wail of the wind, the roar of the waves, and the murmur of leaves in the trees?

He obtained a miniature score of the symphony from the library of the musical college before he went to his room that afternoon, and studied the staves that represented the different instruments. Now they played in unison, now in harmony; now each choir was divided off from the others; now one choir played a counterpoint against the others. He did not know the instruments well enough to hear in his mind their tone colors, but already he had decided that his melody, when it stood vindicated before the world, would not be written for piano. He would make of it a tone poem for orchestra.

Underfed though he was, yet he skipped two evening meals during the next week, and with the fifty cents thus saved he bought a seat up near the roof to hear the next symphony concert. The happiness that came to him that day with the realization of his own genius never left him from that time.

The symphony was Schubert's Unfinished, the great song-writer's orchestral masterpiece, discovered years after his death. Instead of hearing a plain theme majestically developed, Mascal's ears drank melodic beauty from the first movement. The symphony sang straight into the beauty-loving soul of him, and tears rolled unabashed down his cheeks, for the great idea had come to him.

Beautiful melodies were uttered by the strings, and sung by the orchestra with a piercing sweetness of tone such as he had never dreamed. This man, this Schubert, must have gone to the angels in heaven for his themes, for the outpouring of beautiful sound as far surpassed in sheer beauty anything within the narrow limits of his knowledge as the odor of wild roses on a country roadside surpass the smells of a city street. Every stroke of the violins, every chord of the music that sent the salt tears trickling down his cheeks, sang to him:

"You are another such master! No music, be it harmonized and developed to the uttermost limits of the theme, can move the unfeeling world unless it be founded on melody. To you the world looks for the supreme musical outpouring, for melody comes to you as easily as song to the throat of the meadowlark. You are the melodic master of the world."

Mascal knew that it was true. All his life he had been thrilled by the beauty of his own themes. His mother, in those pleasant days before he was orphaned, used to smile happily when he came into the house whistling some stronge and lovely rhythm, and remark, "Ah, my boy, why do you not learn to play the flute? How pretty that would be on the flute!"

He did not hear the rest of the program. He threw himself on his bed and dreamed, until it was time for him to work. He dreamed while he was running the elevator; he dreamed in the early morning while he was undressing for bed; and when he fell asleep his melody was shouted to him by a bevy of flutes. He awoke to hear a passing teamster whistling it in its dance-hall garb.

Mascal no longer built on the stolen melody for his work at school, for he know that his teacher, having heard it in its street dress, would brand it as trivial no matter in what gorgeous apparel it were presented to him. But he starved himself further to take in the symphony concerts each week. He lived for them, and for his melody.

He studied the scores in the music room of the public library, and tried to pick out the different instruments as they sang the themes. He found that reading orchestral scores was a different matter from reading piano music. The themes jumped disconcertingly from the horns at one end of the page to the strings at the other, and other instruments came in between with notes that only careful study revealed as mere accompaniment or harmonic background. He had to learn a third clef. He found it hard to read the chords, for the notes were distributed among different instruments, on different staves. But by diligently comparing the scores with the actual playing of the orchestra he began to find order in the chaos. Best of all, he began to recognize the tone-colors of the different instruments, to learn what was uttered to the ear by different combinations of instruments, and to divine the function of each of the tone scheme.

Even before he learned this he was working on his symphony. He tried to orchestrate his melody the same week he heard Schubert's symphony, and he failed because he did not know the meaning of the different instruments. A piccolo to him was a small flute, and he could not differentiate between the parts owing to the obo, and those that should be given to the clarinets. Yet he worked on until he had completed a first movement to his symphony. The foundation of it was the melody that had been hammered out in every dance hall from Florida to Alaska.

It must not be supposed that Mascal's First Symphony at that time was more than remotely similar to the great work which the world now knows as the Melodic Symphony. The same melody dominated the first movement, but the melodic theme was the only likeness between the two. However, the completion of this movement gave him a sense of triumph, and in the joy of it his mind sang with melodies that welled up joyously like a gurgling fountain. He wrote four more movements within as many weeks, and every page of the score was permeated by beautiful themes. One will look in vain through Mascal's First Symphony for the amazing counterpoint that distinguishes his later works, but it still remains the favorite of all his compositions, for even Mascal has written no more melodically wonderful symphony than this, which is a way of saying that it is the most melodious composition in orchestral literature.

But the writing of a symphony could not be accomplished by one so inexperienced. Mascal had to work at it through many months, and he discarded practically all of the scoring that had cost him so much effort, leaving only the bare melodies that sang so sweetly in his dreams. That wonderful variation in the first movement, where the pilfered melody is shouted full-voiced by the entire choir of woodwinds, with a counter melody picked out on the strings, was not added until the very week before his interview with Koruloff.

The first meeting between Mascal and Koruloff should be marked as the happiest date in music since Wagner decided to build operas on the German myth-lore. One year and a half before that meeting Mascal could not read the notes on the staff, and neither he nor Koruloff had heard of each other. On the one hand a boy, not yet twenty-two years old, holding out with faltering hands the score of his symphony, and stammering a frightened explanation of why he had dared to take up the time of the conductor; on the other hand the bluff old musician, who for fifteen years had guided one of the world's greatest symphony orchestras.

Mascal turned the pages and showed the master where the theme changed from one group of instruments to another, and hummed each new theme and variation. The master smiled as the boy turned page after page, but he said nothing until Mascal came to the end of the first movement.

"You have never studied the instruments of the orchestra, I perceive," he

commented, a peculiar smile playing on his face.

Mascal gulped. Was his work in vain?

"I—I am learning to play the violin," he stammered, "and I—I have come often to the concerts, and I have followed the instruments with the scores."

"The general effect is good," smiled the master reassuringly. "But you have given to the trumpets and horns notes that they cannot play. This passage runs too low for them, and you repeat your mistake on the next page. If the brasses tried to play this passage here, of a sudden you would have stopped notes, exactly as if they had caught cold. And here, in this passage for the bassoons—what effect are you trying to get?"

"Wh—why, the bassoon adds richness and beauty to the passage," he explained.

"Then put the passage down. The bassoon can serve your purpose very well, but not in this range. It can give depth and richness to the tone picture, but it is a fickle instrument, and its upper tones are ghastly. If your symphony pictured a gloomy castle, with bats flying around the haunted windows, and you wanted an uncanny and ghostly effect, you could get it from the upper notes of the bassoon. Put this phrase down into the lower part of the bassoon's range, and you will obtain the rich effect you want."

Mascal was reassured, and Koruloff began to examine the other movements. The wealth of melody in them was beyond the range of his experience, although he knew by heart and could conduct without his scores more symphonies than any other conductor in the world. So prolific in singing melodies had been the brain of the young composer that he had not taken the trouble to develop many of them, but had written them as simple themes or introductions to other themes, and passed on to new side themes in his recapitulation of the leading melodies.

Koruloff gave him much advice as to the scoring, showed him why different instrumentation in parts of the work would bring out its beauties better, and even pruned away several choice melodies, which are now among the best of Mascal's songs. He suggested changes in the treatment of certain of the themes. But the fabric itself, the framing, the melodic and harmonic structure, and even the scoring, were fundamentally sound,

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FIRE

By Richard Warner Borst.

The silent scout afar on ranges wild,
Wrapped in the stillness and the intimate clouds,
Communes with one small flame in that great void—
His lonely fire. So musing he becomes
Aware of hearthstones back upon the plains
Where oft aforetime he was wont to meet
The friendly welcome of a kindred soul;
And in his spirit he returns again
To kindly voices and the pressure near
Of shoulders he once touched in toil and play;
Till, from the spiral smoke that slowly winds
Above, about, and fades into the night,
He fashions faces smiling the old smiles
Of perfect comradeship. Thus may he call,
And it is well he may, his fire the shrine
Whereat to worship, as in honored fanes,
Old loves, old hopes, old faiths, old ecstasies;
The miles are gone—he is no more alone!

The Revenge of Don Lucio

By Jean Ross

THE TOURISTS did not remain long in El Paso. Tourists, especially those whose time is limited, never do. And why should they? El Paso, though interesting enough in itself, is only an American town, while just across the Rio Grande is Mexico—foreign, romantic, wicked Mexico. Without a dissenting voice the tourists followed in the wake of their personal conductor and boarded the car for Juarez.

They bought innumerable postcards; they learned to call the city "Warez," which, perhaps, is as near as an American ever comes to the exact pronunciation; they inspected the race track and the bull ring, and peeped into gambling halls. They stared at groups of Mexican soldiers rolling dice on the pavement; they—the feminine portion—twittered at officers gorgeously arrayed, or thrilled at sight of fierce-looking individuals who might be bandits in disguise. They dined in a restaurant, where in the spirit of trying anything once, they ordered peppery Mexican dishes, some of which they ate.

By the time they reached the plaza for the evening band concert they were tired. With a "Thank-Heaven-here's-a-chance-to-sit-down" air, they settled themselves upon the benches. Their conductor's speech was short; he, too, was tired.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: You are now to hear the world-famous band of Juarez. And while you are listening to the music, you may view what is probably the most romantic sight in all the continent of North America. You will notice the procession of young ladies strolling about the plaza, and you will also notice the procession of young gentlemen strolling about in an opposite direction. When a young man sees a girl he fancies he tries to attract her attention, and then he follows her home and hangs about till he thinks he's made an impression, and then it's up to him to get acquainted with her parents, and after that there's a wedding."

"Well of all queer doings, did you ever hear the like of it?" murmured the stout lady whose feet hurt her. "Doesn't he ever take her out to shows and other places?"

But the conductor had disappeared. All that afternoon he had been trying to answer the stout lady's questions, and he had fled while yet there was time. When it came time to round up his flock he would return, but meanwhile the tourists were left to their own devices.

Though their bodies might be weary, their spirits and tongues were indefatigable. Like a group of noisy school children they jested and quarreled. With a rudeness unimaginable—for at home they were well mannered, kindly people, they laughed boisterously and talked loudly, making comments all the while

upon the strange customs of the people about them.

"Such a swarthy, mean-looking race I never did see before. Did you notice the one we met just after we left that restaurant? If he's not a desperate character then I never saw one." The stout lady spoke as confidently as though her acquaintance with arch-criminals were unlimited.

"We'll be lucky if we're not all murdered in our beds before we bet back to El Paso," returned the tall, thin lady next to her.

Seeing that they were not to sleep on foreign soil, her remark was not to be taken literally though the meaning was plain.

"If my poor George or my dear Henry were here I never would have found myself in such a place," sighed the mournful widow, who never missed an opportunity to inform the world that she had buried three husbands.

"And now that conductor has gone off and left us all alone with all these cutthroats about. He ought to be shot, going off and leaving helpless folks like us unprotected," the stout lady declared. "If we didn't have big Bob Landon along, I should be scared."

The three timorous ones gave a sigh of relief as they surveyed the young man's ample proportions. Though he might not be able to save them all, some at least would escape. But the young athlete seemed oblivious of the terrors about him. He was gazing into the brown eyes of the little school teacher from up North somewhere, and too absorbed to realize the responsibilities that had been thrust upon him. He had been gazing into those orbs for some days now, nor had the vision palled upon him. Just now they were alight with an eager flame, as they drank in the romantic scene. Starshine and southern skies, soft music, women darkly beautiful, swarthily handsome men—all made an irresistible appeal to her woman's heart.

"Oh, isn't he just too romantic-looking for anything?"

Landon turned about with a glare in his eyes. It was not the words that had aroused him so much as the sudden glow of interest in the eyes of the little school teacher. Yes, the fellow was handsome in a foreign way, and as for clothes—never was a Mexican of the stage more gorgeously arrayed. From the crown of his silver-trimmed sombrero to the toe of his polished boots he was a figure to delight a woman's eye, just the type that would set a girl crazy. Thank goodness, he wasn't looking in the tourists' direction!

But perhaps the American would have been less worried by the interest shown by the little school teacher had he known that Don Lucio Garza was the adored of many a feminine heart. For the Mexican was a dashing personality outside of the gifts of comeliness with which nature had endowed him. He had won honors in the wars; he had ridden wild horses and overcome them; he had fought duels; had killed bulls in the arena; and once, it was whispered, he had led an outlaw band. All Juarez thrilled with tales of his daring, so what wonder that maidens loved him openly. And though not wanting in gallantry, he had never as yet been the slave of any woman, so all feminine Juarez quivered with anticipation when he entered the throng of young men on conquest bent.

"Oh! Did you see what he did? Where he threw that flower?" The girl at the end of the bench shrieked. "And wasn't that girl a regular peach?"

But though a peach would hardly describe her, Donna Carmelita was certainly a beauty, a wonderful brunette beauty. Half the swains of Juarez sighed their passion for her in lovesick verses of more or less literary merit. But to none would she give a passing glance. She was proud, and never yet had her heart been touched, and through her nature ran a streak of cruelty that found amusement in the sufferings of her lovelorn admirers. But perhaps Don Lucio, the breaker of hearts, would succeed where others had failed, so all Juarez watched expectantly. And when he plucked a rose from his lapel and cast it at her feet, the onlookers breathed a low but audible, "Ah!"

Donna Carmelita gave no sign but that was as etiquette demanded. Only the slightest hint of interest is permissible,

according to the Mexican stands of deportment, and that only after repeated efforts to attract a girl's attention. But Donna Carmelita's vain heart thrilled at the conquest she had made. Soon all her world would repeat the tale of how she had jilted the dashing Garza, for Carmelita craved conquest not for the love of which it is a part, but for the cruel fame that accompanies it. So while she gloried in the token, she trod it under foot and passed on, haughty and aloof, coldly cruel.

"Well, if she didn't hand him the frosty mitt," shrieked slangy Miss Maudie Gerling, whose round trip ticket was a prize for being the most popular young lady in Jessville, Michigan. "Say, Bob, why don't you try your luck? You're the biggest man here, if not the best looking, and she might fall for you."

Landon gave a laughing refusal, but Maudie was not done with him yet. She had resented his devotion to the quiet little school teacher, to the exclusion of her own dashing self, ever since they had left Chicago, and here was a glorious chance to punish him for his past neglect.

"Aw, Bob, be a sport! In Rome—I mean Warez—do as warriors do—How's that for a pun? Just get into the game, and remember, we're all backing you to win!"

She spoke the truth; they all were. Like children interested in a new game, the tourists clustered about him, urging, insisting that he enter the lists. It was useless to protest; the little school teacher alone raised a voice in his favor, but that was overborne. The mournful widow pressed upon him a flower that she had purchased at a corner stand—flowers were such a dear reminder of the funeral of her latest husband—the others pushed him to the side of the graveled walk, where hot and embarrassed, feeling like a fool, he stood just outside the line of strolling men.

Don Lucio and Donna Carmelita had met and passed upon the opposite side of the plaza, and as he had swept the ground with his gorgeous sombrero, she had given her head a defiant toss that she well knew would be challenge to his southern blood. There was a half smile upon her lips as she neared the place of the first encounter, the point opposite the tourist party. Soon her fame as a breaker of hearts was to mount higher than ever.

"Here she comes! Now watch your chance!" shrieked the most popular young lady in Jessville.

A moment later a push as vigorous as it was unexpected—Maudie was an athletic young woman—propelled Bob through the line of men, where he narrowly missed collision with the gallant Don Lucio, squarely into the path of Donna Carmelita.

"Drop it! Drop that posy!" commanded Maudie from the sidelines, and Bob, too flustrated to know what he was about, obeyed.

Startled, Donna Carmelita raised her eyes to the face of the man, who big, blonde and handsome, stood before her, boyishly embarrassed, yet attractive even in his awkwardness. Long she looked—stared till he, recovering some measure of poise, lifted his hat in apology and retreated—stared after him till her duenna seized her arm and led her away.

"What did I tell you! You sure made a hit with her!" Maudie triumphed as he rejoined the other tourists. "Look how her chaperone's marching her off away from the gringo heartbreaker! What's the next thing on the program? Follow her home? Hustle now, Bob, before she gets out of sight!"

Another vigorous push sent him in the direction Maudie wished him to go. Glad of a chance to escape his tormentor, Landon kept on going. He would make a pretense of following the girl to the nearest corner, slip into a side street, then the tourist party would see him no more till it was time to leave.

Just what caused him to change his plan he could not have told. It might have been remembrance of the wondrous eyes of Donna Carmelita; it might have been the sense of rivalry aroused by the sight of Don Lucio trailing both him and the girl, or the craving for romantic adventure that lies dormant in everyone, but by the time he had reached the first corner all thought of retreating had fled. He would see the affair through to the end, whatever that meant—a flirtation

with the senorita or a fight with her lover.

Ignorant of the etiquette of the situation, Landon quickened his pace. He would overtake the girl, fall into step with her, and then—But so it was not to be; Donna Carmelita and her escort entered a doorway, a substantial plank door slammed shut almost in his face, there was a sound of sliding bolts and bars. Apparently the incident was closed for all time.

Landon turned to go, but he caught sight of Don Lucio some distance away, indolently watching the scene. The American could surmise the Mexican's secret mirth at his rival's discomfiture, and his pride responded as though to a spoken challenge. All thought of quitting the field vanished. He turned back to the house. He gained little encouragement from a close inspection. Blank walls, windowless, built flush with the street, rose to the height of the first story; above the facade was broken by closely shuttered windows fronted by small overhanging balconies.

Ah—a serenade—that was what the situation demanded. But he had no musical instrument, and his singing left much to be desired. Obeying a boyish impulse he thrust two fingers into his mouth and whistled shrilly. Thus in his own small town he had summoned his boyhood's playmates, male and female. Still no light nor sound of life came from within doors. Landon lifted up his voice in the whoop he had used when whistles were ineffective.

"Wah-hoo-o-o," he yelled, and whistled again.

This time results were forthcoming. All along the street shutters were thrown open, and men and women peered out to discover the cause of commotion. With a thought of police calls and possible arrest, Bob was on the point of flight, but the sight of Don Lucio idly leaning against a convenient doorway, as indifferent to the world about him as a carved statue, reassured him. Following his rival's lead he imitated his pose of indifference till the onlookers, satisfied that no untoward event was in progress, retired within their abodes.

A window in the house above had been thrown open at the beginning of the disturbance, but he had not lifted his head. Now he glanced upward, and there but a few feet above him stood Donna Carmelita. Her keen wits needed no explanation of what had chanced since the heavy door had shut behind her. The bright moonlight revealed the two men beneath her, and she lingered expectantly. According to the custom of the land all other men are expected to keep away when a lover serenades his sweetheart, and Carmelita, coquette at heart, thrilled at the novelty of the situation.

Landon sought for words in accordance with the romantic episode but only the most commonplace rose to his lips.

"Good evening, Miss."

She smiled at him with the dazzling smile that had brought half of Juarez to her feet. Like some bewitching butterfly she stood poised as though for instant flight, glancing from one to the other of the men below.

Landon tried again. "It's rather late for a call, but I'm leaving Juarez tonight, so I had to come now."

Again she smiled. "The senor's call is most welcome," she said in the precise English that is learned at the convent. "But alas! my duenna would not permit him to enter at this hour. But that should not trouble one so very bold."

With a laugh, a mocking, challenging laugh, she vanished within the casement behind her. The shutters swung together but did not quite close. Landon sensed that she was peeping out of the narrow aperture, eager to see all that chanced outside.

That laugh robbed him of whatever sense he still retained. It intensified the strange recklessness that had possessed him ever since he had left the plaza, and swept away all caution and all hesitancy. Stretching up the full length of his six feet four inches, his long arms brought his fingers in touch with the iron supports of the low balcony. A light spring, and he caught a firm handhold. Silently, swiftly, he drew himself up and over the railing. He had no plan of action, no thought of consequences, only a wild desire to startle this provoking creature who

had mocked him. He laid a firm hand on the swinging shutters and stepped inside.

Don Lucio, idly watching, half amused, half resentful, flared with sudden rage as the American drew himself up. With a muttered curse he plucked out a knife and leaped forward. Too late! The American was beyond reach. But should he escape—this gringo who thus transgressed the sacred customs of the land? Never, while there were left one true Mexican heart and one strong hand to wield a dagger!

And what of the woman who had disgraced the womanhood of her land by scorning the men of her own race only to encourage such actions on the part of the stranger? Should not her blood pay the penalty of disloyalty to race and nation? Swiftly, cruelly, Don Lucio's mind leaped to the dramatic possibilities of the outcome. Donna Carmelita, the proud, haughty, slain with her gringo lover, by Don Lucio Garza, the lover whom she had flouted! Ah, all Juarez would ring with the tale of his great revenge, even while he, mounted upon a swift horse, would flee to the mountains and the lairs of the bandit chiefs.

Lacking the American's inches, the balcony was beyond his reach, but Garza found a way. Removing his sash he tied a long loop in one end and swung it against the wrought iron grillwork that supported the balcony. At the fourth cast it caught upon a projecting knob, and the rest was easy. Don Lucio drew himself up even as his rival had done, and knife in hand, took post outside the swinging shutter to see what he might before he entered on his mission of vengeance.

As Bob entered the room Carmelita retreated before him, retreated till she had put a small work table between her and the intruder. And yet she was not frightened—that he knew—only startled and a trifle disconcerted. He smiled with boyish good humor.

"I know my way of entering is a bit—er—unconventional, but seeing my time is limited, why waste any of it on doorbells and visiting cards?"

"Why, indeed?" she murmured. "But why, senor, the so great desire for making the call?"

"Er—I—" Hang it all, why couldn't he think of something complimentary to say? These Mexicans were great for compliments.

She laughed softly. "Still I am curious."

"Who could stay away after having once seen you?" He was finding his tongue at last. "I wanted a nearer look."

"Is it, then, the custom of your country thus to get the—what do you say?—the nearer look?"

"Well,—er—we haven't girls with looks like yours. Not but what they're all right, but why compare the stars with the sun?" Really these compliments were not so difficult after all.

"Then I am to thee as the sun?"

"All that, and more. You are everything." And Bob swept his arms about him in a gesture that encompassed the whole universe. No wonder these Mexicans talked with their hands and arms; it helped out the compliments a lot.

But he felt a vague uneasiness. Either the girl was following his lead superbly, or she was taking his banter seriously. But how could she believe the fool things he was saying when she had never seen him before this evening?

For Landon was of the North and knew not the swift passions of the southern lands. Love, deep, strong and constant as the flow of a northern river he could know and understand, but never the passionate storm, sudden and swift as the torrential flood that follows the cloudburst, and oftimes as destructive. How then could he surmise the wild passion that had seized the heart of Carmelita when a stranger had cast at her feet a flower—a flower that by some strange twist of fate had been purchased in memory of buried happiness?

"Then I am in thy heart even as thou art in mine?"

"Only a conceited fool would dare hope for a place even in the smallest corner of your heart."

"Say not so, Senor Americano. For not merely a corner, but my whole heart is thine."

Bob shifted his feet with growing embarrassment. She was overdoing it, this

silly flirtation. Still a man had to keep his end up.

"So wonderful a thing is hard to realize."

She threw out her hands with an imploring gesture. "How, then, can I make thee believe?"

"Well,—er—if you were to give me a kiss or two, that might help a little," he suggested brazenly.

She hesitated a moment, her dark eyes fixed upon his face. Then slowly, slowly she advanced, while he, fascinated in spite of himself, stood waiting, and outside the window Lon Lucio stood watching, knife in hand. When they were clasped in each other's arms he would enter, and then—

Suddenly through the tense silence of the room came the boom of the great cathedral bell. Landon started and glanced at his wrist watch. Heavens!—the car for El Paso—his train—the little school teacher—He would have to run to make it. Abruptly he turned toward the window.

"So, long, Miss. Sorry that I can't stay longer, but I've got a train to catch," he called back over his shoulder. And he darted out of the window and swung over the balcony railing before the astonished Don Lucio could raise the knife.

Donna Carmelita had lowered her hands, but otherwise she stood as she had when Landon turned away from her extended arms. Only the flaming ardor was gone from her eyes and in its stead a deathless pathos dwelt. As Don Lucio entered, a sudden ray of hope lighted her face, only to be as quickly quenched when she saw it was not the American returning. She saw the knife in Garza's hand and knew upon what errand he had come, but she felt no fear. For what is the death of the body when the heart within is already dead?

For one long moment they looked at each other, then with a despairing gesture she threw wide her arms. "Strike!" she commanded in a tone that was an entreaty.

But Don Lucio only smiled. "Ah, senorita, this is the hour when all those who have loved thee to their sorrow are revenged upon thee. I could kill thee but that would be merciful, and Don Lucio Garza knows no forgiveness toward one who wrongs him. Therefore, he bids thee live—live on, knowing the endless agony of love unrequited, humble in the knowledge that one to whom thou offered thyself regarded thine offer as a jest, and held the catching of a train of higher value than a kiss from thee. This, then, is the revenge of Don Lucio who knows no mercy and no relenting."

And Garza sheathed his dagger and passed out of the room.

BY THE OCEAN.

By Helen Searcy

One kiss! How the pearl-rose ocean
  With its laughing surf at our feet
Rejoices at our devotion!
  Beloved, is not love sweet?

See the lace-white surf in the moonlight,
  Hear the breaking waves low roar.
A sea-gull is calling out into the night,
  A lost gull half dead on the shore.

Ah! The pearl is gone from the sea,
  There is death in the sea-gull's cry,
Kiss me and promise to love me
  Forever,—until we die!

Beautiful Hands

By Irene Hadley

ROLLIN'S hands were old and yellow and skinny. This was not the least unusual, for Rollins himself was old and yellow and skinny.

But Rollins was strong in his love for contrast; therefore enter the Blonde. At exactly five o'clock each evening, this dainty personage presented herself at the pigeon-hole window where Rollins officiated, and made her pleasant request for twenty dollars' worth of change.

Rollins tolled it out carefully each time. Once, their hands had accidentally touched for a brief instant, and the shock of it almost unnerved the man. He was so rattled that he gave her back the original twenty-dollar note along with the requested change.

The Blonde showed her dimples by a dazzling smile and her honesty by correcting his mistake. From that moment Rollins lived for her only; dwelt in a dreamland with a golden-haired queen whose soft, shapely, beautiful hands soothed away his every care.

Of course it was not to be expected that to Rollins' lot would ever fall such complete bliss as to possess the beautiful Blonde on any earthly sphere. The golden buttercup would never fall in love with the gnarled old oak; that would be contrary to nature, and besides, Rollins told himself grimly, "Martha would never stand for it."

Neither would she. Martha had button-hole lips and a quicksand temper, as well as rheumatism in her right lower limb when it rained, a Presbyterian conscience, and false teeth. She also was old, and yellow and skinny. The chances were that she did not approve of free love.

There was a knick-knack in her front parlor, a family album, a red stand cover, a great shell with an ocean's roar when you held it to your ear, some stiff, plush chairs and a "sofy"; that was about all except the atmosphere. Heavy on the atmosphere, which smelled like white rose perfume spilled the day of the funeral. Also, laughter was taboo. One was supposed to creep on tip-toe with a muttered "hush! hush!" on his lips. . . . It seemed the natural thing to do.

For thirty odd years Rollins had been the husband of Martha. But even the strongest wagon must eventually break under too heavy a load—and Rollins was just beginning to cave in. That is, his morals were. He realized that he would probably be condemned, forever, if he should side-step from the narrow path, but even in the lower regions it might be consoling to be among friends.

There would be old Deacon Thomas, who eloped with his hired girl; Scribbs, who ran away with the orphans' fund; Martin, whose taste for cider got the best of his discretion, all old cronies of his youthful days. Surely there would be an asbestos deck of cards and an hour or two of leisure after the shoveling coal—it might not be quite unbearable!

So Rollins yielded to the temptation and enjoyed his dreams. The Blonde and her soft, caressing hands. Night after night he lay back in his arm chair, with

half-closed eyes, as he dwelt in a paradise of his own creation.

Martha viewed these noctural journeys with continued distrust and bewilderment. It was tiresome holding her own yarn; besides it was dull. She began to worry over Rollins' health. Surely no well man would always be too tired for an evening's conversation. It was unpleasant sitting there watching his lined face with the half-closed eyes and the gaping, half-open mouth. She feared he might be going into a decline.

But at last came a night when Martha was called suddenly to a sick neighbor's bedside. Rollins shuddered at his own wickedness when he realized that he was glad, actually light-hearted, to be rid of his wife's querulous questioning for the evening.

He would light his pipe and dream and doze. Surely, thinking of the Blonde was not nearly so bad as what his deacon friend had done; besides, one is lots more apt to get caught doing a thing than thinking it—and at his age exposure would mean ruin.

Five minutes later Rollins found himself ushering the Blonde into Martha's homely little living room. To be more exact, she ushered herself in, almost backing the surprised man into the friendly arms of his great chair that stood before the fire.

The wind had wrought havoc with her hair; the wide blue eyes seemed to be blinking back tears. She threw herself upon her knees at Rollins' side and buried her head against the edge of his chair, just like a little, broken-hearted girl.

Rollins was torn with conflicting emotions. The Blonde had come to him in her trouble. She was with him—alone, and at night! A delightful situation such as he had often pictured, yet should his wife return suddenly—? He patted the golden head at his knee.

"My dear," he began in confusion, "Martha may come in—"

But the woman interrupted him sharply. "Why should you care for your servant? I came to you for help because I knew you were single and I thought you liked me, I—I—" She stopped in tears.

Rollins threw discretion to the winds. He prayed blindly that Martha's friend might be awfully sick and would continue to get worse every minute. If Heaven had come to him he would not be coward enough to refuse it. Gently he drew the willing woman upon his lap. "Of course I want to help you, little sweetheart," he whispered into her ear, "you did right to come to me."

The Blonde sighed. "You always looked at me like you wanted to flirt but did not have the crust, so I thought I might as well start something myself."

Rollins experienced a distinct thrill. He had never heard his divinity talk much before—hardly other than a murmured commonplace as she took her change. He was a little surprised at the air of familiarity and just a trifle perturbed. "Yes, yes," he murmured, to cover his embarrassment, "you are in trouble?"

The Blonde's arm stole around Rollins' neck. One beautiful hand patted his withered cheek! "Kiss me," she said, leaning back with an air of utter abandon. "Kiss me first and tell me you love me."

Rollins' doubts, reason and sanity all disappeared under pressure of that kiss. "I love you," he whispered through his aged yellow teeth. "I have adored you for months but I never expected such bliss as to have you near me in the flesh."

The Blonde cuddled closer. "And now just think you are going to have me forever."

Rollins thought—and the more he thought the firmer became the idea that such a situation would never get by with Martha. He grew a trifle uneasy. "But my dear," he began mildly, "I am afraid you do not quite understand—"

The Blonde's eyes snapped. She seemed to have a knack of drifting from melting sweetness into sterner realism. "You told me you were single—A man should be killed if he deceives a trusting woman," she hissed melodramatically.

To Rollins' nostrils came a scent of the delicate perfume of her hair. Trembling his lips sought hers. For a few hours anyway—Then he would confess that some insane pride had made him pass her the lie that he was unmarried; a fool idea that it might make him appear younger in

her eyes. He held her closely in his bony arms. "My pet," he whispered soothingly, "now tell me your troubles."

The Blonde sniffed and delved into the front of her blouse for an elusive powder puff. After flouring her nose to her complete satisfaction, she nestled back against him.

"There isn't much to tell," she said at length, "only that you seemed so interested in me—and I had no other place to go. Jack promised to marry me—" here a flood of tears drowned the words, "but he backed out. A man who betrays a woman's trust ought to be strangled—"

Vaguely alarmed, Rollins glanced again at her beautiful hands. Strange that as much as he had admired them, it had never entered his brain before that they were strong as well as shapely. It might be well to keep her in good humor. "Jack must have been a brute!" he said sanctimoniously, "to leave such a beautiful woman! Now, if you are without funds, I may arrange to loan you a little money."

"Money!" shrieked the Blonde almost throwing the word in his face. "Do you think I came running to you this stormy night begging for money? It's marriage I want, some one to protect my name!"

Things were becoming too complicated for Rollins' slow working brain. He wished that his wife's friend would miraculously recover. Martha was quick and capable. She would know how to get him out of this mess. Dimly he realized that in all justice it was not up to him to rectify this Jack person's delinquency —yet to convince the fiery Blonde—that was another matter.

He attempted to rise from his chair but the woman threw herself around his neck. "No, no," she cried. "You've wanted me —now it is up to you to keep me—and my baby."

"Baby, baby; what baby?" thundered Rollins. This was the last straw.

"The baby!" answered the Blonde with a frown. "It is out on the door-step now. Of course you want to adopt it."

(Continued on Page 95)

DOWN THE TRAIL TO SAN ANTONE

By Harry Noyes Pratt.

The trail is long, the trail is long to travel all alone,
Goin' down the mesa trail, down to San Antone.
The dust is lyin' fetlock-deep; the pony's weary head
Is a-droopin' and a-noddin' to the stumble of his tread.
The little hoss is tired, an' I am tired, too,
But we're goin' down to San Antone, to San Antone an' you.

Along the rocky mesa slopes the trail winds long an' long—
'Twas dawn-light when we started, an' now the sun is strong,
An' the shadows of the pine-trees lie close an' dark an' small;
Far off along the mesa I hear a magpie call.
An eagle soars a mile above, a speck against the blue—
Can he see down to San Antone, to San Antone an' you?

When he come back along the trail, the little hoss an' me,
The trail won't seem so long, an' lone, for then we shall be three.
The sage brush will be bloomin' an' the upland will be gay
With the many-colored blossoms where the mesa breezes play.
When we come back along the trail then you'll be with us, too—
Along the trail from San Antone, from San Antone with you!

In Cold Storage

But Cupid makes light of all Trouble

By Frances Hanford Delanoy

THE WHOLE WORLD'S coming to the Rose Carnival, Alberta; here we are, jammed tight in a surging crowd and not a red cap in sight. Hope we'll be lucky enough to get to the check room before they all get there. My arms will be paralyzed before we can push through the crowd and check our luggage —Darn it, there goes my hat." Evelyn Amberton sighed hopelessly, as she tried to keep her feet and re-arrange her millinery.

"I can't even shift my suitcase to my other—Thunder! There goes my hat!" Alberta sighed. "We're taking our first lesson in struggling with the world—didn't you say something about that in your valedictory—Say, can't you elbow my hat back on to—"

"Hat? Yes; it looks like a forlorn sunflower. I'm hungry as a wolf."

"Wonder if we are being swept into port—"

"I'll scream in a minute—"

"Allow me to assist you."

A voice, musical and finely inflected, startled Evelyn who had not noticed the young man with whom she touched elbows, as they were jostled along. She turned to look at the speaker, and met a pair of twinkling eyes. Her face flushed, and embarrassed, she stammered:

"I thank—you—I—no—"

"You want to get to the check room," he interrupted, taking her suitcase from a hand no longer able to grasp it.

"I'm afraid I'm taking you out of your way," Evelyn remonstrated.

"We, none of us, seem to have any way," he laughed, "but I'm trying to steer for the same landing place, myself. Isn't this a jam? I never got caught in a worse one in San Francisco."

Suddenly the crier began calling various destinations of an out-going train, and the crowd began to break into gaps. Mr. Weston pushed through, followed by the young ladies.

"Three checks, please," he explained, placing the two suitcases, and reaching for Alberta's.

"I'm going to Seattle. Between now and my train time, I shall take in the Carnival. Are you familiar with Portland?" Mr. Weston handed the girls their checks, saying, "I'll find seats for you, before I leave."

"Occasionally, we have spent a day here, when going to, or returning from Mills College," Evelyn answered, as they followed his six feet in length, Apollo stature, until he found vacant seats. And as they sank wearily into them, Evelyn was profuse in thanks.

"Don't mention it," he protested. And laughing lightly, he lifted his hat, and disappeared in the crowd.

"And you, silly, you never opened your mouth with a word," remonstrated Evelyn to Alberta. "You didn't condescend even a ghost of a smile. He seems quite young," she mused. "Wonder if he's married?"

An amused smile flitted into Alberta's face. She had worn a serious expression while covertly subjecting Mr. Weston to close scrutiny. "Young—and of distinguished appearance, too," she replied. "But it strikes me that your curiosity concerning his eligibility is somewhat unusual, in a young lady who wears a solitaire on her engagement finger. Quite surprising—indeed."

The arch glance she flashed at Evelyn annoyed her; she bridled as her face flushed and her eyes kindled. Her tone was acrid.

"Don't imagine, I beg, that because I was civil that I am smitten. I was thinking of you; indifferent you, when I spoke of—"

"Me?"

"Yes, you. I'm not so blind. He talked to me—you wouldn't look at him; but he looked at you, and—"

"Carried your suitcase! He didn't offer to carry mine—"

"With one pair of hands! I was doing the martyr act, not you. Besides, his arm isn't quite so long as the arm of the law."

Alberta was quite unaware that while she had regarded the stranger covertly, he had admired her undisguisedly, and that she had inspired at least, a passing interest.

"Well,' she protested suddenly, sitting bolt upright, "let's not quarrel about his looking, or acting. We'll not even see his shadow again. Let's go to lunch."

They entered the restaurant adjoining and hesitating, glanced about. The dining-room was filled with hungry travelers.

"This way, ladies." A waiter approached, and they followed him to a remote corner where two places were being made ready. Two gentlemen sat at the table—one was the knightly stranger; Evelyn in a spirit of mischief, motioned Alberta into the chair next to him, and sat down beside the other stranger who had nearly finished. Naturally, conversation ensued. Mr. Weston was an interesting conversationalist and the ladies were good listeners.

He escorted them to the waiting-room, brought their suitcases from check, and bidding them gooy-bye, went his way. Time dragged along. Alberta's mind dwelt on the young man and dreamily, she expressed her thoughts aloud.

"Strange, isn't it, how in this old whirligig world, we meet, a moment only, exchange a few words, a few smiles, and then swept apart by the tides of human affairs, are lost, never to meet again; when—who knows—what might—"

" 'The saddest words of tongue or pen,' quoted Evelyn, archly. "Luckily, no solitaire glitters on your engagement finger—"

"But really, Evelyn, tides of Fate bring many persons together momentarily, who might form strong friendship—'

"Or—or—something stronger?"

"Wouldn't it be funny if, after all, we should meet again?"

"Not at all—unless it led to romance—Seattle isn't quite so far from Spokane as the North Pole."

The crier began droning out the names of places along the route of the next outgoing train. He halted and began again: "S-sp-ok-ane."

"This yore train, ladies; 'spect you're mos' tyad to deaff, a waitin'." A red cap darted to them, grabbed two suitcases that were on a bench near, and hurried out; the girls following.

"No—no, lady," the red cap waved his hand at Evelyn who had opened her purse. "The gentleman what told me to see you comfort-ble in dis hayer sleepah, gave me the tip." And he hastened out.

Alberta curled up with her head against the window and closed her eyes. When Evelyn spoke, she answered in monosyllables, and at random. Evelyn, leaving her to her dreams, opened a magazine, and time and train, went onward.

"First call to supper in the dining car." The waiter passed on. "First call—"

Alberta sat up and yawned, and Evelyn closed her book.

"Let's go to supper, now," Alberta suggested. "I want to go to bed early. I believe I'm all colors of the rainbow, all over; the result of thumps and bumps in the crush in the depot.

"Porter, Porter! Make up our berth, please, while we are at supper."

Alberta flung her bathrobe over her arm, about to go to the lavatory, when Evelyn uttered a muffled cry of horror and surprise. Alberta pushed back the curtains and looked at her. Evelyn sat, wild-eyed and motionless, staring at some object in her suitcase that she had just opened.

"What is the matter?" asked Alberta, amazed at sight of her friend's face. "A spider? You look as though a jack-in-the-box had jumped at you. Evelyn, wake up. A stick of dynamite? Bomb? Or a bedbug?"

Evelyn shuddered; still staring, horrified, she gasped: "P-p-pan-ts—p-a-n-t-s! They don't be-long—to-me. H-o-w—"

"Sure, Evelyn; sure."

" 'S-u-r-e?' Don't you sup-po-se—I know pa-nts when I see—them? 'Sure?' How could they—be-long to—to—me?"

"How did they come to be—" Alberta was staring hard at the neatly folded garment in the suitcase.

"I—d-o-n-'-t—k-no-w—"

"Why don't you find out?"

"Find out?"

"Yes. The porter—he has—mix—"

"He didn't. This is my own suitcase—it's brand new—see? It was never used before. How—Mercy—"

"Dump the things out—see what's underneath; they won't bite, even if they are pants."

Evelyn, in a condition bordering hysteria, could only stare, helplessly, as Alberta, dropping her robe, grasped the case with both hands and turned it upside down.

"Good gracious," she exclaimed; "it's not only pants—it's shirts—collars—socks—and a razor—"

"And all in my suitcase," groaned Evelyn.

"It is not your suitcase, Evelyn; it can't be; how can it—I'll call the porter."

"Heavens, no; don't—don't; I'd die of shame—right before your—eyes—"

"Don't be silly; you want your things, don't you? And somebody, who has yours—Porter, here, porter; has anybody lost a suitcase—a man? Has anybody found one—a—" Alberta had disregarded Evelyn's pleading, and had assumed authority. "Didn't you mix property—or exchange, when you made up the berth?"

The porter denied possibility of such a thing, somewhat resentfully.

"I shorely prognosticate, Miss, that redcap gentlelum am de projectocator of dis consignment." But he presently consented to inquire through the sleeper for the missing suitcase. No suitcase had escaped its owner, and no stray one had been captured, and the titter that followed along the porter's wake, set Evelyn weeping with humiliation.

"It's a pr-prank—of the—gi-girls. I just know it—"

"Nonsense, Evelyn. Preposterous idea. Where could the girls get a man's—" With lightning speed, a thought dashed into Alberta's mind; in effort to restrain her amusement, she nearly choked with gurgling laughter. She was scarcely able to articulate.

"Stupid, Evelyn; you are stupid."

"Stupid? What's stupid? Pants, pajamas, shirts—and things? A joke's a joke when it's funny. There's nothing funny in having your things taken—and—and—pants—and things. What am I going to sleep in, anyhow?"

Alberta nearly strangled in effort not to shriek with laughter.

"You might use the—pajamas—they're roomy—enough. So far as I can see, they're the only thing in this outfit you can make use of. But we're not getting into this mystery. Let's take inventory. Claim the suitcase, if you insist; remember you deny ownership of its contents, that are lost, strayed or stolen; we must find a clue to the owner."

"Suitcase is mine. Of course it's mine. Don't I know my own property?"

"Be sensible, Evelyn. Do you suppose there are no other new—Who knows; this may be the wedding outfit—" Alberta broke off, and began replacing the articles one by one. "There's nothing here by which the property can be identified. Everything is new. No name on clothing—no laundry mark—not a scrap of paper—mark of pencil or pen. Not a letter—"

"Letters! Merciful Heaven." Evelyn's face went wild, she bit her lips to hold back a scream. "Will's letters; a whole bundle! Think of it. Think of your—love letters being read—read! This is awful—awful," she sobbed, as titter after titter broke out spasmodically in spots, as a buzz went back and forth, the length of the car; and Alberta, who shook like an aspen leaf, pressed her handkerchief to her lips and wished herself anywhere except in a Pullman sleeper, that she might indulge in a shout of laughter. "If the chevalier has your suitcase as I suspect—" she choked, trying to control her mirth, "Will's letters will identify it. You'll get them, every one." Alberta had a keen sense of humor; she smothered another laugh long enough to say: "And, if he is an unmarried man, never wrote a love letter—they may instruct him in the art. If he is married—well, he'll wonder if he ever was so—so—

mushy." Alberta ducked her head in a pillow and nearly smothered, as came thoughts of the stranger's surprise when he opened Evelyn's case and found petticoats, curling irons, marcel waves, and a bundle of silly effusions addressed to Miss Evelyn Amberbrook, Mills College.

"Yis-sah—Yis-sah. Miss Evelyn Amberbrook. Yis-sah. Right this way, sah. No. 7. Yis-sah."

Alberta pulled the curtains aside and looked out. "Miss Amberbrook is here. A dispatch for her? Evelyn, a dispatch for you."

Evelyn reached for the yellow envelope and, bewildered, turned it over and over, staring at it.

"I wonder what has happened now? Do you know?"

"The best way to find out is to open it; the message is within."

Evelyn tore it open and much like a parrot speaking, read: "Send your address, general delivery, and your suitcase will immediately be forwarded.—Larry H. Weston, en route to Seattle."

"There, what did I tell you? Will's letters had a raison d'etre. The chevalier wants his pants—"

"He—doesn't—say—so." Evelyn, incapable of grasping the meaning of the dispatch, was utterly unconscious of what she was saying. A titter from the next berth that broke into a laugh that was echoed the length of the car, brought her out of her mental fog. She brightened in spite of her crimsoned face. "Glad I told him our destination; he'd never have known we were aboard this train. I can't understand about that suitcase, though."

"Easy as rolling off a log. His and yours were alike—both new. When he had set them down, and turned to take mine, checks were misapplied."

"I want to get to sleep. Take his old pants and things under your care; they've caused me trouble enough. Send them to him."

"I can't send his things, general delivery; I'll have to write—perhaps, he'll come—"

"Good gracious! Do anything you please. Let him come. I wan't to get to sleep."

The girls arrived in Spokane early in the morning. After breakfast, Alberta locked herself in her room and composed a letter:

"Mr. Larry H. Weston,

"Seattle, Wash.

"Gen'l Delivery.

"Dear Sir.—I am writing in behalf of my friend, Evelyn Amberbrook, whose condition is quite alarming. Indeed, your little joke has quite unnerved her. She says 'a joke's a joke when it's funny, and there's nothing funny in Will's love letters.' I told her I hadn't read them, but they might be instructive—to a novice. She requests me to ask you to return her property to No. 43 L street, Spokane. I am also custodian of a stray suitcase. Should you prove to my satisfaction that it belongs to you, and will advise me concerning it, I'll consider returning it by wire, telephone, airship, parcel post, general delivery, C. O. D., as you desire. Mean time, this property remains in cold storage in a burglar proof safety deposit. Most respectfully yours,

"ALBERTA SILVERTHORN,

"Spinster."

Thrice she re-read what she had written. Twice, was about to tear it in halves, while doing mental gymnastics: "Wonder if he'll think it silly? Wonder if he's unmarried? If he is married—I won't believe it. Will he think—I wonder if I've made a muddle of it?" She shrugged, and put on her hat. "It goes," she said with decision. "I'll see what comes of it." She mailed her letter and the very next moment, wished she hadn't written it. During an interval of a few days, her mind was chaotic and anxious. Then came a reply:

"To Alberta Silverthorn, Spinster.

"Spokane, Washington.

"Dear Spinster.—Your highly appreciated letter is received and I hasten to reply. Am sending, Wells-Fargo, to Miss Evelyn Amberbrook's address, a suitcase that by a trick of fortune, fell under my care, a brief time. While I deplore the condition of your friend, I'm frank to confess that on my own account, I do not regret the strange circumstance. Kindly tell Miss Amberbrook that I have in no

(Continued on Page 93)

Stories From The Files

Ina D. Coolbrith, as the Literary Associate of Bret Harte

Tribute to California's Poet Laureate by the California Writers' Club.

By Ada Kyle Lynch



INA D. COOLBRITH

ON THE COVER PAGE of the Overland Monthly magazine, in close proximity to the title is the legend: "Established in 1868 by Bret Harte."

Bret Harte's popularity never has waned; 1920 finds it augmented, and sees "Miggles" given to the public on the screen. Associated with the founder in the early days among those to whom later came success, were Charles Warren Stoddard and Joaquin Miller.

Heartily and unreservedly is given to a fourth member of the staff—a woman—her share of praise for the successful foundation laid, and for many of the strong upstanding beams that went into the building up of this typical western magazine. This woman was Ina Coolbrith. With the others on the staff she performed the duty that was nearest her; because of her femininity she did not shirk, nor did she choose her tasks. To use her own words:

"We were critics, editors, poets, authors, type-setters. Each and any duty, any one of us was ready to perform, and we worked for one common end, the success of Bret Harte's—nay, our—magazine, the Overland Monthly!"

This woman has lived to know and to enjoy her literary success. Exposition year in San Francisco crowned her poet laureate of California. New York has accorded her honors, and the Bay cities are again lending her to the East, with their seal of approval.

On the eve of her return to New York City, the California Writers' Club gave a farewell dinner for the poet laureate in the Y. W. C. A. banquet hall in Oakland.

About one hundred members and their friends were present. Charles Keeler, president of the club, well-known poet and playwright, presided.

Mr. Keeler called first upon Charles B. Turrill of San Francisco. Mr. Turrill, leader of the Ina Coolbrith Circle during Miss Coolbrith's absence in the East, gave a short address, telling of the work of the Circle under the poet's supervision; her wish that it should have continued existence, closing with an invitation to all interested to attend the meetings at Room 214, St. Francis Hotel, the fourth Sunday of each month.

Miss Z. Potter of Oakland, reviewed early days when Miss Coolbrith and those associated with her, gave ready response to all things elevating and inspiring.

Reminiscencing, Mr. Keeler gave a graphic story of the early days when he and his wife were called "The Babes in the Wood," by the coterie of writers

whose names are now world-known. The awe and reverence with which they approached the literary magnates, to find them every ready with sympathetic helpfulness in every worthy endeavor. Closing his remarks with the hope that the guest would honor those present with a talk, he introduced the well-beloved poet.

An arrestive presence is Miss Coolbrith's. An individualistic costume of black silk lends dignity to her tall form. A lace-trimmed square of white net, worn much as a Spanish senorita wore her mantilla of black lace, halos but does not conceal the strong composed features of the woman California is delighting to honor, as she goes forth to a new literary field to sow and to glean.

Greeting the president, the members and their friends, Miss Coolbrith touched briefly upon salient points of her life—early struggles, lack of opportunity for education as the world defines the word, but acknowledging her debt to the highest of teachers—Nature and the God who gives the power to interpret Nature correctly and inspirationally. Her early efforts to voice these interpretations led a number of editors to accuse her of stealing—or to put it mildly, borrowing the work of other poets. The editor who first published "Cupid Kissed Me," admitted he held it for some time searching for the supposedly rightful author. To the days of recognition—of association with Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Cincinnatus—later, Joaquin Miller in their struggle to uphold the Overland Monthly; of duties as Librarian in the Oakland Public Library and the proud remembrance that her words of encouragement helped Jack London to a higher and better understanding of his own powers and ability, these things were given the listeners as a beauteous woman opens her jewel box and displays priceless jewels.

Two poems written during her stay in New York, Miss Coolbrith read: "Fairy Feet" and "Lucifer"—at the express request of Mrs. Torrey Connor, whose guest Miss Coolbrith is while on the east side of the Bay.

In closing Miss Coolbrith assured the club members she was not leaving California; that she was taking "a bit" of it wherever she went, never letting those on the shores of the Atlantic forget that California rests serene beside the proud Pacific.

Miss Coolbrith's poetry began to be published in the Overland Monthly, in the July number, 1868, when the magazine made its initial appearance. Her first contribution, as taken from the files of the Overland, follows:

LONGING

O foolish wisdom sought in books!
  O aimless fret of household tasks!
O chains that bind the hand and mind—
  A fuller life my spirit asks.

For here the grand hills summer-crowned
  Slope gently downward to the seas;
One hour of rest upon their breast
  Were worth a year of days like these.

Their cool, soft green to ease the pain
  Of eyes that ache o'er printed words;
This weary noise—the city's voice,
  Lulled in the sound of bees and birds.

For Eden's life within me stirs,
  And scorns the shackles that I wear,
The man-life grand; pure soul, strong hand,
  The limb of steel, the heart of air!

And I could kiss with longing wild,
  Earth's dear brown bosom, loved so much,
A grass-blade fanned across my hand,
  Would thrill me like a lover's touch.

The trees would talk with me; the flowers
  Their hidden meanings each makes known—
  The olden lore revived once more,
  When man's and nature's heart were one.

And as the pardoned pair might come
  Back to the garden God first framed,
And hear Him call at even-fall,
  And answer, "Here am I," unshamed.

So I, from out these toils, wherein
  The Eden-faith grows stained and dim,
Would walk, a child, through Nature wild
  And hear His voice and answer Him.

May's Hallowe'en

A Romantic Maid in Ecstasy Till Masks Come Off.

By Lydia Wolff



THE NIGHT was moonless and none of her guests were familiar with the back yard surroundings, yet in spite of these facts, Daisy Dolye specified in her invitations that this evening they all enter by the back way route.

After making sure that no one was near to recognize her, May Thornton alighted from the car, dismissed the chauffeur and entered the garden through the back yard gate. All was darkness and quiet. No one seemed to be at home and her "make-up" for the occasion increased a feeling of uncertainty. It was her first hallowe'en party of any pretensions at the uncanny.

"Mercy me! But it seems spooky under these dense trees tonight. One might see ghosts peeking from every direction if one were looking—but I'm not looking," reflected May, peering into the darkness contrary to her mental statement. "Miserably dark, not even a porch light on. Nothing but that mysterious faint ray on the ground coming from no telling where. Anyway, I'm game," she continued, as she tried to keep to the pavement while stumbling along cautiously on her way to the entrance.

"I know I will be rewarded for coming by having a good time. Daisy is always so jolly and original and besides I am to meet Harry tonight. I wonder what he really is like—whether the 'Beau Brummell" Mary thinks him, or the real hero that Daisy sees in him? Of course, one must always make allowances for a fond sister's ideas of a brother just returned from foreign lands. I never did care anything in particular for the young men and I won't for him, but—wouldn't it be funny if he—Horrors! What is that thing over there under those bushes?" With hand clutched at her heart, May stared at the spot.

"Thank goodness!" she breathed somewhat relieved. "The monster seems headed for another direction."

Carefully she approached a bit closer.

"O-o-oh—it's a serpent with breath afire—and there those wild looking cats—ready to jump—with fiery eyes glaring right at me! How can I ever pass those horrible creatures?" flashed through her mind as she observed that the faint light along the pavement issued from the serpent's mouth. Further on she outlined two large cats crouched on either side of the lower step.

"I had no idea Hallowe'en would be like this. If I only had allowed father to bring me, but I told him I wasn't afraid. It's terrible—shall I call the chauffeur?—he, too, has gone," she hesitated for a moment. "Well—I'm not going to be a coward."

Bravely, although with a thumping heart, May leaped to the top step to avoid the cats—she looked about her; all the demons seemed to be out on parade and she was meeting them all. In leaping, she landed right in front of an old black witch, who also with breath and gaze aflame was silently grinning at her from behind a pillar. With broom uplifted the

hag was ready to strike a cat crouched on a cracker box behind the opposite pillar. But woe unto May should the blow fall.

Nearly paralyzed she stumbled to the door faintly shown by the light of a flickering candle. She reached for the bell but before she could touch it the door opened with a loud "screak"; an unseen hand ushered her inside—into still deeper darkness. She imagined she could feel the hot breath of the witch, the serpent, the cats, and other evils at her back. And a million eyes seemed staring at her from out of the blackness.

"How ghostly!" she gasped. "Will I ever reach safety? Why did I come? Nothing can make up for these horrors."

She suppressed a desire to scream. Suddenly the curtains were parted and from her place in the hall she could distinguish witches, cats, owls, and other night prowlers by the light of a low burning log in the fire-place. All were huddled on the floor among some dry cornstalks, pumpkins and tumbling-weeds. A dismal apparition—yet there was light —which was comforting.

"Huh, but you look 'scoochy' in the gloaming bunched in heaps shivering in this cold breeze," ventured May as she entered.

"Sh-sh—" greeted her from the spectres on the floor, and one of the most uncanny groped to her side and hissed into her ear, "If you value your life hold your tongue and get down."

May obeyed.

Each of the strange guests was ushered in until a goodly number was reached. Again the curtains were blown apart—this time with a howling gush of wind—while Mephistopheles marched in followed by a throng of doleful witches. They filed through the huddled groups, some of them chanting gruesome prophecies, while others were moaning in rhythm.

At last the lights were turned on, shaded with masks of cats and pumpkins. Bats, cats and pumpkins were in evidence everywhere. A jazz band was heard in the distance. The floors were cleared for dancing.

The black spectres of a moment before suddenly became a dazzling conglomeration of colors; the dark hangings changed to brilliant decorations. In an instant the whole atmosphere changed. The black terrors of before became hilarious pleasures.

May was transfixed and joined happily in the noisy throng. All her fears were forgotten; her terrors count for nothing. She is glad she came.

A fascinating cat is particularly interested in her. Although he said nothing she sensed his feeling for her and they became very close friends. Again and again she returned a slight pressure of the hand for a closer embrace while dancing. What a delightful partner. It must be Harry.

"What does he really look like?" May wonders. "He carries himself so well and, oh, how he dances! But I do want to see him—his face—his eyes. He reminds me so much of Daisy. I know it is Harry. When shall we take off these masks? I'm the happiest girl tonight but can scarcely wait until we can meet unmasked. I am positive that he—"

"Masks off!" is sounded.

There reigned a moment of keenest suspense; then a shout echoed through the crowd. All were changed to ludicrous humans.

"Oh, you darling little girl! I'm so glad to see you," cried her companion, and May, looking into the beautiful eyes of her tall and graceful partner beheld—Daisy, her hostess. Oh pshaw!



Pete's Close Shave

A Display of Nerve Which Restored Domestic Bliss.

By Arthur L. Dahl

CAPTAIN HARRIS looked up from his paper as the door opened noisily and a panting and perspiring patrolman entered. "He sure is the craziest nut I ever saw, and I've been in the service twenty years," affirmed the patrolman as he seated himself wearily and lighted his pipe. "Why," he continued, "he believes he is a butcher whose sole duty is to kill every human animal that comes within his reach."

"It gives me the shivers to think how many times I've sat in his chair and been shaved by him," replied the Captain.

"Same here. But who'd a'thought that mild, negative, undemonstrative barber around the corner would have become such a blood-thirsty villain even if he is crazy. How about it, Pete?"

This last remark was addressed to a pale, ill-kempt figure that had entered the room during the conversation, and now stood dejectedly near the Captain's desk.

The only remark the talkative patrolman received from the newcomer was a grunt, as he shuffled toward a corner and took a seat to the rear of the men.

"It's too bad to lose him, Captain," resumed the patrolman, "for he certainly was one fine barber. He could shave you as smooth as a peach skin. But his shaving days are over, for if he ever felt the touch of a razor again he'd carve up an iron dog."

"The sooner they take him to the Home for Incurables the better I'll like it," growled the Captain. "We'll have to shove his food to him like they do at the Zoo and caution all the boys to keep away."

At this point the drab figure in the corner arose and went out silently.

"What's got hold of Pete?" asked the Captain as the door closed.

"I guess it's another family quarrel, Cap. Last night as I went by his place I heard the old woman laying him out for being a no-account, putty-spined imitation of a man."

"That reminds me. The other day I met the Sheriff from Dallas when he was out here for Arizona Ike, and he told me Pete was at one time the best ranger in Texas, but for some reason or other, probably drink, he lost his nerve and his job."

"It's too bad the wife nags him the way she does, Cap. If he had any spunk he wouldn't stand it, and yet he seems to love her."

"Love is a funny game. It's usually common sense turned inside out."

While this bit of philosophy was being properly digested a loud roar was heard from the adjoining cell room, and both men jumped to their feet, grabbed their guns and bolted for the door.

The place was small, and from the open door the two had a clear view of the tier of cells that faced them. In the second one was confined the crazy barber, the subject of their conversation, and to their amazement and alarm they now saw that the cell had two occupants, the other being Pete, the cook. With a calmness and fearlessness that brought forth gasps from the spectators, Pete was engaged in producing a thick lather in the shaving mug he held, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on his companion, whose fingers worked convulsively and whose own eyes were staring intently at the razor, protruding from the vest pocket of the cook. After the one wild whoop that brought the guards running from all directions the barber had made no sound, except a wheezing noise produced by the hurried exhalation of air from his lungs.

As soon as Captain Harris could recover his wits he strode down the cor-

ridor to the cell door, and in a stern voice, commanding in tone, he yelled at the quiet cook.

"Are you crazy, too, Pete? Why, that madman will kill you. Hand me that razor, quick, and be ready to jump out when we open the door."

"Nothing doing, Cap. I need a shave, and I always call on a professional to perform that operation. You can't get in, either, for I've plugged the lock from the inside, so just sit tight, and you'll see the finest exhibition of tonsorial art ever performed in this jail."

Only once during this speech did the cook lift his eyes from those of the madman, and that was merely to throw a fleeting glance in the direction of a staring-eyed woman, in hat and coat and with a tightly-clenched valise in her hand, who had just entered the corridor. She was too astonished to either speak or move forward, and watched with bated breath every move within the cell.

A hasty examination of the only door to the cell convinced the Captain that the lock had been jammed, and a patrolman was sent for tools with which to break it open. Ranging his men along the iron bars with instructions to shoot the madman dead at the first attempt to injure the cook, the Captain again pleaded with Pete to hand out the dangerous weapon.

"No use, Captain. You're not talking to the cook now; I'm some one else, and I'm going through with this, so help me—"

The heretofore listless face now had a look of intense determination, while the bright feverish eyes bespoke utter misery, that had in them no touch of fear. It was the look of a martyr about to be led to the stake.

"Now, you spavin-legged, chicken-livered cur, you listen to me. You think you're a butcher, do you, and everybody's your meat, do you? You're not; you're a contemptible, cowardly barber, that's what you are, and you're going to give me the cleanest shave I ever had, or I'll lick you seven ways from Sunday. Here's the razor. It's too sharp to pull, so get busy," and the cook seated himself fearlessly on the chair he had provided, tucked a towel around his neck and leaning back, bared his throat to the maniac.

A gasp or horror was wrung from the blue-coated watchers, and many of them pleaded with the Captain to let them shoot. But aside from a deepening of the pallor that had spread over his bronze face, Captain Harris did not move a muscle, but intently watched. To his subconscious mind there had been borne the conviction that forces were at work there stronger than the power of powder and lead, and he did not choose to interfere.

As the fingers closed convulsively over the handle of the razor handed him by the cook, the maniac uttered another wild shriek and flourished his weapon above the head of the reclining man, while in a harsh, sing-song tone he declaimed:

"I'm the human butcher chosen to kill all swine, and I'm going to quarter you like a pig. I'm—"

The reclining cook slowly raised his body and with his small black eyes fairly flashing fire, and with his wiry body vibrant with suppressed emotion, he shot out his words like the irregular chugs of a powerful engine missing fire.

"Listen to me, you blithering, boastful barber. You're going to shave me now—quietly, carefully. Furthermore, I want you to keep still. I don't like your voice."

There was no denying the command in his tone, and under the steady, fearless gaze of the flashing eyes, the demeanor of the madman slowly changed. His clenched, upraised arms settled, the horrible, murderous look on his face softened into fear, and his figure changed from that of a menacing maniac to the subservience of a slave.

Without another word the cook resumed his reclining position, and quietly, and with professional skill, the crazy barber lathered and shaved his patron. During this operation, which consumed fully ten minutes, no sound was heard except the labored breathing of the officers, punctuated by an occasional sob from the woman with the grip. Only when Pete, cleanly shaven, arose from his chair, and with the air of a dilettante, took a piece of money from his pocket with which to tip the barber, did the

tension relax, and the cramped limbs of the spectators demand movement.

The lock had been so firmly jammed that it required the use of a sledge hammer to open the cell door. While awaiting his release Pete carefully wiped and replaced his razor in his pocket, while the barber sat motionless and seemingly dazed upon the narrow cot.

As the patrolmen regained their composure the more loquacious broke out into speech.

"Gee, but that's the most nervy thing I ever saw in my life," exclaimed one, and similarly expressions were heard on every side. Each tried to be the first to grasp the hand of the hero.

"I've got something more to tell you fellows, and then I'm through for good," exclaimed Pete, as he made his way out of the cell.

"I went in there the most cowardly, contemptible and miserable hulk of a man that ever breathed. I didn't want to live, but I hadn't the nerve to kill myself. My wife hated me for being such a coward, and I hated myself. Hearing the Captain and Wilson talk about the murderous proclivities of this fellow, it struck me that this was a good way to shuffle off this mortal coil without doing the job myself. That was my motive in entering, but when he yelled, and you all came running out, just like in a play, the dramatic situation in which I found myself seemed to give me a desire to overcome this fellow by mere will power. The old courage I once knew, and which I thought I had lost forever, came back with double force, and I felt I could dominate this idiot as easily as a trainer does a wild animal. I may have made it a little too spectacular, but it was the first time I'd seen a gleam of admiration in your eyes for anything I'd done, and I couldn't resist playing it a bit. I've been through the fire, and the chaff has all been burned away. I'm a man again and I'm going to live like one. I throw up my job as cook, and tonight Mary and I start for Texas. Don't we, Mary?"

With his last words, he turned toward the woman with the grip, and as his eyes met hers, her face was lighted with a look that none there had ever seen before.

"You're right, Pete." Then turning to the officers, she continued:

"This is the man I married long ago in Texas, and this is the man I'm going back there with."

SEAWARD GALLOP

By L. C. Valentine

Oak door and iron gate
To the morning swinging free;
Broad road and open road
To the storm-swept stretch of sea.

Salt surge and scudding cloud
In the red upspringing day;
Bare head and naked throat
In the stinging wind-sharp spray.

Deep draughts of vivid life
From the dawn and sea and rain;
Full tide of leaping fire
Flooding heart and hand and brain.

Honor Among Thieves

A Game of Faro With the Sky as the Limit.

By Charles W. McCabe

GOLDFIELD was fast assuming the proportions of a large and prosperous gold camp at the time he came into the town. He shambled down the main street behind a burro laden with a miner's outfit and halted in front of Red Buckley's notorious saloon and gambling hall. He was a wiry, small man, probably not over five feet and a half in height, and of slender build; wore a sandy moustache, which partly concealed a hairlip; and was about thirty-five years old. The chief characteristic of the man, however, was the manner in which he looked at you—a straight-at-you stare, which gave his face a queer look, and was caused by his right eye, which appeared to be an artificial one.

He watered the burro at a trough, then turned it loose to feed on the sage brush near at hand, after which he placidly saluted those gathered in front of the saloon. It was learned on query that his name was Patch—Samuel Patch; that he came from "nowheres in particular," but was "jes' driftin' 'round." "Had been prospectin' in the mountains, when he heard things was boomin' in the camp, and so had come 'long in." "Didn't know how long he'd stay."

To those of the camp who saw, or came in contact with Samuel Patch, he seemed an ordinary prospector, quiet, but rather observing, and little given to drink. He camped with his burro at the edge of the town, and ate his meals at the Rawhide restaurant. When not eating or sleeping, he lounged about Red Buckley's gambling room, which was just back of the saloon, where on occasions he made small bets at faro or roulette, otherwise he put in his time smoking a briar pipe.

It was about a week after Patch's advent into the camp that he came one morning, suddenly, face to face with Red Buckley, the proprietor of the saloon and gambling hall. Buckley turned pale, reached for his hip pocket, then paused. Patch made no motion, but calmly gazed Buckley in the face, with an expression that showed no recognition of that much perturbed gentleman. "Well!" he ejaculated finally.

Buckley withdrew his hand from his gun pocket with a sigh of relief. "Excuse me stranger," said Buckley, "but I—er, you look like a feller I once used to know over to Tonopah. His name was, er—well, it don't matter about his name; him and me once had a disagreement. You gave me a turn. But when I think of it you couldn't be him, because the feller I speak of is dead."

Patch smiled like a girl, his one eye beaming on Buckley like a beacon of kindly light. "It's of no consequence, Mister — er — Mister, —" "Buckley," chimed in he of the gambling hall. "It's of no consequence, Mr. Buckley," continued Patch, in a low mild tone of voice. "It's just a case of mistaken identity. Sorry I disturbed you," and he turned leisurely away, leaving Buckley with a "do my eyes deceive me" expression on his face.

"D—d mysterious," he said to the faro dealer, a good looking blonde young man named Pearson, who had lately come into the camp from "Bullfrog." "D—d mysterious. Looks like him, but then he's dead, so it was reported, and that eye—"

"Who do you think he is, anyway," asked Pearson.

"He looks like—Oh, hell, it can't be him. No—Slippery Ealey had two eyes like a hawk's." Buckley walked to his bar and swallowed a glass of whiskey.

Buckley's abrupt declaration as to the

identity of the stranger was evidently not conclusive in his own mind, for many times during the days that followed, he was observed by various patrons of his place intently regarding Mr. Patch from over the top of the paper he was reading, or from some remote corner of his gambling room or saloon. Patch's resemblance to his former enemy and antagonist was apparently constantly in his mind, and he seemed living in expectancy of something to happen.

The days had slipped into weeks. Goldfield was booming, and had become a camp second only to Tonopah in the State of Nevada. Development work was going forward rapidly in many shafts and tunnels. Some large properties had changed hands at fabulous prices, and stocks in both the legitimate and in some instances wildcat properties had been listed on the San Francisco and New York Stock Exchanges, and had soared to almost unheard of prices, large blocks of some of it changing hands daily.

Naturally, the saloons and gambling houses shared in the general prosperity of the camp. The Lucky Boy, the Little Jim and Buckley's, all did a rushing business.

It was on a Saturday night. Men from many of the mines having received their pay, were flocking into the saloons and gambling halls. Buckley's place was crowded when at 11 o'clock Sam Patch strolled up to the faro table where Pearson was dealing, and catching his eye, shrugged his shoulders, shivered as though cold (although it was August) then turning away walked leisurely to a side door and passed out into the night. Thirty minutes later he hitched two horses, bridled and saddled, to a post in front of Lowden's hardware store, fifty feet from Buckley's side entrance. This done, he returned to the gambling hall, apparently in a state of moderate intoxication, and with his hat tilted at an angle which concealed his right eye.

The faro table at which Pearson was dealing was surrounded by loungers and players. Patch elbowed his way to a position where he could look on. "The sky's the limit tonight, ain't it, old pal?" he said, with a drunken leer at Pearson, at the same time producing a huge roll of currency from his inside vest pocket.

"The sky's the limit all the time in this house, old man," replied Pearson, quietly raising his eyes from the table and regarding Patch smilingly. "What'll you have?"

"A hundred blues," replied Patch, hiccoughing between the words. He passed a hundred dollar bill to the dealer. "A hundred blues, an' then some, if I don't win, an' then some more," he repeated heavily drawing himself close to the table.

The players at his side, observing Mr. Patch to be under the influence of something stronger than water, good-naturedly made room for him. This was the first time that he had been known to indulge to excess. Heretofore he had been regarded by habitues of Buckley's as an absteminous individual, after whom some others might pattern to their credit.

"What's the box, kid?" said Patch to the young fellow keeping cases on the game.

"See for yourself, partner," said the youth, turning the beads so Patch could get a better view of them.

Mr. Patch bent forward and for a few seconds studied the beads which showed the cards dealt and also those still left in the dealer's box, then regaining an upright position he began playing, placing his chips with a carelessness that indicated either a master's knowledge of the game, or a spirit of recklessness due to too liberal indulgence in the camp's most popular beverage. In the space of five minutes, Mr. Patch had lost all the chips included in his first purchase and a second lot was following fast in the wake of the first. Fear of loss seemed entirely absent from his mind. He continued to play with increased recklessness and joshed his fellow players with a levity that bordered on hilarity. He won a ten dollar bet and promptly handed the proceeds to a broken-down saloon rounder, and told him to buy a drink. In thirty minutes, although he had won several bets, he was out five hundred dollars. Pony Moore, the "look-out" for the house, who sat in a raised chair at the side of the dealer, believing him drunk to the point of irresponsibility, counselled

him to desist playing until he became sober. But the advice was not only unheeded but seemed to impell Mr. Patch to play to a degree of wildness little short of foolishness.

At this juncture there occurred an incident, which would not have appeared significant to an ordinary observer, but might have aroused the suspicions of a professional gambler, aware of the dexterity of faro dealers in juggling the cards in the small box from which the pack is dealt, card by card.

All the cards in Pearson's box having been "run out," he was proceeding to shuffle again preparatory to refilling the dealer's box, when a card accidentally fell on the floor, and in bending over the arm of his chair the young man's broad-brimmed hat also fell. It took only a few seconds to recover the fallen card and hat and resume the game, but in that short period a sensational change took place in Patch's luck. That player immediately drew from his inside vest pocket a large roll of greenbacks and, counting out five thousand-dollar bills placed them on the ace of hearts to win.. There was a series of exclamations from those near enough to see what was going on. Several players who were making ready to place their bets paused with bated breath when they saw the amount Patch was playing on a single card. Pearson proceeded to deal without showing any emotion, and to the astonishment of the crowd the ace of hearts won.

Pony Moore got down off the "look-out" chair, having first unloosed a bundle of expletives that must have shocked the most hardened and world-wise around the table, had not their interest been centered on the game to such a degree that words not personally directed, lost their meaning. Moore went to the money safe and counting out five thousand dollars in bills and gold handed it to Patch, who coolly placed it on the king of diamonds, on top of which he laid the amount of his former bet, making ten thousand dollars in all.

By this time the interest of everybody in the hall was centered on Pearson's table. Loungers and players from other games crowded round to see what was going on. It was not the first time that Buckley's place had seen large sums of money exchange hands during a night, but never before had any one had the temerity to place ten thousand dollars in one bet. There were exciting comments, as the spectators crowded near the table. Chairs were brought and placed on the outer circle of this mass of pulsating humanity.

"I believe there's no limit in this here house, Mister dealer," said Patch calmly. "I play the whole ten thousand on the king of diamonds.

At this moment Red Buckley came into the room from the saloon end, and seeing that something unusual was on foot, tried to push his way to the table, but without success.

"What the hell's doing here, anyway?" he said impatiently. "Can't you let a fellow see in his own house?"

With this he pushed his way to the "look out" chair, which Pony Moore had just vacated. He climbed over it and got down by the side of the dealer.

"What is it, Pearson?" said Buckley, huskily. "Anything wrong?"

"Nothing," said Pearson. "Patch's playing a heavy game, that's all."

Buckley's eyes roamed around the table until they fell on Patch.

"How much?" he said, eyeing Patch critically.

"Ten thousand dollars," replied Pearson quietly.

A hush fell upon the room. The silence grew tense. Players and spectators stood in an attitude of expectancy; leaning forward, heads bent, eyes riveted on the pile of money lying on the table. Only Patch and Pearson appeared unconcerned and fully possessed of their normal senses.

"Go ahead with the game," cried Patch, without looking up or changing his position.

Pearson continued to deal. Small bets were won or lost by several players, and some followed Patch and made bets on the king of diamonds.

Suddenly a low chuckle escaped from Patch, oaths from Buckley and Moore, and sighs of relief from the players and spectators. The king of diamonds had won. Patch, now nearly fifteen thousand

dollars ahead of the game, picked up his bet from the table together with the winnings which Moore counted out to him, and without counting the money, shoved it into his pockets, and a capacious canvas sack which he fished from under his coat.

Buckley stared at the lucky gambler as he might have at a ghost suddenly risen before him. He passed a hand in front of his eyes as if to push away something that was blurring his vision; then again turned his gaze upon Patch. Not Buckley alone, but every man present who had met Patch, prior to the occasion, and had noted his peculiarities of person, had their eyes riveted on him. It was not the same Patch, something about his face was changed. Patch, who had won notoriety in the resorts of the camp as "the man with the glass eye," and "the man who stared" and "the man with the hair-lip" stood before them with two perfectly good steel-gray eyes that glittered and—the hair lip, too, had disappeared.

"Slippery Ealy!" cried Buckley, recognizing the apparition.

The saloon man uttered a cry like a wild beast and reached for his pistol, but Ealy had anticipated the movement and stood calm, and grim, with an automatic ten-shooter pointed directly at Buckley's heart. Buckley didn't draw, but at the order of Patch held his hands up, palms out.

"Things is kind of coming my way this time, Buckley," said the lucky gambler. "The last time we met, over at Tonopah camp, 'twas different. You had the drop on me, when you skinned me outa all I had—and shot me in the back for tellin' everybody you was runnin' a crooked game—"

"Pity I didn't kill you!" roared Buckley, mad with rage and drawing his pistol, but a bullet from Slippery Ealy's automatic caused him to drop his weapon and grasp his wounded shoulder, while the excited crowd sought refuge under chairs and tables, or in flight through the doors. Those who were cool enough to think of anything but their safety, saw Slippery Ealy and a dark-haired, bare-headed young man mount two horses and speed away into the darkness.

"Some pal of his," groaned the wounded saloon man when they told him of the two riders.

"By the great eternal jackpot, his pal must a-been Pearson, the dealer!" bawled Pony Moore, holding up a blonde wig and Pearson's broad-brimmed hat which he found under the dealer's chair.

That the dealer had vanished was evident.

"The thieves! I've been skinned—bunkoed like a greenhorn!" moaned the saloon man.

But another and greater surprise was coming.

"Holy hairpins! Was Pearson a woman?" shouted Pony Moore, fishing a small vanity box and a powder puff from the lining of the missing dealer's hat. "I always wondered at that fellow using so much perfumery an' wearin' a lady's wrist watch."

"The Vigilince Committee oughter foller up them two thieves!" groaned the saloon man, but nothing came of that virtuous suggestion.

The more the camp thought of the occurrence the more inclined it was to snicker over Slippery Ealy's coup, and there was a general laugh when it leaked out, a month later, through Pony Moore, that Slippery Ealy had sent the wounded saloon man a registered letter with a check for $3.20, to square accounts between them.

"It's a standoff, you shooting me in the back and me putting a bullet in your shoulder," wrote Ealy, "but me wife (Pearson, the faro dealer, ha- ha) owed three dollars for cigarettes at your cigar stand, and I wouldn't have her indebted for a nickel to such a low-down coyote. You needn's send a receipt, as the check will answer."

There was a postscript, too, according to Pony Moore's confidential statement to friends. It said:

"P. S.—Me wife and me expect to buy out an apartment house in San Francisco, and if we find tenants as easy to trim as you was, we sure will be in a good business."

Our Literary Colony

Effects of Distance on the Getting Together Spirit.

By Sarah Williamson

OUR so-called literary colony is not really a colony at all. When Hugh Walpole was out here during war times, he spoke of the great distances that unfortunately prevented the writers of America from "getting together" as London permits. Geographical distances. Coningsby Dawson noticed that, too, and mentioned it. But neither the author of "Fortitude" nor the author of "The Garden Without Walls" said anything about another great distance that stretches between American writers. A distance none of them seems to care to lessen. Caste distance, one might call it. When you come right down to it there is a lot of snobbery among writers, far more snobbery than exists among the society folk against whom the aspersion is most frequently cast. "Who is he?" or "I never heard of her" are observations one hears as often among the writers as among the non-literary folk. And why is this? Geographical distance, Walpole said. Perhaps it is.

Sarah Connell, who for many years was the book critic of Town Talk, and who died last year, held her high place as a reviewer because she used good judgment. She was never a "snob" among critics. Like Brander Matthews, "the" authority, Miss Connell did not believe book reviewing meant airing your own cleverness and cynically pricking with your penpoint the work of such writers as failed to interest you. Books, she said, are written for different classes of readers. It is the book reviewer's part to give a synopsis of the volume under dissection, and dispassionately regard it. The reader who would care for one of Harold McGrath's highly spiced sensational novels would not bother to turn over a page of a book by H. G. Wells. Yet there would be readers for both of these writers and a reviewer's duty was to see that each class of readers received some intimation of what the McGrath or the Wells book contained. Smart slashing of a book does not mean it is good criticism. It may mean the "critic" is clever, but cleverness is not syonymous with good judgment. Impartiality—that's the thing. Common sense—that's another thing. Blind Justice—only the book reviewer cannot be blind, for he must see the volumes of which he writes.

Stewart Edward White is back from Alaska where he spent a part of the summer accompanied by his wife. His novel, "The Rose Dawn", is just finished, serially in the Saturday Evening Post. It is a tale of California's growth in the South, when the Spanish grantee and the Eastern speculator came together. Possibly Mr. White meant this story as a companion picture to "The Gray Dawn," which came out a few seasons back, and which pictured San Francisco in its early days. As stories one enjoys them both, but as history they are not absolutely accurate. But anything Stewart Edward White writes is of interest. Personally I love his lumber stories best. I love "Junior" —don't you?

The early scenes of Ruth Comfort Mitchell's latest novel for the younger set are laid in Southern California. The hero is a football star of the "L. A. High," and later of Stanford University. "Play the Game" is a fine, strong story. It is full of "pep"—and it pulls at the heartstrings, too. The story ran serially in "The Woman's Home Companion."

Barnett Franklin, former editor of The Overland Monthly, died on September 28, in San Francisco. Mr. Franklin was one of the best-known newspaper men of our city. He left a widow, Mrs. Virginia Dare Franklin.

Laura Foster Monroe, who passed away in San Francisco in September, was the first woman cartoonist on the Pacific Coast. She began her career on the San Francisco Wasp, when T. E. Flynn was its editor. Later she went over to the Bulletin, and later still went to New York where she did splendid work as an illustrator. She married in New York, and with her husband was on a visit to her sister in San Francisco when she died.

Winona Flavan, who writes such charming verses, has been made a member of the League of American Penwomen. Mrs. Flavan has recently issued a series of her verses with exquisite illustrations as souvenir cards, for occasions. They are really artistic and the illustrations entirely in keeping with the text.

Gertrude Atherton is reported to be extremely interested in the film drama these days. She has spent a good part of 1920 in Hollywood, among the film drama writers. Several of Mrs. Atherton's novels have been filmed, but the best of these is undoubtedly "Mrs. Balfame," in which Nance O'Neil has the title role, and Frank Belcher the part of the drunken husband. Perhaps now that prohibition is well with us the play may be a bit out of date, but it was a splendid temperance lesson when it first appeared. It has often seemed to me that "Hermia Suydam," one of Gertrude Atherton's earliest works, and which she does not now include in her list of novels, had a good plot to be dramatized. Possibly it would be too unsensational for the screen, but as a "Little Theater" play it has wonderful possibilities. One can picture Nazimova as the fiery Hermia. The last scene of the novel is artistic and dramatic to a degree.

One of our literary women who is active in "women's rights," remarked the other day, "I believe in giving women everything they ask for."

"I can't see what more we want," retorted another type of woman.

"Nothing but the earth," said the writer of a successful play.

"You don't need that—you've gained all there is," said the first speaker. "You have fame, money—and husband and home—and the vote."

"I'd almost forgotten about that last," laughingly remarked the successful playwright.

A photoplay corporation in Los Angeles in its circulars says its "Sales Department is at all times open to two classes of writers—students of the blank school and recognized authors." It adds, "By recognized authors we mean any persons who have had stories produced as photoplays or published in magazines of national repute in the past two years."

Lets a good many standard authors out, doesn't it?

But this last is so helpful—

"We do not consider material from untrained writers."

Still it is always best to know the worst beforehand.

Gouveneur Morris is among the writers who are interested in the film dramas. Morris used to live in California, and he has some blood connections living in the State. He is in Hollywood now. He is a "real"writer and has written some very artistic and even gripping short stories. Before Hearst annexed him for his "garden of writers," Morris gave promise of being among the great of American novelists. But like Robert Chambers and some others, making big money seemed to spoil his muse. However, now and then he turns out a short story that shows he still has the punch. "The Seven Darlings" was really nothing but a Mack Sennett comedy placed in a smart set environment. Perhaps Morris had the Sennett bathing girls in mind when he sketched his Darlings.

Some of the short stories of Gouverneur Morris, Gelett Burgess, and others one might name, are well adapted for

Little Theatre plays. They generally contain one strong incident which would do wonderfully well for a "curtain." And I recall a short story by Louise Veiller, about a playwright and producer and his daughter, that would make a powerful play in one or two acts. It could even be strung out to a five-act comedy-drama. Morris used a somewhat similar motif in one of his serials, but the Veiller story is more dramatic and intense.

They are putting so much of Pinero and Fitch into film dramas these days, at least the dramas shown are sub-titled as work of the witty Englishman and the one American who might some day have written "The Great American Drama." But what are Pinero and Fitch on the screen? It is their dialogue, and the subtle leading up to dramatic situations that make their plays great. The film situations are too obvious.

One remembers "Judah," the Henry Arthur Jones play which is being filmed as "The Cheater" when presented in San Francisco by E. M. Willard and with Marie Burroughs (Lillie Arrington of Sacramento) as his leading woman. "Judah" is not so bad in its film form.

One of the Benet brothers, I think it was William Rose Benet, author of "The Burglar of the Zodiac," lived in California once upon a time. He and Sinclair Lewis were chums then.

Margaret Cameron's spirit-land books, "The Seven Purposes" and its successor, are still among the most called for books at the libraries. Margaret Cameron has gone far since she wrote playlets and short stories in her Oakland days. "The Seven Purposes" is about the clearest and best written of the psychical research books. Margaret Cameron is not a neurotic, and one must believe that what she has written really occurred.

DRIFTING

By Harvey Lee Sanders.

Into this world I came drifting,
  From whence I know not nor why;
Out of it I will go drifting,
  Drifting with never a sigh.

Many and many an hour
  Pondered have I upon life;
Thought of its reasons and wherefores,
  Thought of its joys and its strife.

Always the problem's unanswered,
  Unanswered, unsolved for me;
Always I grope in the darkness,
  Never a light do I see.

Yet I shall revel in darkness,
  Nevermore search for a light;
It would but gleam for a moment,
  Gleam and be gone in the night.

Out of this life I go drifting,
  Gliding and drifting away;
Into oblivion drifting,
  Ah, friend, I wish not to stay.

The Ethics of the Japanese Problem

(Continued from Page 13)

serters are caught, very few proportionately to the number who are constantly arriving. Occasionally, there is a rift in the merry lute. Two stowaways from the steamer Tenyo Maru recently testified before a Federal grand jury in San Francisco that the second cabin steward, now under indictment, had secured passes enabling them to board the ship at Yokohama, personally carried their baggage aboard for them and furnished them with a stateroom as far as Honolulu, where they were caught because of some falling out between the purser and the second steward. They testified they were to have paid the second steward $500 each on arrival at San Francisco, which amount was to have been furnished by their relatives already here!

Consideration of the illegal entry of the Japanese at once brings to mind the discrepancy between the figures of the Japanese in California and the official figures which the Japanese use in their propaganda.

The Japanese say there are 87,000 Japanese in this country. I have stated that 100,000 is a conservative estimate for the State of California alone. Since I came to that conclusion, L. E. Ross, Registrar of Vital Statistics for the State Board of Health, has estimated the present population of California at 109,000. I have been particular to explain this figure as tenable on many different occasions, for during the hearings before the Congressional committee in July, K. A. Kanzaki, secretary of the Japanese Association of America, said there could properly be accommodated another 40,000 Japanese in addition to the 87,000 already in the United States.

I have been exceedingly gratified to find our State government in California finally taking a decided stand on the Japanese question after a silence of several years, and at the same time the people taking the initiative. Governor William D. Stephens in addressing Secretary of State Colby in presentation of the report of the State Board of Control, entitled, "California and the Oriental," wrote as follows:

"Without imputing to the Japanese government any direct knowledge on the subject, the statistics clearly show a decided increase in Japanese population since the execution of the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement." Skillful evasions have been resorted to in various manners. 'Picture brides' have been brought in under the guise of dependents; large numbers have come illegally across the Mexican border. As to the latter, of course, it is in the nature of things impossible to give official statistics, as those who came in this manner came illicitly. The realization of this lack of good faith on the part of the Japanese led the California Legislature in 1913 to pass the existing law.

"Again, I deplore the necessity of stating that the spirit of the Anti-Alien Land Legislation passed in 1913 has been evaded and broken through the resort to certain legal subterfuges, which have frustrated the very purpose of the enactment. These evasions have been accomplished through the medium of corporations, trustee stock ownership, trustee land ownership, and the device of having native infant children of Japanese parentage made grantees of agricultural lands controlled and operated exclusively by their non-eligible parents."

I have chosen to deal generally with the subject and present the facts, not the cold statistical figures as to the number of acres owned and controlled by the Japanese or their absorption of different industries, but the facts of a general situation as taken from a wide range of sources.

The facts convict the Japanese of unwelcome intrusion and sound a warning to the American people which must be headed: "Solve and Survive, or Delay and Be Destroyed."

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The Play's Not All

Good Music Absolutely Essential To The Screen Drama

Inventive Talent Keeps Pace With the Demand for Less Expensive Orchestration.

By Harvey Brougham

AWAY back in 1697, William Congreve, greatest of English comedy writers, penned in his play of "The Mourning Bride," the ever famous lines:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

Two hundred years after Congreve delighted the players of old London, whose fathers had known Shakespeare in the flesh, music still sways humanity, and Apollo of the golden lyre, divides honors in the theatres with the Muses of Comedy and Tragedy.

We have no less an authority for it than Hamlet that "the play's the thing." Shakespeare makes him say so when the Prince is planning to unmask his treacherous step-father, but if the royal Dane could look in at one of our great movie theatres, one of these evenings, he would be likely to doubt the truth of his assertion. The play—that is to say the screen play—is not more than half the performance, and it must be rather a good cinema performance to score as heavily as that. The music programme, contributes so much to the popular approval and enjoyment that an uninitiated spectator might be excused for exclaiming, "Why, this is not a picture show—It's a concert!"

It is a very interesting study—this elaboration of the "Mere movie" into a composite entertainment, which has no greater resemblance to the original model than a feeble crawling caterpillar to a gorgeous fluttering butterfly. Cheapness was the chief recommendation of the original "Nickelodeon", the unprepossessing ancestor of the splendid screen-theatre of today, with its imposing architecture, its luxurious upholstery, its artistic decoration and its great organ and large orchestra, representing an outlay that would stagger a grand-opera impressario.

They were heroes in their way—those pioneers of cheap popular amusement who converted tumbledown shacks and tenantless stores into temples of a new art, and went ahead fearless of city ordinances, and the pestilential danger of crowding hundreds of patrons into figurative rat-holes devoid of ventilation and calculated to burn up at a second's notice like a match-box. Their triumph was, however, short. The law of the survival of the fit, swept them into the discard. Most of them were notoriously unfit for the struggle for existence in a new art, but they nevertheless blazed the way for successors with more capital, more enterprise, perhaps better brains and intelligent determination to convert a fad in photography into a legitimate and permanent business. Cinema shows now have a prominent place among the great enterprises of the world. The aggregate capital represented in picture production is colossal. The erection of splendid theatres has even changed the business centers of large cities, as in San Francisco.

But throughout all this evolution of picture exhibition, music has steadily increased its utility in attracing the multitudes. It may not be too much to say that motion pictures are practically inseparable from music of some kind, and if divested of it would lessen their popularity and perhaps pass into disuse. Music is the pulsating soul of screen pictures. It imparts to them emotion and depth, and raises them above the level of noiseless fleeting shadows that appeal

only to the eye, and gratify no other sense. Music therefore overcomes a serious defect of the "silent drama," by making it grateful to the ear as well as eye and thus giving it naturalness; for in life all motion is accompanied by sound.

Human speech is sound systematized. When the lips move in speech the listener's sense of hearing is also aroused. An automobile picture can speed across the screen in silence but in actuality a moving motor car is a noisy object. The actual discharge of a pistol vibrates on the ear as well as on the eye, and to see on the screen an actor shoot another, without disturbing the silence, is repugnant to the human intelligence. Sounds appropriate to action taking place on the screen must be simulated, if the motion pictures are to retain their popular interest. Even with the most careful attention to the simulation of appropriate sounds the motion pictures are necessarily defective, for they do not move in the true sense. They are moved on a reel which is projected rapidly on the screen but the component parts of the photographic reel are as devoid of motion as ordinary kodak pictures. The rapid passage of the pictures projected on the screen completely deceives the human eye, much as a juggler by rapid passes of his hands deceives the thousands of theatergoers, whose gaze is fixed intently on him. The human eye, wonderful as its construction has its limitations, for the reason that the act of observing anything cannot be instantaneous. Seeing is a mechanical process which only seems to be instantaneous, but really requires some fraction of time to register on the brain consciousness of any object looked at.



The Robert-Morton Organ.

Music veneers any imperfections of the screen and in a measure hypnotizes the cinema audiences into a receptive mood, favorable to full enjoyment. It is worthy of notice that the spoken drama in the thousands of years it has held the stage

has never utilized music to the expensive extent of the cinema. If the managers of large picture houses could dispense with expensive orchestras, they would be as slow to employ them as the legitimate stage.

The intelligence, originality, ingenuity and mechanical skill which is being employed to make music available for millions of cinema patrons is beyond conception. Comparatively few houses can pay for large orchestras composed of highly-paid musicians. Mechanical substitutes are indispensable. Modifications of the great and costly organs that require a large theatre to house them and an artist of first-class ability to operate them, are beyond the reach of large numbers of picture places. But American ingenuity has been equal to that emergency. Mechanical instruments that synchronize the expression of the music with the different degrees of action on the screen have been developed with such efficiency that the picture exhibitor is poor indeed who cannot furnish his patrons with a good substitute for a satisfactory orchestra. It is gratifying to mention that in this line of enterprise California is leading, just as our favored State is ahead in the production of screen attractions. The American Photo Player Company of San Francisco, New York and Chicago has made a wonderful business and artistic success in the manufacture and installation of musical merchandise, suitable to the motion picture industry. Artistic attainment in organ music devoted to photo plays, is rapidly approaching the standard of symphonic and organ recitals. The public has manifested such a taste for this form of musical expression that the American Photo Player Company is constantly increasing the already large capacity of its factories in California and Illinois. It has a large plant at Berkeley and another at Van Nuys and still the demand taxes the supply; so vast is the motion picture business in all its ramifications.

It has been found that a versatile pianist and organist in a picture house, by aid of one of those improved mechanical instruments has advantages over an orchestra. He has the power to modulate from one scene to another without a break whereas an orchestra leader will sometimes carry an inappropriate theme into a new scene rather than stop to turn over music books, and displease sensitive ears.

The Fotoplayer type of instrument has a keyboard much like a piano, but being equipped with a double tracker on which the ordinary music rolls are run it may be played as a regular piano, or run as a player-piano. This patented d o u b l e tracker enables the entire instrument to be controlled by one operator, who, while one roll is being played, can insert another and avoid all annoying pauses. A series of organ stops arranged above the keys enables the instrumentalist to obtain organ or orchestra effects.

Along the front of the instrument there are devices which the player can operate so as to produce many sounds—pistol shots, gatling gun, crackling flames, waves, door-bells, fire gongs, autohorns, sleigh bells, storms, etc., etc. All this musical machinery is contained in one case, about seventeen feet long, less than four feet wide and five feet high. The compact little machine's pipes for orchestral effect consist of violin, cornet, flute, flute d'amour, and viol d'orchestra in the treble; in the bass viol d'orchestra, cello, flute d'amour, reed organ and pipes.

A picture house of small capacity employing one man can render a variety of orchestration from the emotional melody of organ tones to the rattle and bang of drum beats to a complete instrumental registry from stop to trap.

For houses of larger resources the Robert-Morton symphonic organ has been evolved. Played by one performer this organ rivals a symphonic orchestra. Its emotional range is only limited by the musical sympathies of the performer at the console. This instrument, without any adjustment may be played by an organist as an organ producing both orchestral and cathedral effects, as desired. Moreover it can be played with music rolls, or be utilized to augment the musical effect of an orchestra of four or five instrumental soloists, and reach impressive symphonic proportions. The same company which has produced the Fotoplayer, has worked in conjunction



The Fotoplayer.

with the Robert-Morton Company, which it controls, in perfecting the Robert-Morton symphonic orchestra.

When one realizes the advance which motion-picture music has made in a few years, the words of that famous grand opera star, Madame Gadski, seem to have been inspired by the spirit of prophecy:

"Music for motion pictures will be a real culture for America. What opera is to Europe, the motion picture score will be to this country."



In Realm of Bookland

IBANEZ ADMIRED CALIFORNIA

Though New York impressed Blasco Ibanez as the most fascinating of America's dwelling places, he had a good word for California. In "What I Have Learned About You Americans," in the current issue of the American Magazine, Senor Ibanez writes:

"I never was grateful for my inability to understand English till I got to California. I am sure if I had been able to order my dinner in the language of Shakespeare, or O. Henry, I could never have torn myself away from that delightful country. I would have deserted Europe and started life all over again as an orange packer in California.

"Los Angeles or San Diego would have gained one more alien-born inhabitant, and the Pacific, as it rolls its great waves to break in iridescent foam against the cliffs, one more rapt admirer."

CENTURY PUBLICATIONS

Eleven books were published on September 30 by the Century Company. "The Purple Heights," by the author of "Slippy McGee;" Harry A. Franck's newest volume of travel adventures entitled "Roaming Through the West Indies;" "Samuel Lyle, Criminologist," by Arthur Crabb; "In the House of Another," by Beatrice Mantle; "Everyman's Child," by Sophie Irene Loeb; "Lighting the Home," by M. Luckiesh; "The Workers at War," by Frank J. Warne; and the following books for boys and girls—"The Secret of Everyday Things," by Jean-Henri Fabre; "Jimmy Bunn Stories," by Henry C. Walker; "Boys' Book of Model Boats," by Raymond F. Yates, and "The Blue Pearl," by Samuel Scoville, Jr.

USEFUL BOOK

A book that will interest all proprietors and executives in retail stores has been published by D. Appleton and Company. It is "Retail Organization and Accounting Control," by Philip I. Carthage and it discusses in detail all the best modern systems for operation, contracts, merchandising, and sales promotion as applied to the retail store. The aim of the publishers, as in their other books on business matters, has been to present a thoroughly practical volume by a recognized authority on the subject.

SECOND EDITION NEEDED

The "Voices," by Mrs. Lowenberg, which discusses in a most interesting way great national problems, and records the romantic life of Joan, the Girl with a Mission, is now in its second edition. Mrs. Lowenberg's novel of current political fiction will find a permanent place in our literature. It has been favorably reviewed by many publishers, and, like her other books, "A Nation's Crime," "The Irresistible Current," was written for a definite cause.

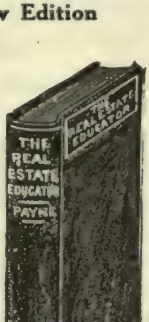
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Revolutionary Legislation

(Continued from Page 16)

merchant or manufacturer could will away half of the community property and her husband might find himself in a most undesirable predicament. Administration on at least one-half of the estate would have to take place and the unlucky widower could congratulate himself if his business did not come to a stop.

That point was raised in 1919, by a very able judge, who declared it incomprehensible that "any self-respecting woman could wish to inflict such injury upon her surviving heirs, especially with respect to property which, in the majority of cases, had been largely the result of her husband's exertions and ability."

Evidently the authors of the proposed act, failed to foresee the disastrous possibilities of their legislative tinkering. It would have been little short of a miracle had they exhibited anything but incompetency—which is the crowning glory of modern State legislation.

Mr. McEnerney, as well as the judge referred to, is impressed by the opportunities for business troubles which the proposed law offers. He says in his memorandum:

> Imagine the consternation of the head of a family, conducting a large business, on realizing that a partnership which he had long denied to an unfriendly step-son, or an arbitrary son-in-law, or even to his own wayward boy, dear to his mother's heart, had been in effect created by the will of his wife, whose mother love had outrun her prudence.
>
> Notwithstanding these objections to the testamentary disposition by a wife, of one-half of the community property, should she die before her husband, the proponents of the measure place their main, if not their exclusive reliance upon this very provision, and, so far as we know, they have offered no explanation whatever—except the mad pursuit of what they think is equality—either for the provision which gives the wife the whole of the community property in case of intestacy, or for the provision which secures for her an opportunity to veto or block her husband's power of testamentary disposition.

Hasty, superficial and incompetent as are State legislatures, their work is seldom as slipshod as this Community Property Act of 1919. The explanation of its excessive inferiority is that it is only a hurried compromise between the Sacramento lawgivers and the committee of women who badgered them into granting something political to boast about.

The women started with the unfounded assumption that the so-called wife's half of the community property was her's by inherent right, and they took the position that she was entitled to dispose of it with the same freedom as the husband enjoyed over the other half. They insisted, therefore, that as the husband was entitled to dispose of his so-called half at his death, the wife should also be permitted to dispose of her's, and that as his half might in certain events go to his collateral kin, her half should also be permitted to go to her collateral kin.

This measure was vigorously opposed. It was shown that the business of many farmers, merchants and men of affairs might be ruined upon the death of their wives, and the resulting forced sale of the community assets. The legislature recognized the force of this contention and refused to pass the bill, but it offered the committee of women a substitute measure, providing that the wife might will one-half of the community property to her descendants, but to no one else without the husband's consent. But this compromise measure did not satisfy the committee of women, and the legislature, to appease them, added a provision requiring the husband, as well as the wife, to obtain his spouse's consent if he desired to make testamentary provision for any one beside his children.

Thus the legislative history of this proposed measure is in itself indicative of the unwisdom of the provision, and suggestive of the unjust and disastrous consequences which we have outlined as certain to follow its adoption.

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Her State of Mind

(Continued from Page 30)

lava stones. Preston watched her go. His hands clenched and unclenched. He longed to take her by the shoulders and shake her until she cried and then to kiss away the tears. He felt tremendously fierce about it. He didn't offer to follow. He felt that she would resent that more than his protest. His miserable eyes followed her down the path—that brave, defiant little figure. He doubled his fists and turned in rage in the direction of a man who remarked admiringly, "Pipe the peach, will you?"

He saw her dabbling joyfully with a long stick into the molten mass of lava, shielding her face with her arm to keep off some of the heat.

Presently she started back, waving a small black object triumphantly aloft on the end of her stick, the guide following close at her heels.

Without warning there came a significant and sickening cracking and the part of the ledge where Virgie had been standing so firmly but a minute before was swallowed up in the lava stream with a hideous sucking noise as of a hungry animal. With a gasping cry Virgie sank down on the path quite helpless with fright, her eyes like a frightened rabbit's fixed with a fascinated stare on the monster behind her.

Preston's feet ceased to be petrified. He bolted down the trail, and before the guide could lift her he had taken that trembling little figure up in his strong, tender arms. She clung to him sobbing.

"Don't cry, Virgie, dear," he comforted. "It's all right, little girl."

There was something strangely comforting and sweet in the tightening hold of those strong arms. But Virgie struggled to get down and stood dabbing her eyes pathetically.

All but a few of the tourists had already gone so there were not many curious eyes on the little scene.

"You will want to go back to the hotel?" Preston asked solicitously. "No," said Virgie. "I told the driver not to come back until after dark. I suppose it isn't at all proper to be here alone, but Auntie is sick at the hotel and I just had to see this. You'll look after me, won't you?"

There was so much confidence in the face she lifted to him that Preston's heart contracted.

"I surely will," he managed to say in a level voice.

"Why, it's raining," said Virgie suddenly. "I have a caracasa somewhere. Oh, here it is. Let's sit down here. It's a tremendous caracasa, but so quaint. I feel like the tiny stem of a very enormous mushroom when I carry it.

They sat down, and fell silent.

Darkness seemed to come like the dropping of a black velvet curtain. The lava cliffs of the crater stood in silhouette against a background of apricot colored smoke. A thousand demons played in the fountains of spouting lava. A ukelele player near them began the pathetically sweet music of "Like No A Like," singing the words softly. Virgie unconsciously leaned nearer Preston.

"Oh," she whispered. "It's so wonderful it makes me ache queerly in my throat."

Preston seized her hands in a grasp that hurt.

"Oh, Virgie, dear little Virgie," he said chokingly, "I love you. I feel as if I had always loved you. Of course you don't know anything about me, but won't you take me on trust?"

Virgie's reply was to lift her luminous eyes and her tremulous smiling lips to his.

"Nothing on earth can describe my state of mind at this moment," she said shakily.

An Arctic Superman

(Continued from Page 23)

coral. To make a home happy had he come, this fragment of dawn, this little harbinger of sunshine, with his thin pipings—who was to bear the given name of Jason, and to receive from his godfather a store-house of furs! And the door opened, and into the night, before the beryl and ruby streamers of Aurora, came Jason Finley, whose voice trembled as he addressed a score of opaque forms in the inkiness:

"I guess he'll be all right now, boys!"



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The Stolen Melody

(Continued from Page 52)

and Koruloff promised to produce the symphony in the autumn. He was so impressed that he postponed his vacation several days to help Mascal, and within two weeks the work was scored. Koruloff took the manuscript with him that summer.

The symphony was not presented until late in the winter, and what happened at its presentation is common knowledge. The number of times Mascal was called out to acknowledge the demonstration can be equaled only in the annals of grand opera, when a Patti or a Galli-Curci is forced to show herself twenty times in front of the curtain after repeating some unusually lovely aria.

How the critics hailed the work as the supreme triumph of orchestral music, how the composer leaped at one bound to be the recognized leader of the musical world, how this super-Beethoven brought American music into its own—all these things are well known. But what the world has never known is why Mascal chose a tawdry ragtime melody as the theme of his sympathy. Some critics have seen in it an attempt to prove that no melody is tawdry, and they use specious reasoning to show that Mascal took the most trivial tune he could find and developed it into one of the majestic themes of music. Others argue, with equal heat, that Mascal built on a popular theme to prove that the music of the people is really the only great music after all. But what none of them has understood—and that is why this account is written—is that the melody was never tawdry. It was a noble melody from the first, and Mascal simply restored it to its primal estate.

In Cold Storage

(Continued from Page 65)

way disturbed the contents of her suitcase. On a large bundle of letters that met my eye, I read a lady's address and concluded she was the owner—she had told me her destination was Spokane. Within two weeks I go to Spokane on business. Mr. Westerly Silverthorn—your uncle—is a personal friend of my father. I have told him the story of the exchange. He is to give me a letter of introduction to your family in general—to you, in particular, and I shall take pleasure in calling on you all, incidentally to get my property out of cold storage; especially to meet you. Give my regards to your friend and tell her for me:

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From A Clear Sky

(Continued from Page 41)

Her answer was slow in coming; and then it was not satisfactory.

"Perhaps one of the girls would rather, as they've known you longer."

"All the more reason," I ventured, "so that we can all brag of the same length of acquaintance. I feel as if I'd spoiled your evening by butting in."

"I should say not!" Miss Wade replied. "And if Carmen won't ride in with you, I will. The air is getting cool and we must get started."

"Miss Rois," I said, in a voice I hardly recognized myself, "won't you please ride in with me? If you will," I coaxed, "I promise to get you your lost letter."

She clapped her pretty pink palms together.

"Will you promise?"

"I have promised."

"Thanks just the same! But really, I must get in to Peggy. I think, too, she'll feel hurt if the three of us don't go in together."

There was nothing left for me to say; so I helped them into their car, after packing their cooking outfit.

I followed, after they were well started. The night, a little chilly but graced by a perfect moon high above the ghostly outlines of the eastern mountains, made me long for—what? The one I had waited for all my life. Her beautiful image kept coming between me and the night; and then, clearly—for sounds on a still night travel far—I heard Carmen Rois say:

"Because I didn't want to! Why didn't you, then? He's your friend, not mine."

Miss Wade's voice answered:

"Because he wanted YOU!"

I thought of a million-and-one things I wished I'd said—and hadn't. There was one thing that I could do—that I should have done. I would call on the little Widow Mason and her daughter, Peggy, and put matters right for the Doctor. I turned my car loose, and waving goodbye, was off.

There was a light in the living room, and also in the room of the sick girl. I took the steps, but not three at a time. It would be something to get this thing off my conscience; and if I ever saw Carmen Rois again—

Yes! And if I saw her again, what then? She was more than indifferent to me; she—she was callous! What could I do to interest her in me?

What—could—I—do!

[To Be Continued]

Beautiful Hands

(Continued from Page 61)

"Not today," objected Rollins mildly. "You see I make it a point never to adopt a baby on Tuesday. Now, if it were Monday or Sunday, I might consider it—but on a Tuesday; Oh, dear no!"

His visitor looked unconvinced. "That baby is coming right into this house, for you are going to step out on the porch and bring in the basket before the rain soaks through."

Rollins pondered. Something told him that Martha's quicksand temper would ossify into hard mud, should she breeze home to discover that she had become a step-parent without her knowledge and consent. Rollins was not much impressed with the idea as presented—and yet—

The Blonde was leaning over his chair now; gently her hands clasped themselves around his neck. He moved as if to push her aside but she only tightened her grip. Ardently she drew him closer—closer in a mad caress, despite Rollins' feeble efforts to free himself. And then like a flash he understood. Great Heavens! She was trying to strangle him!

"Scat!" The words burst from Martha's lips like a hiss of steam. Rollins opened confused, sleepy eyes as a furry gray ball shot itself off his shoulder and across the room followed by his wife's slipper.

"Shiftless," she stormed. "That cat and you both are good-for-nothing dreamers, but thank my stars, the cat can sleep without snoring."

Passing of the Pasha

(Continued from Page 38)

Too bad he is missing these eats," answered the girl, busily attacking a luscious salad.

True enough, Dick and McTavish were both missing. Outside on the steps they might have been seen, had any of the revelers possessed the power of piercing intervening walls, deep in conversation with the Fielding's newly acquired chauffeur.

"Yes, he's here," said Dick to the chauffeur. "Didn't I say so? Been here three months. Sure, I'll take you in to see him! He'll be tickled to death to see you. Come right this way. Mac, you pilot him."

The obliging Mac did so. Thus it was that when the first lull in the buzz of conversation at the revel ensued, heavy footfalls echoed in the corridor outside. The door swung partly open, and McTavish's stentorian voice rang out:

"Ali Bey! Ali Bey! Is Ali Bey here? His brother from Benton Harbor wants to see him. Here he is."

All eyes were turned to the door as there stepped into view the blackest negro the Art Students League had ever seen, the exact twin of the Pasha, but done in ebony.

Ali Bey stood speechless for a moment, then with a swift movement reached his brother and shoved him into the outer hall, pausing only long enough to bare his teeth in a scornful smile, before he vanished.

As the door closed on the pair, members of the League looked at each other in dismay. Let the rest of the tale be told by Regina, as she sat in the center of a breathless group of girls next morning in the life class. (Dodo did not appear that day.)

"Girls, it was awful, simply awful! We were simply knocked silly! No one even dreamed that Ali Bey was a —was an Ethopian! Unless it was Dick Felding, who suspected something phony about the whole thing when he found the Turk came from Benton Harbor. Dick has an aunt down there who knows everyone in the place. He visited her and told her about Ali Bey. It turned out that there is a whole family of Bays at Benton Harbor—nice enough colored folk, and this Turk of ours is the only ginger colored one of the lot. Thirteen, I believe Dick said. He was an excellent kalsominer. They had sent him to some colored school and then he refused to have anything to do with them, and came up here, assumed a Turkish name and passed himself off as a real Mohammedan."

Regina stopped to take breath, but was prodded to continue the tale.

"Well, Dodo certainly did look completely flabbergasted, for the first time in her sweet young life! Not that I pitied her any. Any girl who will run around with a Turk—even though he wasn't a real one—"

"Bet you ten dollars this old place never sees another one of Dodo's flirtations or Ali Pasha's classic countenance again!" exclaimed the youngest girl student.

And time proved her a true prophet. For the old place never did.

The Cornhill Publishing Company of Boston is establishing a branch office in New York. It will bring out "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," a novel which was first published about thirty years ago in San Francisco, when it bore on its title page the names of A. Danziger and Ambrose Bierce as collaborators.

Joseph Hergesheimer's "Three Black Pennys," published by Alfred A. Knopf, has just gone into its seventh edition.

A. E. Gallatin's "Portraits of Whistler" has been taken over by E. P. Dutton & Co., who are bringing it out with an addendum prepared by the author. The volume, which has forty illustrations, is appearing in a very limited edition de luxe.

George Henry Payne, a newspaper man of wide experience, has written a "History of Journalism in the United States," which is being published by A. Appleton & Company.

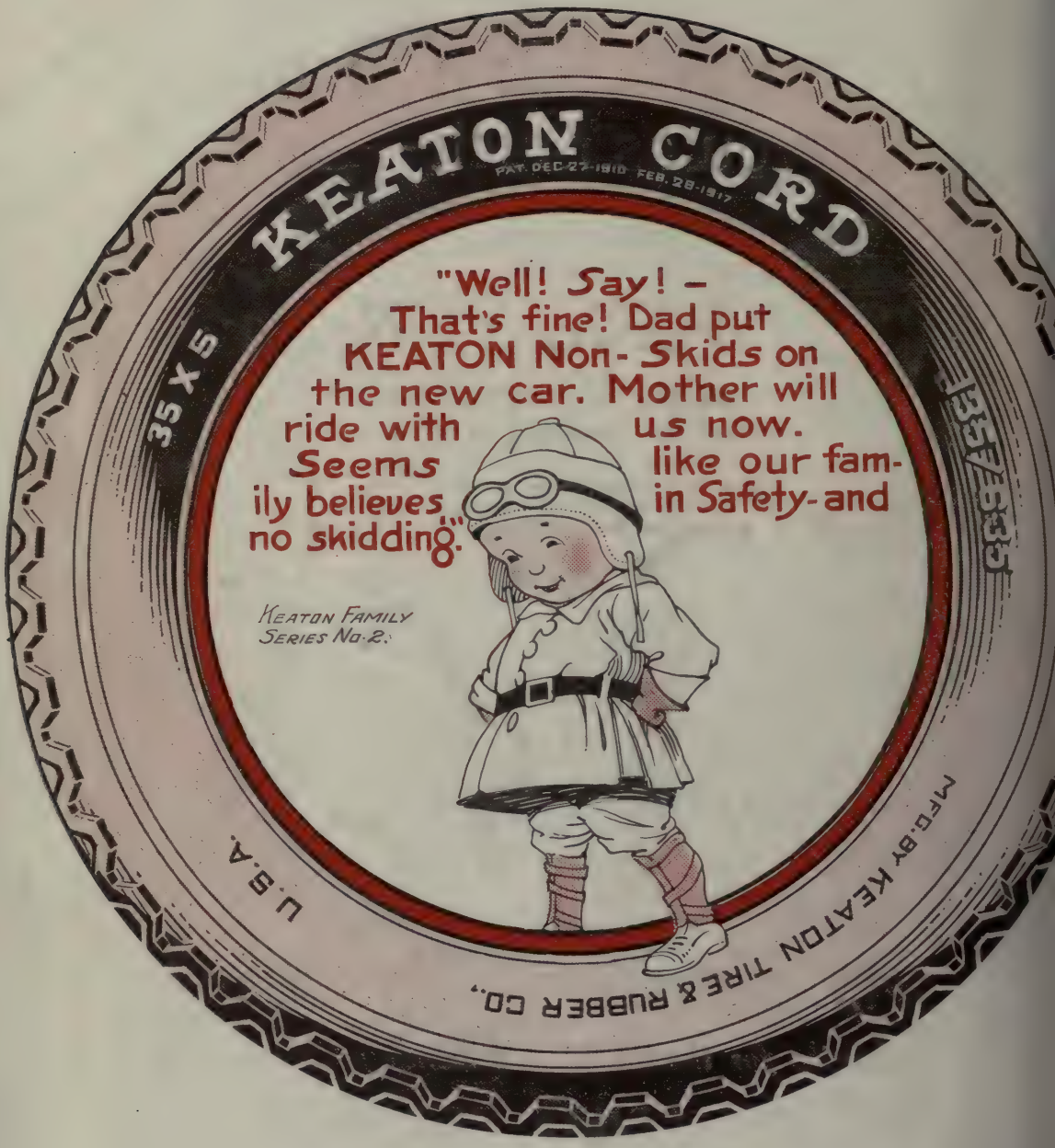
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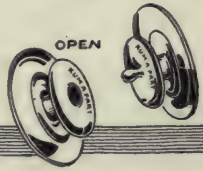
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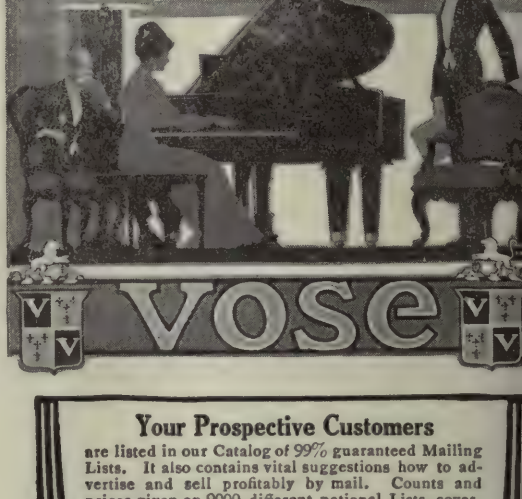
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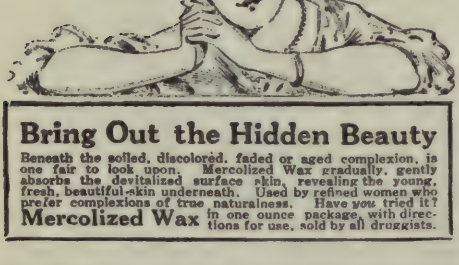
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Overland Monthly

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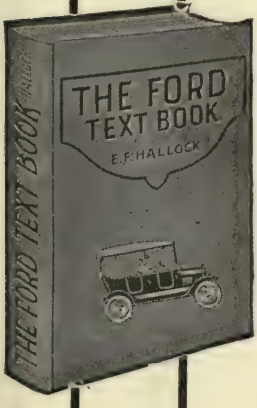
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VOL. LXXV DECEMBER, 1920 No. 6

How Shall Our Judges Be Chosen?

History of the Methods Adopted in the United States.

By the Hon. J. F. Sullivan

President of the San Francisco Bar Association

I.

IN THIRTY-SEVEN STATES of the American Union, the Judges of the trial and appellate courts are chosen at popular election by the qualified electors. In Connecticut, Georgia, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont and Virginia, they are selected by the joint vote of both houses of the Legislature convened in General Assembly or Grand Committee. In three New England States—Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire—the selection is by the Governor either in joint action with, or by him with consent of the Council, a special body created in those States to advise the Governor on such matters. In Delaware and New Jersey, they are appointed by the Governor, by and with the consent of the Senate.

Every American system providing for the selection and tenure of judges, except the Federal system, is fixed in the organic law or constitution of the Government, and therefore can be changed only by popular vote. In the Federal system, the personnel, tenure and selection of judges were fixed originally by the Judiciary Act of 1789 and since then by act of Congress, rather than by constitutional provision.

The number of States (11) now providing in their constitutions for the appointment or selection of judges by the Governor or Legislature is much smaller that formerly. Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, in his work on the American Judiciary, says:

(312) "Thirteen States in all originally gave to the Governor the power either of appointing or of nominating the judges of the higher courts; fourteen gave their election to the Legislature; the rest preferred an election by the people. If we compare the original practice in each State with its present practice, we find that there are now fewer in which the Governor appoints or nominates; fewer in which the Legislature elects; more in which the people do."

Even since the publication of Judge Baldwin's work in 1914, the State of Mississippi, which in 1832 had adopted the Federal plan of appointment by the executive and confirmation by the Senate, by constitutional provision, made effective in 1916, again made Supreme Court judges elective.

II.

The present California system of electing judges after wide open primaries has proven unsatisfactory.

The voters of the State, or of a populous county or district therein, have

no adequate means by which to judge of the qualifications of judicial candidates. Under our present system of nomination, any person who can secure the requisite number of signatures to get his name on the ballot, may become a candidate for the highest judicial office. It may be safely said, that in the recent judicial election in San Francisco, thousands of men cast their votes for the wrong candidates, having been misled by a similarity of candidates' names. Furthermore, many other thousands voted for candidates of whose qualifications for judicial office, they knew absolutely nothing. Such a condition tends to the inefficiency and degradation of the judiciary, the most important element of our Government. What is the proper remedy for the evils that threaten? **The majority of the lawyers and serious thinking men who have given attention to the subject, contend that resort to the purely appointive system is the only proper remedy.**

Or course there are many good citizens who do not believe that the appointive system is the best. Their reasons for opposing it are that they consider the courts sufficiently powerful, and they fear to remove them further from the control of the voters.

Under our American system of written constitutions, the judges have a power absolutely unique, and vastly greater than that of judges in any other part of the world. The powers of the people are divided into three departments—the Legislative, Executive and Judicial. From the very beginning of our American system of government, the power of the Judicial Department has at times proven greater than that of either the Legislative or Executive Department. This feature of paramountcy is illustrated in those cases where courts of last resort have passed upon the constitutionality of measures enacted by the Legislature. Where the Executive or Legislative Department of an American State transcends its constitutional limitations, the recognized authority is in the hands of the Judiciary to declare the paramount law as written by the people themselves in their constitution. With that power in the hands of the judges, a majority of the electors believe that the people should have in their own hands the ultimate control over the selection of judges. The modern tendency has been towards greater control over the courts and legislatures by means of the recall, initiative and referendum. While many thoughtful people deplore this tendency, it is idle to ignore it or to ignore the voting force which stands behind it. Accordingly, in seeking means to relieve ourselves of an unquestioned menace to our judicial system, we must think in terms of what is possible rather than of what is desirable.

As said by Mr. Carlos C. Alden, Progressive leader in the late New York Constitutional convention:

> "Can we in some way, unite the best features of both an appointive and elective judiciary and escape certain evils attendant upon both methods? I suggest that the Governor might appoint, and then the people at a subsequent election vote whether or not they will continue the appointee. If the vote is negative, the incumbent retires from office, and the Governor makes another appointment, subject to similar confirmation or rejection by the people."

The thought thus expressed was the basis of a movement undertaken at the session of the California Legislature in 1915. Senator W. F. Chandler of Fresno, during that session, introduced a proposed amendment to the Judiciary Article of our Constitution, providing that the Justices of the Supreme Court and of the District Courts of Appeal and the Judges of the Superior Courts should be appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the electors, and that their terms of office should commence on the first Monday after the first day of January next following their appointment and confirmation. The amendment further provided that "appointment for full terms shall be made during the month of July next preceding the commencement of the term for which the appointment is made."

This proposed constitutional amendment was known throughout the campaign waged for its enactment by the Legislature, as the "Chandler Amendment." The proposed amendment was actively advocated by the Commonwealth Club of California and the Bar Associations of Los Angeles and San Francisco. Notwithstanding the earnest efforts on behalf of the change the antagonism to-

wards the appointive system of judiciary was so strong that it failed to carry in the Legislature. In reporting the failure of the amendment, the Commonwealth Committee said:

"Notwithstanding the failure to secure legislative approval of the Chandler Amendment, your committee believes that the agitation for some improvement in the manner of selecting our judges ought to be continued.

"Present conditions are all but intolerable. Judges are nominated by petition to which signatures are obtained largely through the personal effort of the candidate, directly or indirectly. The primary compaign which follows calls for incessant activity on the part of the candidate, who, is successful, thereafter must go through the turmoil of a regular election campaign. The whole proceeding puts a premium of self-advertising and blatant methods. No one stands sponsor for a candidate, and in many cases his election depends not so much upon his fitness as upon his talent for getting his name before the people. This is particularly the case in the larger counties and in the election of justices of the Supreme Court and of District Courts of Appeal. In many instances candidates are compelled to incur obligations for assistance, financial and otherwise, that impair their usefulness on the bench. Few men give without expecting a return. Nor can judicial candidates go through such experiences without a loss of self-respect, nor without a lowering of standards in the eyes of the people.

"The one striking fact that the labors of the committee appear to have established is that the great majority of the members of the bench and bar are in favor of the selection of judges by some method of appointment. There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the best plan, but, with the principle established, men will sooner or later agree upon the means of applying it.

"Your committee believes also that a large part of the thoughtful men of the State, who have given the subject any consideration, are of the same mind."

III.

The plan of the Chandler Amendment should be re-submitted to the Legislature. If not approved it should be made the basis of an initiative measure to amend the constitution.

The evils averted to by the Commonwealth Club Committee are still with us in intensified form. A remedy must be devised. The combination of proper nomination by the Governor and corrective control by a popular vote seems to be the only available solution of a very grave problem. The Bar Association of San Francisco, in concert with the Commonwealth Club and other civic organizations recently submitted to the Board of Supervisors, a similar amendment to our Municipal Charter in order to bring about correction of the deplorable police court conditions existing in San Francisco. As in the case of the Legislature, the local governing body refused to submit the amendment for popular vote. Personally, I favor an initiative measure to meet and correct the local conditions and I believe that the intelligent, well intentioned voters can be educated to understand and appreciate the importance and necessity of adopting some such measure to insure the efficiency and integrity of the Bench. The highest good of every honest element of the electorate demands such legislation.

The Chandler method of selection, first, by appointment by the executive and the election afterward by the people, was recently, after a campaign of intensive education, adopted by the electors of San Francisco, for the selection of members of the Board of Education, the governing body of the public schools of San Francisco. If the Legislature fails to propose an amendment along the lines suggested, an initiative amendment endorsed by the Commonwealth Club of California, the Bar Associations of the State and public-spirited organizations, should be submitted to the people for their votes. The campaign of education in behalf of the measure would, in all probability, be attended by a success such as met the local effort to introduce a similar innovation in the selection of the San Francisco School Board.



Jerry Scores

By Irene Hadley

JERRY JIGGS'S decision to go to the Young Folks Jollification Club masked ball clad in a suit of iron mail was extemporaneous.

Jerry had drifted into Dad Cohn's place accompanied by enthusiasm in one hand and his precious invitation in the other.

He greeted Dad with the familiarity of an old friend.

"No, I don't want to borrow this time, Dad. I've come to rent something nifty in the way of a masquerade costume! The committee has decided to hold the doings at Mathews' house 'n I want to speed up."

Daddy Cohn winked slyly.

"Bill Mathews has the prettiest house and the sweetest daughter in this town."

Jerry glared. "What costume would you suggest?" he inquired icily.

A few minutes later, after much tugging and pulling, Jerry was given the pleasure of seeing himself for the first time in Scotch array. He gave one deep hungry look, followed by three short gasps.

"Them legs o' mine," he groaned. "Gee! Do I look like that? Great horn spoons! Am I that knock-kneed?" He pulled in frantic haste and embarrassment at the short plaid skirt, but it shied gleefully and Jerry's knees stayed bare. Even his dignity was eluding him.

"Take it off—" he howled at the snickering Cohn. "Get me out of it. I couldn't possibly appear among ladies in that rig."

A shepherd's costume was donned next, a shaggy rough thing that hung loosely from Jerry's thin shoulders. The youth stalked back and forth as he viewed himself in the mirror.

"Not so bad, Dad; not so bad. Only there isn't enough of it. The lines are graceful enough all right, but look at me! I pop out of the costume here, all over."

Jerry ran his fingers through his mop of red curls. "I guess I was built more for speed and endurance than for beauty. Dad, these costumes won't do. I'm a modest, retiring youth, and far be it from me to appear before the maidens and mothers of this village and make myself a guy. Haven't you got a costume that is built solid? Something nice and thick that folks can't see through? Understand, I want to be all covered up. All of me."

Dad thought a moment.

"How would you like a suit of mail? That would cover your face and hands, too."

"Ah, an armored knight? Just the thing! Just the thing! Romantic and everything!" cried the boy. "Why didn't I think of that first. Trot it out."

So Dad "trotted it out" for Jerry's grateful approval, and soon that young man was on his way home visualizing beatific visions of himself at the dancing party, a hero in arms.

But even youth has its spells of disillusionment, its period of earthquaky qualms. Jerry's mother met him at the door of their bungalow with a smile—and a note.

The smile Jerry answered in kind; the note he accepted in awkward dignity. It was from Lila Mathews; he recognized her round scrawl. He evaded his mother and escaped to his room; Mrs. Jiggs, being a wise woman, the mother of several sons, held her silence, although there was a tear in her laughter. Signs indicated that her Jerry was grown up.

With a dim foreboding of evil, Jerry held the note in his hand. His hunch told him something was wrong; probably Lila's Dad had made her call off the party; he had roared horribly the last time the Jollification Club had invaded his premises.

But curiosity overcame qualmishness. He opened the note. His eye lingered tenderly on the "Dearest Jerry;" then Lila did like him a little bit after all; probably about as well as she did old fat Egan; he reflected pensively, but the following words almost paralyzed him. He sank in limp despair on his couch; the note fell out of his nerveless hand and stared up at him in mute protest.

It read:

"Dearest Jerry.—I want you to come to my dancing party as a Scatch Laddie. Just a little secret between us two, and I'll be dressed as a Highland lassie! Won't that be fun? Of course I might ask Don Egan if you don't want to, but he is so fat. Do, please, and don't disappoint,

"Your loving friend,

"LILA."

Could you beat that for hard luck? And just after a fellow had secured such a swell coat of mail to wear.

Jerry thought of the dainty Lila, and resolvel to wear a Scotch costume at any cost. Then he thought of his terrible knees and reversed his decision.

He could picture Fat Egan in Scotch plaids! Fat would do anything to please Lila, but then roly-poly knees, dimpled at that, aren't half as noticeable as crinkling loose ones that seem to clang with every step. He might explain to Lila; yet what fellow would make a very heroic figure saying to the girl of his heart: "I adore you—I'll wear anything to please you—but my knees—my horrible mismated knees!"

With a groan Jerry decided to stick to his last choice. He would go to that masquerade as a knight, better to have the wrath of one woman than the ridicule of many. He stumped over to the phone before his courage should fail him. A moment later Lila's sweet voice sounded in his ears in answer to his gruff "Hello."

"I got your note, Lila, Bud brought it home."

Lila's answer came clearly.

"Oh, goody. I sent it by Buddie 'cause I did not want to say too much over the phone. Did you see about the —you know?"

Jerry sighed. Well, phoning was easier than facing her.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to disappoint you. I've chosen a different kind."

"Jerry! Can't you change your mind?"

"I can change my mind but not my kne—" Jerry stopped in panicky confusion. The girl's voice came a little shrilly.

"I can't understand you, Jerry. It sounded like you said something about your knees."

"I said 'sneeze,' not 'knees.' I've got a cold and cannot wear what you asked me to. I'm afraid I would sneeze—at the party."

There came a queer little sound over the wire, as if some one at the other end had said "O piffle," but Jerry kept on talking with dogged determination.

"Better let Fat be your partner, though I thank you for asking me first."

"Very well, Jerry; I won't keep you talking any longer. Sorry your health is failing. Gooybye until Saturday night," said Lila in a crisp way.

Jerry wiped his hot forehead and turned to face his mother who had appeared in time to hear the last snatches of conversation.

Mrs. Jiggs looked her son over anxiously.

"I didn't know you had a cold Jerry.

Your face is positively flushed—you look feverish. What were you saying over the phone about sneezing?"

Jerry looked a trifle guilty. "I haven't a cold, mother. I was merely saying I might get one."

"Now, don't try to get away from me, Jerry. I distinctly overheard enough to know that you have the cold now. Didn't you say you would be sneezing at the party? I am going to fix you some herb tea right this minute."

Jerry made a grimace. "Honestly, ma —I'm not a bit sick. I just didn't get— I didn't want—my knees to get cold Saturday night."

Mrs. Jiggs eyed her son in wild astonishment.

"What nonsense is this? Why should you worry about your knees getting any colder than the rest of your body? You weren't going with them bare, were you?"

Jerry shook his head.

"Not hardly. I wanted to keep them out of sight, so I told Lila I had a cold— I——"

Jerry's mother frowned.

"In my youth young men did not discuss the effect of climatic conditions upon their knees—at least over the telephone with their girls. Whatever is the matter with you, Jerry? What are you trying to conceal from me? Have you rheumatism?"

Jerry thought for one wild moment of confiding in his mother. Then a stubborn something refused to let him.

"I'll promise to drink one cup of your herb tea, Mummie, if you will put the silence on the cross-examination."

Mrs. Jiggs agreed, though she took careful note of her son's nervousness and resolved to keep a better watch on his physical condition in the future.

Saturday night found Jerry clad in his mighty iron suit and bravely on his way. Old Bogley, the Main street officer, gave him a curious look as he turned the corner, but then Bogley was somewhat hardened to the sight of the Jollification bunch—a whole stream of devils, serpents, angels, even lions and giraffes had stalked past him that evening. Jerry had never realized that a suit could be so warm. The short walk from his own home to the Mathews home made him perspire, and the sight of a Fat Scotch lad and a dainty masked lassie standing in the lighted doorway added to his discomfort. Bad, tantalizing news spreads fast. Jerry soon found himself the center of a teasing crowd of merry-makers. Some fiend had "listened in" when he had talked with Lila over the phone. They had garbled the news and twisted it out of shape, but at any rate they all seemed to believe that bashful Jerry Jiggs' mother made him wear a suit of armor because the dear boy had a cold. She did not want him to get rheumatism in his left knee!"

Jerry stood the taunts with patience, vowing mentally to take careful note of the different speakers so as to be able to connect each remark with its originator after the unmasking time. Then heaven help the guilty fellows when he met them alone on the outside!

Even the girls were very solicitous about his health, one saying she understood Jerry wanted to wear a Buster Brown suit but the doctor advised against it.

Evidently knights of old lived sans fox-trotting, sans one-stepping. At least that was Jerry's verdict after he essayed one dance.

Now, Jerry, in his natural, unarmed state, was a nimble foxtrotter, adept in all of the latest prances and contortions, but Jerry-in-mail was stiff and unbending —and heavy.

In plain words, "it couldn't be done," and Jerry promptly decided he was not going to try to do it. He showed his partner to her seat and started toward the library doors, bent upon finding a quiet retreat where he could look over some magazines until refreshment time. With heavy strides he crossed to the center of the room and then—he felt something slipping—whatever ancient knights wore as suspenders; that must be the loose part; some sort of a bolt or a cog—for the suit seemed to be crumpling right away from him.

With a groan Jerry stumbled in hasty frenzy toward the safety of the lonely library.

"What's the matter?" called Fat Egan.

"Sick again?" But the fleeing knight only grunted, as he landed with a bound behind the safe shelter of the dividing door.

Old Bill Mathews looked up from his paper in surprise at the ironclad figure that had invaded the library so pre-emptorily.

"What is wrong, lad? Tired of dancing so soon?"

Jerry sighed. "Mr. Mathews, won't you please help me out of this thing? It seems to be falling off of me in parts—and I cannot get the headpiece off far enough to see how much of the blamed thing is missing already."

The father of Jerry's ideal laughed in sympathy.

"Well, I admire your grit in wearing a suit that covers you. Even a mother couldn't see beauty in some of the knees displayed in some of those Scotch costumes." Then he unfastened the suit with deft hands and helped Jerry step out of it. "See these little ends and this piece of bent metal?" he asked. "Well, they have given me an idea."

Jerry looked. "I must have twisted that fastener when I tried to dip in the onestep. It looks loose."

Lila's father patted Jerry's shoulder.

"My boy, for months our firm has been trying to perfect a new clasp for the Mathews Pippin Lunch Box. See?" He twisted and poked the loose clasp—"By following out the idea I got from seeing how you had accidentally bent this little clasp, I shall be able to perfect the Mathews Perfect Fastener."

"Well. I am glad somebody will get some good out of that awful suit," replied Jerry. "Maybe it was lucky for you that I didn't come in a Scotch or shepherd's rigout."

Mr. Mathews beamed. "Lucky! Well, I should say so. Young man, I'm going to give you a job, if you want it. Selling the new fastener. I want you to visit my home—my wife and daughter. You are original, lad, and originality, well that's what counts, these days. The only suit of mail in the whole party; the only lad to think of something different than the rest—the only one with ideas."

"And knock knees—" Jerry thought to himself as he smiled happily.

FROM A NEWLY PITCHED TENT IN CALIFORNIA

By Lee McCrae

The sun does not rise in this Lazy-land
  Till the slow fog goes its way.
It's November here in this Hazy-land—
  Then all of a sudden it's May!
There are blossoming trees and hedges of
      bloom;
  The twittering birds come near;
There are bees and dust and gay, green
      boughs
  Whatever the time of the year.

On the other side of this great round ball
  There is clangor and woe and fear.
But here there is resting; the strife is still,
  And the world seems slow and kind.
Ah, it's good to loiter in Lazyville,
  In the Valley of Never-mind!

The Soul of The Sierras

An Earnest Plea for the Preservation of the Giant Redwoods.

By Mabel H. Wharton

UP THROUGH the infinite aeons, with century on century builded into the rings of its heart, grows the Sequoia of the Sierras. Time was when the Sierras were but rocks in the bottom of the shallow seas waiting to be thrust upward and worn into mountains by the elements, but the Sequoias had lived and thrived lustily long ere these rocks were inundated by the tides of time. Even then the rocks carried the imprint of the Sequoia in their hearts. They were the very soul of the Sierras, destined to live again, again to spring into life in a new generation. The tiny seedlings, scarce as strong as the ferns of the carboniferous age which grew beside them, gave no hint of their coming majesty. Today, stately, in serene content they lift their god-like crowns to the heavens—the oldest living things in the whole wide world.

You walk in their shadowed cathedral aisles and you walk with God. You emerge from their refreshing depths cleansed in spirit, ready again to take up the humdrum task. They have preached a sermon to your soul.

Heroic in size, like all things of that far off day of which the Sequoias are a part, they watch the uprising peoples of the earth in seeming alien aloofness like some hoary great-grandparent whose lengthening days have long outlived his generation. They dream of the past—of cities that were builded with the blood and lives of slaves, of dynasties that have risen, flourished to their zenith and fallen to decay—of men, gradually come into beings from atoms, growing in mind and stature, building their empires, fighting their battles, rising, falling, disappearing into the mists of yesterday. Of men, crossing the sun-bitten deserts in caravans, sailing the seven seas in ships of their devising, sailing the conquered air of wide-winged planes. Yet only man, this seeming puniest of God's creations, can cause the downfall of this His oldest handiwork.

A thousand years will not bring a Sequoia to its perfection, but in a day man may lay it low forever. He places his outstretched hand on the fresh cut stump and it covers more than his short life as measured on the great expanse of the yearly rings of the fallen giant. The Sequoia has stood serenely against the bitterness of ten thousand storms—the snows of the centuries have not broken it, the drought of the most scorching summer with its ally, the deadly forest fire, have been helpless to injure it. Insects could not penetrate the thickness of its ruddy bark. Lightning, striking off its noble crown was ever thwarted by the ambition of other top-most branches which hastily stretched themselves and builded anew.

Is man proud that he alone is able to slay this noble giant in a twinkling—this tree whose crown looked with the Wise Men to the Star in the East that night when Christ was born in Bethlehem? It is the sacrilege of the century. A century that has already marked itself with the greatest holocaust of the ages. Shall we stay the hand of the wood cutter in the Sierras—or shall we brand this century anew by deliberately depriving posterity of this one of the greatest of God's gifts?

The Sequoia Sempervirens will not last another decade with the present cutting in the West. If the Government does not again obtain control of this virgin timber, another generation will but know of it by hearsay. Far away old wives tales of seemingly mythological giants, which have passed from the earth never to return. Man may build and rebuild through the centuries, but with all his wisdom he may never build a Sequoia.

The glory that was Rome may be equaled—surpassed, but once the sap has ceased to course its way upward through

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The Farm That Jack Built

University Training With A Serious Purpose

Golden Opportunities for Students at the Davis Farm School.

By Torrey Connor



A Dormitory at Davis Farm.

SOME are born on farms, some buy farms, and some have farms thrust upon them. We will suppose that Jack has been born on a California farm. He determines, as he arrives at the years when a town-bred boy is selling shoes (with movie-actor ambitions in the back of his mind), or weighing out sugar (with an eye to membership in the firm), or causing two real estate signs to stand where one stood before—he determines, unaccountably, to "stay with the farm." This was popularly supposed to be the one thing that a country-reared boy never does; but times are changing.

It may be that Jack's father is the old-style farmer, who is immune to any suggestion of modern methods. "What's good enough fer my father's good fer me—an' it ought t' be fer you."

But the more advanced farmers are walking circles around this farm, so far as results are concerned; and Jack goes forth to find the reason for it. The blazed trail is so plain, so wide, that he cannot miss the way; and at the end stands the Door of Knowledge, open to any one who would enter. Jack makes up his mind to go to an agricultural college before he assumes the management of the farm. Here he may learn to handle anything in the way of a farming implement, from a walking plow to a Fresno scraper.

Perhaps his cattle are unsound. He learns how to combat bovine tuberculosis. Malaria control is taught; and ticks, parasites of poultry, liver flukes of sheep, scab and mange in domesticated animals are banished from Jack's farm when he has gained the knowledge that makes farming an exact science, rather than "the thing that was good enough for father." It may be that the soil is poor—"worked out." He gains an insight into the sciences which make for the production and maintenance of soil fertility. These studies include soil mapping, soil classification, soil chemistry, soil bacteriology.

All this, and much more, is taught in connection with farm management—Pomology, Viticulture, Genetics, Entomology, Plant Pathology, Irrigation and Farm Mechanics.

The University Farm School at Davis offers Jack: Three years of instruction in agriculture, if he is eighteen years of age or older, and has the equivalent of a grammar school education. Two years of instruction to him if he is a high school graduate, and does not care for the thorough training in mathematics, fundamental sciences and cultural subjects required for the B. S. degree in the University. One year, if he can only spare that amount of time to increase his earning power. The course is so arranged that the student may devote a considerable part of his attention the first year to special branches of agriculture, as animal husbandry, dairy manufactures, horticulture, or poultry husbandry, while supplementing these with dependent and related subjects, such as soils, forage crops, farm machinery, and irrigation.

The aim is to familiarize the student with the most efficient agricultural practice and to present the principles underlying it, and the part chemistry, botany, entomology, mathematics and other sciences play as aids in everyday farming.

A large portion of the work is done in laboratory, field, shop, and stable, though no student can secure the benefit of accumulated knowledge of science and practice without earnest devotion to textbooks, State and Government publications and lecture notes. Farm practice is required of those inexperienced in the elementary manual work of the farm.

Jack is told that the purpose of the University Farm School courses is to increase the earning power of young men in agricultural work by better fitting them for the operation of their own enterprises, or for some definite position as trained, skilled employees; to broaden their understanding of the sciences underlying the production of plant and animal products; to familiarize them with the best farm practice and the economic laws of business; and to cultivate a knowledge of those influences which make for good citizenship and American manhood.

The young man without ranch experience and without money, ambitious to own a ranch some day, and desirous of fitting himself to earn a good salary and secure experience in the employ of others, must realize that it takes character, training, and accumulating experience to attain, that school or college can give but one—i. e., training; and that character and experience require time to attain.

He must be willing to start as a beginner at slightly less than going wage till he proves his ability to work regularly as a laborer. His vacations should be thus spent so that at the end of his course a position as helper may be sought with a good foreman or herdsman—a man who, while working with his own hands, oversees the work of others, and for whose position with more than a laborer's wage the student should be fitted in a few months or a year.



Pigs Are Pigs at the Davis Farm.



All Wool and a Yard Wide.

The next promotion for the person with the ability to manage men and with growing judgment and experience is that of superintendent, a position where the number of men and varied responsibilities take so much head-work that manual labor is not expected except in emergencies. The superintendent's job is to carry out the plans of the manager or owner. When Jack arrives at this goal, he is ready to go home and show father how to raise prize pork, prunes and pumpkins.

It is at this time, too, that Jack, the farmer, usually begins to look about for Jill, the farmerette, to help him to build the farm on the 1920 model. Chances are that he marries a city girl—for city and country are not so far apart as they were "in father's time," more especially, since the High Cost of Automobiles has been lowered. City girl, then, would learn to be a farmerette. Where? Why, at Davis, of course! This is agreed upon after she has chased Jack and the cultivator half-way around the field, in order to ask him how to take the skins off ripe tomatoes!

It may be that they live near enough to Davis so that they can drive over in the runabout on "demonstrator" days; or, as everything is taught in correspondence courses, now-a-days, from salesmanship to steeple-packing, why not let Jill take her courses in butter-making, henology, preserving, or learn how to remove the skins from ripe tomatoes, by mail?

Jack and Jill, farmer and farmerette, now with a growing crop of little farmers and farmerettes, early decide that they must have a Creed upon which to build their lives—and the farm; so they adopt the following:

"We believe there is no place like home and that the best home in the world is the farm home.

"We believe that the farm is the best woman; and that intelligent handling of foodstuffs in the home pays big dividends in health and money.

"We believe in constant study by both farmer and wife. There is nothing like intelligent work. There is nothing that wears one out sooner than working without aim or an eye to results.

"We believe in recreation on the farm as elsewhere. It is not only a duty but a



A "Farmerette" at the University Farm School, Davis.

place on which to rear good children. How many of our great men have learned to be honest, faithful, industrious and go-ahead citizens in a farm home!

"We believe that sunshine, smiles and soap and water are the finest brighteners of the farm home. They should, however, be supplemented as soon as possible by modern inventions and comforts. There is no just reason why the farmer and his wife should work under discouraging or uncomfortable conditions.

"We believe that the best farmer is the best business man; that thrift is needed in a farmer's wife as much as in the city paying proposition to ward off overfatigue."

In the farm that Jack built (with the help of Jill) they are always going forward. It is said, you know, that one must go forward—or back; there is no standing still. They have not quite arrived at the place where they think it necessary to have a motion picture show and a dance on the farm every week, to hold that shy bird, the "hired help"; but they furnish decent quarters for the extra men who work through harvest, and in the fruit. They feed them well. It pays.

As for themselves: They take good

magazines, farm journals, and patronize the country "circulating library." They have bought up-to-the-minute farm machinery, as it could be afforded; but the needs of the house were not overlooked. A patent churn, washing machine, carpet sweeper, and other contrivances, lighten the indoor labor; a phonograph that cost Jack "two hundred large, round, iron men," is the source of much entertainment; and when "the young folks" drop in from neighboring ranches, the rugs are rolled up and a dance is on.

Jack's father had none of these things, nor, indeed, their equivalent. Had the old way been "good enough" for Jack, he would not have had them. Jack and Jill are members of a club that has to do with things of interest to farmers and their wives; they wear good clothes. It was a lucky day for Jack when he took the path to the Door of Knowledge.

He is talking of sending his younger brother to Davis, next year; and of course, all the little Jacks and Jills eventually will go there. Better farming, better living, and—consequently — better children is a gospel with them. One of Jill's sisters is taking a correspondence course; and Jill herself goes over to a "demonstration" whenever she can, just to keep up with the latest methods.

Among those who find the correspondence courses fitted to their needs are: Busy farmers and their wives, who wish to know more of the business of managing the farm and how to make the home surroundings attractive; persons interested in some special agricultural enterprise, who wish to make a careful study of it; boys and girls on the farm who cannot attend an agricultural school or college; professional men, business men, mechanics, and others who wish to broaden their agricultural information, or to gain information which will enable them to take up some special line of farming; and teachers of agriculture in rural and other public schools.

Each course deals with a special type of farming or a special topic of farm interest—as dairy husbandry, alfalfa culture, walnut culture, and canning and preserving—with the purpose of giving in concise form the information needed by a person engaging in that particular kind of work. They are prepared with special reference to agricultural conditions in California, and to the farming methods that apply in the various sections of the State.

At present, twenty-eight courses are offered; others are in course of preparation, and will be announced when ready for distribution. Those courses now available are: Alfalfa Culture, Corn Culture, Onion Culture, Barley Culture, Dairy Husbandry, Swine Husbandry, Sheep Hunbandry, Poultry Husbandry, Bee Keeping, Pear Culture, Plum and Prune Culture, Walnut Culture, Almond Culture, Grape Growing, Citrus Fruits, Olive Growing, Fig Culture, Home Floriculture, Canning and Preserving, Date Culture, Certain Semi-Tropical Fruits, Vegetable Gardening, Adult and Child Nutrition, Lumber and Its Uses, the Business Aspects of California Agriculture (for the beginner) Avocado Culture, Milch Goat Raising.

Send to the College of Agriculture, Berkeley, California, for an application card and Circular 113, which lists and describes the agricultural correspondence courses now offered, and those that are in courses of preparation. After deciding which course to take first, the application card should be filled out and returned. The first two lessons of the course will then be sent, with questions on each lesson and instructions for proceeding with the work.

The correspondence courses are entirely free. Jack holds that of the 1001 wonders of California, this is the greatest of them all. He has often said that he hopes to die a multi-millionaire, so that he can endow so worthy an institution with two or three million. As the State is not destitute of millionaires, it would be well to circulate the idea. Something may come of it.



Trench-Wall Testimony

Its Influence on the Christmas Outlook of a Forlorn Widow.

By Helen M. Mann

"NO WILL has been found." The words struck with disheartening finality upon the little woman huddled in her shawl, who sat on the edge of a chair in the lawyer's office. Milner's manner was bruskly polite. Polite and smooth like the claws of a cat.

"If there is anything we can do for you, Mrs. Howe?" His tone was meant to be suggestive, but the only thing that it suggested was that the interview was ended and the best thing for Mrs. Howe to do under the circumstances, was to retire. She accepted the implication and left.

Sammey, her own Sammey, had gone to war and never returned. That was hard enough. Almost too hard for the little mother to bear. But added to that was the curse of poverty and ill health. He was no longer there to provide for her and to cheer her old age.

"He wrote me that he would take out a Government insurance in my name," she said slowly to herself, "and he forgot. Poor Sammey, he went to his death, and he forgot!"

When the door closed behind the departing visitor, Milner opened a desk drawer and drew therefrom a long legal looking envelope postmarked Washington. He took a check from the envelope and studied it carefully. "That signature ought to be easy to forge," he muttered, "and they will have no way to prove it."

While he talked he searched his safe and finally found what he wanted, for his face expressed satisfaction. Both papers were placed on the desk and the lawyer spent a painstaking half hour over them. At the end of that time he rose, went to a nearby bank—not his own—and presently emerged therefrom with a contented smile on his lips. "Easy when you know how," he grinned, and went to his club.

It was the day before Christmas and a month later, that Mrs. Howe sat forlornly, half dozing, half dreaming, before a smoldering fire, when the door bell rang and startled her to consciousness.

The postman handed her an unstamped envelope with "Bureau of War Risk Insurance" printed in one corner of it. She looked at it dumbly, uncomprehending, but as a cold blast of wind struck her face, she closed the door hurriedly and returned to the dying fire.

The room was as dismal as her soul and the light as faint as the light of hope which barely flickered in her hungry heart. She bent close to the fire so as to better read the typewritten words of that oddly folded paper which she held in her hand. A photograph and fac-simile of a cancelled check fell to the floor as she opened it. She picked the check up first and stared at it in bewilderment. The sum of $5000 was made out to her son and his name was signed to it. Though the resemblance was close, the signature was not his. Her mother instinct knew it was not his.

Then she picked up the photograph and the quick tears sprang to her faded eyes. It was of her son's handwriting, But how strange. Where was it? What did it mean? Then she turned to the letter for explanation and read in part:

"——and though this check has been endorsed and returned to this Bureau, we note that date of above named man's death was prior to date of signature. Also the signature of check and signature of writing on the trench wall do not correspond. Kindly inform the Bureau which is the authentic signature of your son, at your earliest convenience.

"The check was sent to James A. Milner, attorney at law, 103 Second street, your city. If the endorsement was forged, the amount thereon stated will be transferred to your account.

"Also notice from photograph that the writing on the trench wall is an application for Insurance by your son and is made out in your name. This writing has been honored in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance as a Claim, as it is the last will made by your son before his death.

"The amount of $3000 annually will be paid direct to you instead of through your lawyer, as his reputation is in question, due to the signature on enclosed photograph of check.

"All future communication addressed to this Bureau, etc."

James A. Milner is no longer practicing law. The Government deals heavily with its transgressors.

Roping Grizzlies



By Homer Kingsley

ONCE the upper Ojai valley of California was the most famous hunting ground in all the west country. There, in the early days of the State, came both Indians and white men in quest of game. There, too, came the four-footed hunters, mountain lions that followed the wanderig bands of deer, and huge grizzly bears, that would knock down a heifer on the range as easily as a cat destroys the mouse with which it has been playing.

In the sixty's and as late as the early seventy's grizzly bears were a common sight in the mountains of Ventura county. They alone of all the wild creatures became bold enough to contest the country with mankind, a fact which rendered these huge creatures an easy prey; not to bullets, for a grizzly may charge a mile or more and destroy his assailant even if shot in a dozen places, but to the handiest device employed by the Spanish vanqueros (cow punchers), the lasso.

Because grizzly bears could be easily lassoed there were held in old Ventura town in the early days some of the strangest battles ever known—fights between huge grizzly bears, great steer killers that never had been weakened by captivity, and the lithe, thick necked Spanish bulls, sharp of horn, quick of foot, always ready for a fight and with a charge like that of a catapult.

Bull and bear fights have been held by the Spanish people since first the Latin races went to the Pyrenees. The grizzly of California is bulkier, more powerful and desperate than the brown bears of Europe. It usually took four men to lasso a grizzly, and the vaqueros of the Ventura range were equal to the job. The west never had better cowboys than the Spanish or Mexican cow hands in early California days.

These daring men would ride out from Ventura to the upper Ojai long before morning and would have reached the stamping grounds of old Ephraim when the first dawn came. Almost always, so say the early settlers, they would get a bear.

Usually the vaqueros separated, riding on ridges and overlooking the surrounding country and the deep brush covered arroyos. When bruin was sighted shrill yells would call to the riders that the quarry had been seen. Not much lassoing could be done in the brushy places, although the horsemen were amazingly expert in getting through the brush. But the slim little cow ponies needed room to get away should the lasso slip.

The vaqueros were a daring and reckless lot, and would ride up within throwing distance as unconcernedly as they would were they after a steer. When the rope was first thrown over the bear's neck, or around one of his legs it would apparently be no more to the great creature than a fly. Usually Old Ephraim would charge at the horseman, who would ride sideways, keeping the rope taut. Finally the bear would rise on his hind legs and slowly coil in the rope with his paws, pulling both the horse and the man towards him. This would be possible providing the bear could get some purchase on the ground. Not one nor even two vaqueros, on horseback would be a match for a grizzly bear, because old bruin generally had more pulling power than a pony on a bushy hillside.

But after the first noose had settled over the bear's head a second would usually come whirling and soon the grizzly would find itself taut from three or four angles, held by as many vaqueros. After that it would be the work of a few moments to truss the great bear up, load



A Monarch of the Forest, Unafraid.

him on a wagon and take him to the town of Ventura, where for the amusement of the crowd he would be pitted against a bull.

In the fight between the bulls and bears Bruin usually came off second best. although a grizzly can easily knock down the greatest steer when he approaches him by a flank attack on a range, he would generally be unable to resist the furious charge of the bull in the arena.

The old Spanish bull was ready to fight at the drop of the hat. He had a thick arched neck, sharp-pointed horns, was light and quick of foot and could turn a corner as sharp as a cotton tail rabbit. When the bull would be loosened into the arena, up would go its tail, down would go its head, and like a flash it would charge the bear with an impact that could not be resisted.

Then, too, the bull in the arena would exhibit greater cunning than the bear and a greater disregard of consequences. The old time Spanish bull had a way of starting his charge from the side. His first few steps would be sideways and this would completely baffle the bear, which would almost always anticipate a frontal attack and would plan to break the bull's neck with a pat of the paw as the bull charged past.

Once in the old ring at Ventura a mighty grizzly lassoed and brought captive into Ventura but three days before, started loping towards a lean, wiry, Spanish bull that was pawing up the dust in a corner of the arena. After waiting until the bear was about fifty feet away the bull charged. As soon as the bull started the bear rose on its hind legs, towering so that man would have seemed very small beside it.

Never had there been so brutal or thrilling a spectacle in Spanish California. In an instant the bull struck the bear, knocking it severel feet backward. There was a confused struggling mass. Then the

dust cleared. The bull lay dying, the bear was fatally gored, and afterward shot and sold by a butcher. This was an exceptional fight.

Usually the bull and the bear would not engage in the fight with equal vigor. The Spanish bulls were nearly as wild as the bears themselves and oftentimes they would be nervous and uncertain, a condition caused by the crowds and the yelling. For several moments they might walk about the edges of the open space before attempting to fight each other. But as soon as they had become used to the strange place it was not long ere the battle was on, and it was fought to a finish.

In the upper Ojai lives Thomas Clark, a wealthy old timer and widely known. He came to his present ranch in 1868 and has lived in the same spot ever since. When he came to the upper Ojai the sight of a grizzly was a common one to him, and his young wife thought no more of seeing a deer loping down the mountain slopes than would a city girl who sees a sparrow.

Clark was a companion of former United States Senator Thomas R. Bard. Many a time the two men tramped through the mountains making surveys and so they came to know the grizzly better than city people know their neighbors.

Clark says that in the first years of his life there, the big bears treated the white men with indifference, sometimes with hostility and rarely with fear. When a bear did slink out of sight it was generally because the great animal regarded discretion as the better part of valor.

Once, Clark says, he saw three grizzlies, a huge male, a she-bear and a half-grown bear, plan the killing of a great steer. It all took place in full daylight, and on an open plain, the bears paying absolutely no attention to Clark who was about one hundred and fifty yards away.

The cattle were grazing in an open place, and a few moments before the attack was made Clark saw the bears slowly shuffling upa narrow arroyo. Then they separated. In a moment a bear rolled out of a fringe of willows that ran down like a point in the little plain. This rolling bear was all doubled up and bounding along like a football rolling towards the cattle, which instead of fleeing, pricked up their ears and watched the strange spectacle.

Suddenly at angles from either side of the plain the two other bears rushed forth, and almost before one could tell what had happened the larger of the two had reached the great steer that was intent on watching the rolling bear. The steer was totally unprepared for the attack. Bruin with a paw as heavy as lead felled the steer to the earth. In five minutes from the time that Clark had first seen the grizzlies they had devoured a large part of the steer.

Today there are none of the great beasts left in California. Their very fearlessness coupled with the high-powered rifle soon caused them to disappear from the hills and valleys of the Golden State. They still remain in the forests and mountains of British Columbia.



The Freeze-Out

By

James Howard Hull

"He who takes what isn't his'n
Must fetch it back or go to prison."

EBENEZER MERRIMAN was harmless. That is perhaps why he found employment in the Rainbow mine so readily and remained there so long—almost a year. He came to the district equipped with brief credentials, to the effect that he was "very honest and industrious."

With these in hand, he began his career at the Rainbow Mine. Only ten miners were employed in the Rainbow, and with the exception of himself, no one person had ever been permitted to work there more than a few months at a time. The reason for this was never quite understood, but it was rumored that in the Rainbow Mine, exceedingly rich ore was occasionally unearthed, and that many miners, unless carefully watched, were prone to become temporarily well-to-do, by appropriating sundry portions of the valuable high grade mineral. Of such arrant acts of mendacity, Ebenezer was never once suspected. Not that Tom Smiley, the astere manager, thought Ebenezer above carrying away an occasional small chunk of high grade. Tom Smiley knew the world too well for that. But he had much faith in the incapacity of a mind like Ezenezer's, to conceive of so subtle an intransitive verb as "to high grade." He would have been glad indeed if all his miners had been like Ebenezer in this respect. But simplicity among miners is a rare trait. Yes, Ebenezer was simple. Why, the poor dub actually believed in being "honest!"

But one morning in September, even honest Ebenezer relapsed. He arrived at the mine a little late. A few inches of snow had fallen, despoiling the autumnal glory of late sub-alpine wild flowers. Clustered around a small stove in the office building, six or eight miners were condoning recent vicissitudes, both of climate and of luck. A big hand-painted notice was tacked on the office door, announcing that work in the Rainbow would be discontinued indefinitely.

"What's the trouble, Sam?" he inquired of the windlass man. "Broke down or something?"

"No, bad air."

"Aw, I been here a year, and I never saw any bad air."

The other laughed. "Bad air is neither seen nor smelt. It's just noted. You have to breathe it and see if you die,

and if you don't, there's none there."

Ebenezer looked worried. "Where is all this bad air?"

"In the north drift. In where you been working so long all by yourself."

"Can it. Come on, lower me down. I left a pair of gloves down there."

"No, I ain't a-kidding you. That's why they're closing down. Too much of this here poison gas. You opened up some natural cavities last night, with that last round you put it. You'd never get me to go down there again. No sir."

Ebenezer persisted. "Come on, Sam, lower me down. I got to get my gloves."

Reluctantly Sam took hold of the iron handle of the big windlass. "All right, just whatever you say, kid. But if you ever come out alive, don't say it was my fault."

Ebenezer promised faithfully that in the event of his demise en route, he would resort to no measures of reprisal. Slowly the two-inch rope unwound from the massive drum and Ebenezer, curled up in the bottom of the ore bucket, descended for fifty feet. Then the bucket struck heavily on solid rocks, and he climbed out. He broke the nose from a new candle, touched a match to the bared wick, and walked a hundred yards to the face of the drift. The round he had put in on the previous day had broken well. The breast holes and uppers had done their work. The lifters had thrown the ore back a dozen feet, leaving a clean set-up for the next round. Here were the gloves, half covered with muck. As he shook them out, a peculiar looking fragment of rock flashed in the candle light. He held it close to the blaze, scowled scientifically, and dropped it into his mackinaw pocket. Then he scrutinized the vein which had been uncovered. Where were the natural cavities that gave forth poisonous gas? He could see nothing but solid rock and a wide seam of white mineral in the center. The manager must have been mistaken about the bad air. Ebenezer breathed deeply and was delighted to find that no fatal effects ensued. He brought the flame of a candle close to the seam, and poked with his candle hook, in the interests of geology.

Suddenly he stopped with a salf conscious premonition. The silence itself accused him. He thought he heard a small rock roll from somewhere in the darkness. Somebody was watching him! He could feel it. He stared into black space with admitted guilt in every motion of his eyes. Then a match snapped, some distance up the drift. There was a flare of light and a man approaching, swinging a candle-hook professionally at his side. It was Tom Smiley! Ebenezer was caught red-handed.

"Go on top!" the manager roared.

Ebenezer waivered. "I just thought I'd come down and—"

"And fill your pockets, eh? Well, you go on top."

It was true. He had in his pocket a small piece of what might be valuable ore. To deny or admit it would be equally futile. There was nothing to explain. He made his guilty way back to the shaft in the penitent silence of an apprehended thief, and together the two men crawled into the ore bucket. Sam, with many a grunt, wound them to the surface, put on his coat and departed. All the other miners had left. Ebenezer sat on a bench in the shaft house and the outraged manager fumed up and down.

"High grading, eh? Now I tell you, kid, I'll give you four hours to get out of this camp. And the farther you go, the longer you'll live. Because if I ever see you again after twelve o'clock today, I'll make broad daylight illuminate your liver."

"You'll—illuminate—"

"I'll put you in hell! You bright enough to comprehend that? I'll kill you! Get the idea?"

"I had to go down there to—"

"Beat it! You got four hours."

Ebenezer knew he was guilty. Two ounces of Rainbow ore reposed in his mackinaw pocket, as evidence of that. He would have to hurry. He packed up a few things and went to the bank to withdraw his savings. Nearly a thousand dollars. Just at noon he bought a ticket to Denver and boarded a train. He would surely be safe in far away Denver.

Upon his arrival in Denver, his first act was to consult a lawyer, concerning the penalty for crime such as his. Yes, he learned, stealing ore was a misdemeanor. He was subject to a punishment under the law.

"Did you have some particular case in mind?" the attorney asked.

"No. Oh, no. I just wanted to know the law."

So, then; he was a criminal. A fugitive from justice. The world was before him, but it was an unexplored world. Where could he go? Where could he be safe, with so black a record? He obtained lodging in a cheap hotel and for several weeks idled away his time. Questions were asked about his business. Well, it was mining. That was all the information he could afford to give. Where was he from? Well, his home was wherever he stopped. As time went on, he grew accustomed to leisure. His interest in mining was taken for granted. His silence on the subject was mistaken for shrewdness. This young financier must know more about mines than he could reasonably be expected to divulge. Little by little he learned that for every mine there was a board of directors. There was also mining stock. Sometimes a million shares for a single mine. One afternoon he discovered from a conversation he overheard, that there were brokers who sold and bought mining stock at a place called a stock exchange; and that the varying prices of these stocks were quoted daily in the evening paper. He formed the habit of glancing through the quotations with what seemed to others to be a professional interest. Once he noticed Rainbow listed in the long column of securities. Perhaps that was the mine he had worked in. It was so far away from Denver he could hardly believe it. Still, it might be the same. Finally he learned by listening to an excited controversy between two ponderous gentlemen smoking cigars on the steps, that it was the same mine. He heard Tom Smiley's name mentioned in connection with it. Then he learned that Tom Smiley was somewhere in the city! He must go at once.

The next morning he packed up what he owned and set out for the railroad station, wondering whither he was bound. He walked two blocks, peering absently into store windows. In an office on the ground floor, with wide-open swinging doors, a man was making figures on a large black-board. He entered to investigate. The little black-mustached individual came forward to greet him with a prim smile.

"Glad to see you, Mr.—at—"

"Merriman's my name," he admitted. "You sell shares of mines? How are they today?"

"Pretty quiet. Which ones are you interested in?"

"Why—Rainbow mostly," he faltered.

"Well, Rainbow's down. And it's likely to stay down a long time. You know the mine was closed two months ago on account of bad air. It might pay if they could ventilate it, but they never did have nothing there. Why don't you take a buyer on some of the live ones,"

"No, I don't believe—"

"Now, of course, I can sell you some Rainbow if you want it. The time to buy is when it's down."

Ebenezer rattled the silver dollars in his pocket. "How much is Rainbow today?"

"Closed at a cent asked and three-fifths bid."

A hazy plan was evolving in his mind. "How much would five hundred dollars buy?"

"Let's see. At a cent a share—fifty thousand shares."

Ebenezer spread most of his money on the counter. "I'll take fifty thousand shares," he decided, and was soon stuffing the certificates into his inside coat pocket.

"Better have them registered, hadn't you?" the broker suggested.

"Registered?"

"On the books of the company," the broker explained patiently. "I'll do it for you. It won't cost but two bits."

Ebenezer left the broker's office a duly registered stockholder. It seemed like a year since he had entered, merely for the purpose of looking around casually. Where had he been going? Oh, yes, to the railroad station, to get away from Tom Smiley. But why should he do that? Why should he be afraid of Tom Smiley

now? He was a stockholder and Tom Smiley was only the manager. It came to him like an intoxicating delusion. Who was this man Smiley, anyhow? Who was he?

Ebenezer plodded back to the hotel a new kind of man. Some strangely new and rich vein in his reserved nature had been uncovered, and its resources were unlimited. He had grown up slowly, but at last he had grown up, and there was no turning back. He was now a regular mining man. What he lacked in detailed knowledge he could easily make up in self-assurance and wise silence. And as for this man Smiley, who was he?

Several weeks passed and Ebenezer continued to play financier. He said little about his business. His money still lasted. One day he received a letter announcing a stockholders' meeting. The directors of the Rainbow Mining Company were about to discuss their affiairs with such shareholders as might wish to be present. Ebenezer Merriman did. On the appointed evening he was one of the twenty-five grumbling parties who filled half the seats in a seventh-story office room.

They were a somber and irascible group of investors. Most of them had bought Rainbow at ten cents or more a share, in the firm belief that it was the most promising prospect in the district. They all had things to say and seemed to be thinking them over beforehand. Tom Smiley entered. Ebenezer was surprised beyond the power of self control. Smiley walked straight toward him—almost touched him, without the faintest sign of recognition.

The first part of the meeting meant little to Ebenezer. It consisted of reports concerning tonnage and mill-run, and taxes. As the evening wore on, the meeting was conducted with less formality. The speaking was now coming from various parts of the room whenever remarks happened to occur to any of the party. Finally a firey old man with a yellow beard that protruded horizontally and bobbed up and down when he talked, rose to belch forth profuse malediction on the officers of the company. "M'm. Some of you old boys are so crooked you could hide behind a corkscrew and never stick out around the edges. You're so crooked you can't untangle and find the two ends of yourselves. You'd steal your own teeth for the gold fillin's and then try to prove some on' else done it."

The president laughed. Smiley and two of the directors chuckled with the rest. The old cynic continued to rave. "You're so crooked you think you're honest! But you ain't. Now I been putting up assessments on this here Rainbow stock for this makes the fifth year, and it's dropped just three cents a year, on the average. Used to be sixteen and now she's one. Oh, you're a wise gang of pirates! You got ore there. You got tons of it in sight. Highgrade ore. But you won't take any out, or pay no dividends. It's just one assessment after another and never a dollar for them that's on the sucker side of the bargain. And the stock keeps droppin', droppin', till it gets down to a cent! Now, what are you plannin' to do? Hold it there till I sell out to you? What? Tryin' to freeze me out, are you? After I've been putting up money for five years!" He shook his brown, hairy fist toward the president's chair, including Smiley and the entire group. "You—you carrion-lovin' jackals! You guts-devourin' buzzards!"

"Mr. Coleman is out of order," the president remarked quietly, "but as for the charge that it's a freeze-out, I should like to hear from others on that point. Mr. Smiley?"

The big manager rose slowly and pushed his fists firmly into his coat pockets. "It makes a difference, Mr. President, what you call a freeze-out. Of course, I'll buy Mr. Coleman's stock."

"No you won't, neither," was the prompt rejoinder.

"All right, then, I won't. But I'll buy all the Rainbow that's for sale. Because I know it's good, when we strike the Emory Lode. But we're not in quite far enough yet. What makes it hard right now is that we've struck bad air, and it's unsafe even to go down the mine to look at the showing. To ventilate it so it will be safe, will take money. So we'll have to have another assessment now, and possibly still another in the spring, before we can start up again. But as for its being

a freeze-out, there's no such purpose in the minds of any of us. Of course, I'll buy your stock, though, if you want to sell. I've been selling myself, same as everybody else did when Rainbow began to drop. Fact I don't own any Rainbow right now. But it's good if you stay with it. Yes, I'll buy your stock if you want to sell it."

Coleman was on his feet before the manager ceased speaking. "Who made it slump? Who made it? So you'll buy now, will you? After you've got my stock down to a cent a share, you'll take it away from me, will you? Not while I'm alive to call you! It's worth a dollar a share right now. You struck the Emory Lode two months ago! You struck it the day before you shut down!"

The manager shuffled in his chair. "Are you sure of that, Mr. Coleman?"

"No. I ain't sure of it. But I seen through your game when I was up there last summer. You had a boy drilling in the north drift then. Just a mere kid. You wouldn't let an old miner work there, or no one that ud know ore when they saw it. I knowed then, what would happen when you struck it. And it did happen. I can't prove it, but I know it. You started this here lie about bad air, so you could close the mine down, and buy up the stock yourself when you got it as low as 'twould go."

The president rapped for order. "Is there anybody else here who has visited the Rainbow during the past year?"

All were silent. Ebenezer shifted in his chair. Now was the time to be wise and cautious. There was Smiley only two rows ahead of him. He remembered the big fellow's threat. He decided to say nothing. He told himself he must sit quiet. And as a result, he found that he was slowly rising to his feet. He opened his mouth and heard a queer little piping voice speaking. "Mr. Chairman, I guess it's the truth. I ought to know. I'm the fellow that worked in the north drift alone, with a single-jack." He paused for breath.

"You!" Smiley roared. "You! I know you now; you're the highgrader I fired two months ago. I told you if I ever saw you again I—I'd have you pinched for it. I got the goods on you, kid. I caught you fillin' your pockets."

"With what?" Coleman interrupted.

"Regular highgrade. Worth five dollars an ounce," Smiley explained. Then he suddenly seated himself and frowned in silence.

Coleman's mouth curled to a half-moon grin. "Thought you said there wasn't nothing there that ud run, Tom. Regular highgrade, eh?" He pointed his chin toward Ebenezer like a thirsty camel. "What'd it look like?" he buzzed.

Ebenezer Merriman turned pale, cleared his throat, and looked at the floor. "This." He drew a small chunk of ore from his pocket and was showing it to Mr. Coleman.

Smiley stepped forward firmly and snatched it out of his hand. "Where did you get that?"

"Stole it out of the north drift," Ebenezer admitted. "But there's twenty tons more just like it."

Smiley's face became hard and righteous. "You hear his confession, gentlemen. He admits that he stole it. I'll keep this as evidence. I may need some of you for witnesses."

Mr. Coleman still grinned. His yellow beard worked up and down, keeping time with the rapid convolutions of his mind. Finally his voice also took up the rhythm. "He fetched it back, same's you did your stock, didn't he?"

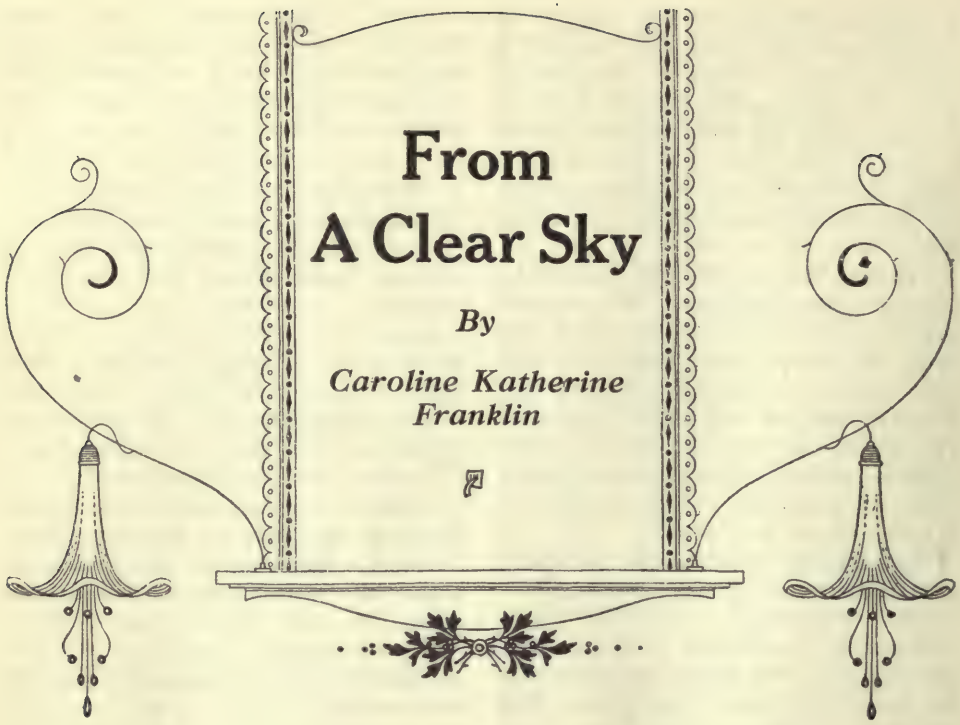
"Same as I did my stock?"

"Well, sold it back, then. You said you didn't have any stock now," Coleman reminded him. "And as soon as the brokers hear about this here piece of highgrade, she'll soar to a dollar. So you better buy quick, if you want to get in on the ground floor."

Then he turned to Ebenezer. "Want to sell your stock, sonny?"

"Well, not right now. I believe I'll hold it a while."





PART V.

The little widow answered my ring.

"Oh, doctor! I'm so glad you've come! I want you to go in and talk to my daughter. She took all the pills at once, and was very ill."

I went in to see the pale-cheeked girl. She certainly looked very ill. My heart went out to her.

"Here," I said, "is the letter you lost. Does it belong to Miss Rois?"

"Yes! Yes!" she said, reaching for my hand.

"I give you the letter on one condition: That you will keep me posted as to the whereabouts of Miss Rois, and that you won't let her know that I've been here."

"I promise," affirmed the girl, solemnly. "And so will you, won't you, mother?"

Mrs. Mason's eyes spoke their gratitude. I sat and talked for a few minutes. I felt my voice drop on a note of fatigue, and so I said:

"Good night!"

My day had been a strange one. Impulsiveness was not usually one of my failing characteristics; but certainly it had landed me in a predicament. Where would it all end?

On my way home, I stopped at St. Joseph's hospital to inquire about the McDonalds. The Doctor was there, and came down to see me. I felt like a thief when he thanked me for all I had done. I told him what I had done in the Mason case.

He laughed, and replied:

"Miss Mason has a strong heart, young man, or there would have been a funeral."

I smiled my relief. I was glad to learn, also, that the Doctor's wife and daughter's injuries were not of a serious nature. As I turned to go:

"Have you found her?" asked the genial physician, jestingly.

"I have."

"Like her?"

"My ideal. We're not living in heaven; and I didn't really ever expect to find her short of there."

"How does she feel about all this?"

"N—not as I do."

"She will. My wife hated me—" he laughed. "She married me to get rid of me."

My face must have expressed doubt.

" Don't worry, Harrington. There's no train to catch. You have lots of time."

"You wouldn't say that so calmly if you'd met your ideal and she wouldn't pay the slightest attention to you. It's all very well for you. You've succeeded. I'm just at the gates."

On my way out of the hospital I ran plumb into Walter Peebles.

"Hello, Peebles!" I said. "What are you doing here?"

"Came up to see how Doctor McDonald is getting along. Understand he's been hurt in an auto accident. Have a big policy on him. Hope he isn't hurt bad. Thought I'd investigate."

I concluded that I'd let him worry a bit for the annoyance he'd caused me; so I switched the subject:

"Have you found Miss Rois?"

A hint of a frown wrinkled his forehead.

"Not yet, but I will."

"You needn't bother. I'll change the beneficiary. I think I've got an aunt. If I haven't, you can have it made out to Mrs. Wallace, my landlady."

"That's such a big idea—not personal at all—the way you have already fixed it," observed Peebles, biting a thread from the first finger of his glove. "Think what it would mean to so many kids!"

"By George, Peebles! I didn't think you had it in you! You always struck me as such a cold-natured fellow."

"Only one thing," Peebles said slowly. "This Carmen Rois person is apt to fall in love with you. Women are funny, sentimental things—especially if you strike their hobby."

"Great Scott, Peebles! You don't think that she w--would—"

I didn't finish the sentence. I was lost in a maze of speculation. Of course! That was the very thing! Peebles found still another thread to bite off—and I was glad he was looking intently at it when I added:

"Well, I'll take a chance for the children's sake."

"You're all right, Harrington."

All at once I saw a lot of good in Walter Peebles. I suddenly remembered I had not told him that it was not the Doctor, but Mrs. and Miss McDonald who had been hurt, and that they were doing nicely. I made haste to put his mind at rest concerning Doctor McDonald.

"Hop in with me, Peebles, and I'll take you home."

Peebles needed no special urging.

"Written much insurance today?" I queried kindly.

"Nope!"—dispiritedly, "I spent the day looking for Carmen Rois."

By now we had reached Peebles' apartment.

"Come in a moment, won't you," he invited.

I'd reached the place where I knew sleep was next to impossible, and I hated my own company; so I went in. The Japanese boy at the switch-board always kept Peebles posted as to the news of the house.

"Three new school teacher—maybe come live here!" was his greeting.

Peebles beamed.

"Got car. Fine clothes—lots money."

"Good, Tanaka! Good."

"Missie Wade, be-ry pretty! Missie Rois, not so pretty—too tall. Missie Clark, very stylisher. All come see ap'tm'nt. Missie Rois, she come 'safternoon."

Then it swooped down upon me like a storm-cloud: Carmen Rois had said something about having found a boarding place. I could feel myself getting red in the face. Peebles stared at me.

"They say they go Park Boulevard, see 'nother place, come back, say keep ap'mt'nt or not."

I felt that I had a work to do. Mrs. Wallace's house was on Park Boulevard. Could it be that they had gone there? I wouldn't waste any time finding out.

"Restless seems to be your middle name, Harrington," was Peebles' comment, as I bade him good night and turned to go.

"It's getting late. I'll go home, and feel more like myself in the morning. All day I've done the wrong thing."

"Sorry you can't stay. Some other time, perhaps?"

Once in the car, again I began mooning. Her perfect features, the warm, sweet mouth, and the wonderful eyes—How wonderful she was! The long, black

silky lashes, and the pretty ringlets that rested on the back of her neck and waved back from her face—Oh, what was the use? She'd never look at a dub like me! I knew instinctively she'd get a school. I made up my mind I'd see every member of our board. No teaching for her in Imperial Valley if I could help it, whether she looked at me or not.

All of these thoughts rattled around in my head until I found myself in front of Mrs. Wallace's boarding house. Their car was there! They couldn't have gone to see Peggy Mason—they wouldn't have had time. I put my car into the garage, and, my heart jazzing, slipped in by the back way. Fortunately, Miss Wade had asked for a drink of water, and Mrs. Wallace had gone out herself to get it. The landlady jumped as I touched her lightly on her arm.

"Don't let those girls go," I hissed. "Especially Miss Rois. Give them the room and board, if you have to! I'll foot the bill; but keep them here."

"Oh! Is she the Miss Rois—about the letter? I'll go in and tell her at once."

"No, no, Mrs. Wallace! I've got rid of the letter." I groaned. "You were right about that jig-saw-puzzle. There's no picture to go by to work it out. That neck-tie wrong-side out had nothing to do with it; but I'm in a mell of a hess—if you know what I mean. I'm sure I don't."

But Mrs. Wallace was on her way.

The day was followed by a sleepless night. Mrs. Wallace and I had spent an unusually long time over our coffee. Perhaps I drank more than I ought to. Perhaps I didn't drink enough. Heaven knows, I needed something to brace me up!

Mrs. Wallace, too, liked Carmen Rois. Two large tears rolled roundly down her cheeks.

"You've been here five happy years, Mr. Harrington, and—I can't just make up my mind to give up my star boarder. I did everything to persuade the girls to stay. I offered every inducement. After they find out about their schools, they'll feel more like being settled, though Miss Rois said she knew Miss Wade would stay anyway, as Miss Wade only yesterday lost her heart over a young man—a handsome fellow, she said, answering your description. Of course I knew it wasn't you, and that you were hard at work selling real estate. Miss Wade got spunky when Miss Rois tried to tease her."

"Did Miss Rois s-say anything in favor of this young m-man?" I asked as nonchalantly as possible.

"Nothing flattering. I hope they come, because they're nice girls and besides, you like them."

"Not them. Her," I said, in defense.

Mrs. Wallace dried her cheeks, patting them with a handkerchief.

"Great Scott!" I blurted. "Mrs. Wallace, the girl apparently detests me! You'll have me for life if she keeps on as she's begun."

"Do tell me, Mr. Harrington," she coaxed, "all you went through. I know that you must have gone through a lot. Nobody ever changed a tie like you did without having lots to tell afterwards."

It seemed to me that it would be a relief to tell somebody all that I had passed through. I began at the beginning—and I made a good job of it. As I went on, it seemed to me that no young man ever had gone through such a distressing experience.

I did not dream that the worst was yet to come!

Part VI.

The next day, a whole delegation of school teachers dropped down on the town.

Returning to my boarding house to luncheon, I found that my lady and her two friends had moved in—to my wordless delight. What's that? Oh, yes, she was indeed "my lady," although she evidently was quite unaware of the fact. I resolved to make hay all over the place, while the making was good. If Peebles, the dance hound, got the start of me in that quarter, it was all off! I'd never come within squinting distance of him.

I may, or may not, have mentioned that I dined in a screened alcove with my landlady, and not at the boarders' table; I also breakfast and sup with her. She had lost a son of my age when I came into her life; and the stream of her

(Continued on Page 77)

Martial Preparedness

New Plans of National Guard Reorganization.

By Winona Flaven

SAN FRANCISCO is short her quota for the National Guard. Not just short—but far short the number of men she should have for the National defense. We are loyal, of course, we are patriotic of course, but it seems now that we are somewhat lax and careless in the recruiting of the new National Guard.

The gigantic problem of universal military training has yet to be solved by the Government and Congress has deemed it expedient to return to the old National Guard system.

Recruiting has been going on for some time throughout the United States for a new National Guard to take the place of the citizen troops who volunteered their services at the beginning of the war, when we were sending our young men to the front. Now the Nation is calling for more young men to train for National defense and in a manner promote preparedness.

Under the new law, the National Guard is to be a Federal organization and under Federal control. The War Department will arm and equip the men with everything that is latest and best. Officers and enlisted men of the regular army will be appointed to supervise and give instruction in correct training.

Another improvement under the old laws that governed the National Guard is the selection of its officers. They will not be elected, but appointed by virtue of their ability, to pass competitive examination.

Although recruiting has been going on for some time in California it is regrettable to note that the success has been rather dilatory. California has been allotted a National Guard force of 307 officers and 8642 men. At present a scarce thousand is all she can claim and this number makes her stand as twenty-sixth State in the National Guard enrollment.

San Francisco has been called upon to furnish twelve companies of coast artillery, four companies of infantry, one signal company, radio, one ambulance company and one field hospital unit. This makes in all about two thousand men. Besides military training the youth will receive the best athletic training that can be offered anywhere, for the Armory at Fourteenth and Mission has a fully equipped gymnasium hall, a swimming pool, tennis courts, a rifle range and canteen. A competent instructor is on hand every night to direct athletic practice. There are pleasant club rooms over there, too, and a large social hall, altogether an enjoyable place to spend one's spare time.

Aside from the social and athletic provisions at the Armory there is every modern military equipment, provided by the Federal Government. It is the most modern armory in the United States. It contains a five-inch rifle, a twelve-inch mortar, with switch lines, plotting boards and range finding instruments of the same kind as are used by the regular troops in the coast defense works throughout the country. The cost of these instruments alone were $200,000.

California has the longest coast line in the United States to be guarded. We are never slow in exploiting the richness and beauty of the State and the loyalty of her native sons. We should not be slow to furnish the necessary number of Guards allotted us, as well as to help provide for the defense of the Nation should we be called upon to do so. Each and every citizen of the Nation has learned what it means to be unprepared. Each and every citizen of San Francisco should know that we are a pivotal point for carrying on recruiting and should lend every aid possible to raise our quota to its desired number. War time enthusiasm in a measure has left us, but we still have the grand old Union to guard, we are not immune from future troubles and the old slogan "In time of peace prepare for war" is not a bad thing to follow after all.

TO THE MISSION, SAN FRANCISCO DE SOLANO

By Edna Poppe Cooper

Faithful, old Mission, in Sonoma's vale,
Where, brooding o'er the past, thy gray walls stand.
Here, the famed, faithful Padres left the trail;
And thou, old landmark, last to bless our land,
Mutely, thy visage seems to tell their tale—
Tell it so plainly, we can understand.

Taken, from toil, by time, thou canst but dream—
Loyal, old relic of historic days;
And, 'though as weary as thy gray walls seem—
With heart and soul far back in memory's haze,
'Though lost and lonely; still our hearts will deem
Thee as most worthy of our highest praise.



A Scene on the Camino Real.

Compensation of Mediocrity

Distance and Obscurity Are Amongst Its Best Friends.

By Weare Holbrook

TOWARDS the close of the season the satiated dramatic critic grows weary of the triangle and its perennial possibilities. He sinks lower in the germ-laden plush, and his eye, undazzled, strays from Miss Capital A or Senior Italic B, to lower-case x or parenthetical (y)—far points indicated by the faintest of dotted lines. He feels like the T. B. M. whose taste he so loudly deplores. If the play be Ibsen, he longs for twenty-six captivating coryphees bringing gilt spears and a suggestion of Munsing; if the divertissement be afforded by the "Jazzoline Revue," he mourns for the bucolic Denman Thompson. And as I insinuated before, his eye wanders beyond the pale of the calcium, to people and parts the world calls minor.

Just as the conscientious reviewer, holding his nose, skims through volumes of "First Poems" with the hope of finding some budding bard to nourish in his hothouse, so the critic searches the tag-end of a dramatis personae for some unhitched star for his wagon. Alas, how seldom these Frankenstein celebrities gratify their sponsors! They loom admirably in the offing, they disport themselves gracefully in shadowed corners, but close inspection is to them a shrivelling fire. Distance and obscurity are their best friends.

What of the Clown in "Othello"? Was there ever a critic, I wonder, daring enough to champion the Clown? In his two brief appearances I can imagine him hopefully jabbing the audience in the ribs with a smutty thumb—the audience meanwhile as responsive as a tavern-board. What sad jests are his—quite subordinate to the Tragic Muse—and how decisively delivered! There is no escaping the point. Others may play with words; he plays on them. No charade-loving maiden aunt was ever more suble. In "Othello," comedy truly starves to fatten tragedy, and the Clown slinks off-stage with the feeling of having done little, and that poorly. Unfortunate mummer, he has not even the satisfaction of appearing in the grand and bloody ensemble. His is not the blurred face at the edge of the banquet flashlight. He is out of the picture entirely.

But few are so misused. Who would consent to be dragged down by the Great Law of Average, in an age when election to the National Geographical Society may be obtained for a few paltry dollars, and the head of the house becomes unbearable after marching in the van of the Yaks' annual parade?

A certain gentleman who reviews plays for the public prints, was struck by the remarkably realistic manner in which a girl, unnamed upon the programme, played her part in a very ordinary production of "Julius Caesar." She spoke no lines! she was merely one of the populace. What she did was to wring her hands and utter a single poignant cry over the body of the murdered Caesar. The fact that she did this with just the right amount of expression—no more and no less—caught his attention, and he congratulated her after the performance.

"Why shouldn't I do it well?" she said. "It's all that I have to do." Which is the chant of the man who flips pancakes in the restaurant window, and the slogan of the rivet-slinger. Which is the great compensation of mediocrity.



By James Hanson

MOANA was she christened. Fuia, which meant the "Starling," was she called by the Kanaka beach-folk. Goddess Benten was the only feminine member of the seven household Japanese gods and the personification of ideal womanhood, so "Benten" she became to the yellow fishermen. But she was secretly proud of the title and permitted the crews of deep-sea ships to know her as "The Siren of Vailele." For she was one who tore men's hearts asunder, and successfully combatted all attempts to tame her vivacity.

To the superficial observer her age might have been measured at sixteen years in white man's reckoning; but Frisco Bill, who conducted the Inn of All Nations on the cliff, knew that she was twenty-one last Palolo Day.

Her symmetrical body, soft of contour, descended from her mother, a Polynesian Diana, of a lineage compounded of one-half Samoan, one-fourth Hawaiian, and one-fourth Marquesan. From this same source came Moana's eyes, luminous, and brown as sepia, her rippling tresses, her lustrous skin, which had more the seeming of a bronze mist about her than a skin, and her chiseled breasts that advertised a child matured.

Her father was the vagrant Olaf Jensen, now a decade dead from a Malay's kris, who came to the Vailele guided by compass and stars as the master and owner of the leaky square-rigged Jack O' Lantern. From him she inherited deceit, grace of a cat, and all the coquetry of a Spanish senorita. She was unlike true Polynesian damsels, albeit she was devoid of fault for her doings, for it is written in the great history book of the South Seas that the blood of white and brown can not assimilate.

She lay, at the moment of the sun's setting, in the lee of a floriferous cliff, her brown toes wiggling contentedly in the satiny grass. From afar came the melancholy murmur of the coral reefs to her ears. Her gaze was sent below to the colorful panorama of the still lagoon where the heterogeneous craft were at anchor.

The sight of these mongrel boats and their motley crews thrilled Moana to the depths of her being. It spelled excitement. For she knew that, on the eve before departure, there would be an excess of drinking and dancing at the Inn of All Nations where she reigned queen and repaid Frisco Bill for his guardianship by attending on his customers. She permitted an infinitismal smile of expectancy to play on her lips as she discerned the chief boats of the rival fleets—one a Latin-rigged spacious banco, the property of Matsuoka, the wily Japanese; and the other, a lengthy cutter with a five-fathom mast, once the mate's pride of a whale-scow, now owned by Manuel, the swarthy Portuguese.

While she contemplated and pondered she became aware of a passing shadow. It was the lean figure of the Yankee, Jackson, he with the pointed beard, the owner of the grand sloop that hailed from Portland, which came in search of pearls from the sea. Moana was also conscious of the mere glance which he bestowed on her, at which she became instantly piqued and stamped her foot impulsively at his receding form, her head flung back in hauteur. He alone had she been unable to win to her by contrivance and cunning. But admirers she had in plenty among the rum-drinking low-society of her equal in the drinking hall—more than she could enumerate, with Frisco Bill's

verbal teachings, on the fingers of both hands.

Before the hour of eight the Inn of All Nations radiated light and good cheer. And Frisco Bill, limping because of sea-urchin poisoning, welcomed personally the barbaric human clamor, hailing beach-comber and renegade as brother, knowing that they came with silver aplenty.

From the doorway Moana watched them come to their Mecca. Manuel came, likewise Matsuoka to pay her homage. It was Manuel who lavished on her a rhine-stone comb, such as the Parisian-gowned Caucasian ladies at Honolulu adorned their locks, a rope of beads, imitative of Neapolitan coral, and an Inuit, a bulgy-eyed Aleutian idol, once the property of Eskimo Ned, the Arctic whaler. So Matsuaka. An inro, which was a seal-box containing perfume, a koro, or incense burner, such as his geisha-girl sister wore, and a Formosan camphorwood box completed his array of gifts which he, like Manuel, laid at her feet.

It was a night of drinking and dancing. And Moana danced the siva-siva, or the muscle exhibition of the like that was against the law.

Of covering she had but little. About her waist she wore a girdle of stained sea grass. Her jet tresses, crowned with a wreath of mountain-flowers, and freshly anointed with cocoa-nut oil, shone like a black opal. Fan-wise, over her left ear, was the wing of the gaudy-hued sargas bird. The ula, a lei made from the claret colored berries of the Eugenia shrub, hung from her neck.

For Moana it was infinitude! She sensed the eyes of Matsuoka compress to oblique cavities and his Mongolian nostrils palpitate menacingly as she danced before the Portuguese with a suggestiveness of motion. But when she skilfully eluded the grasp of Manuel, unsteady from squareface gin, and sought refuge in the arms of Matsuoka, she was inwardly pleased to see the lust for battle arise within the rivals. It was such fun, she thought, to tantalize these two. Once when she failed to slip from Manuel's clasp, he pressed his malformed lips to her ear.

"Tonight the Starling shall be mine?" he pleaded, drunk from Frisco Bill's exotic liquors, and maddened from his love for her.

"Not till you have proven your worth," she flashed mischievously.

"Then let any test be named!" came Manuel's urge impulsively, with a malicious glance at the Japanese, who, with a sutble movement, glided up to them.

"Long have I felt a liking for my goddess Benten," Matsuoka interrupted sibilantly, courtesying and bowing the while. "For many days has it been my wish that she wear the butterfly gowns of the geisha-girl, and to play the biwa (balloon guitar) in the humble domicile of her slave in far off Nippon where the flowing wistaria and cherry blossoms adorn the door."

"I promise this," laughed Moana: "He who, in a fortnight's time, brings from the mullet schools, beyond the reefs, the most fish shall have the hand of Moana."

She had that moment intensified a thousandfold the enmity which had for years existed among the fisher-folk. Long had it been an unwritten law that the first on the fishing grounds held the sole right of possession. He whose fleet first dropped anchor there would receive bounteous compensation; while he whose fleet was slow of sailing possessed nothing.

Manuel hoisted his drink aloft toward the cobweb ceiling and swore by all the gods of his Latin ancestors to be the first to sail his cutter over the fishing banks. He offered an equal division of profits to his crew as an inducement to help him gain his desire.

Matsuoka, not to be bested, smiled an utter leer and swore by Emmao, the Master of Hell, to bring back more than double the amount brought by Manuel and promised three-quarters of his catch to his crew.

At dawn they started. Their haste was frantic. Hundreds of half-naked sea-devils swarmed over the slippery decks. Surly growls and an occasional challenge to fight came from some of them as they assembled their nets of alona cord. No hauling chantys were voiced with the clatter of rusty anchor chains. Gray steersmen were at their places in readi-



Polynesian Belles.

ness. Mainsails were hoisted and made fast, booms jerked ominously in the rising wind, jibs and foresails were unfurled, lines bent around their pins, and, at the freshening of the breeze to a five-knot blow, the fleets—battered sampans, single and double outrigger canoes, Venetian-rigged bancos, punt and cutter—started from their moorings amid the lusty yells and raucous shouts of the sun-browned, beach-combing seamen, and headed for the fishing-reefs.

How it would have ended no one could tell. A yell of terror came from a throat, and the crunch of wood proclaimed the crushing of one of Matsuoka's boats under the keel of Manuel's cutter, while its occupants floundered in the shark-infested water. Shark-toothed knives were brought to play; and boat-hooks became weapons of war. War it was each fishing season; but rivalry and competition in the past were none such as this white-heat passion for fight which now broke out. Moana was forgotten in the ensuing battle, for dollars, and of traditional hatred.

Its chief factors sought and found each other—Manuel and Matsuoka. They clashed! The Portuguese whipped blow after blow to his adversary's face; while slowly, but surely, the arms of the other found Manuel's neck in a grip that would cause strangulation.

Into the net of alona cord they rolled, each struggling for the fatal grip. Gradually the net enmeshed them like a spider's web from whose folds there was no extradition. In the massive arms of the Portuguese lay the saffron-hued Japanese whose lips were parted, teeth exposed, in sardonic humor while he clutched the throat of his enemy. At the capsizing of the cutter they sank, slowly, twisting, sinking, down through the kelp forests, escorted by a cortege of blue-white scavengers of the deep.

At the moment that their bodies found a berth in the polyp beds a shadow passed over them. The shadow came from the grand sloop that hailed from Portland, which came in search of pearls from the sea. On her after deck, in the shade of a striped awning lay the Siren of Vailele, and her arm was extended upward while her soft fingers gently stroked the pointed beard of the lean Yankee, Jackson.

ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND

By Jo Hartman.

Ah, maiden, all the witchery of your race
Is mirrored in your dusky, languorous eyes
Whose dark-fringed lids would veil their paradise;
Your gleaming hair, blown wild about your face,
Makes fire my blood. To break your spell, I pace
The winding shore beneath blue, tropic skies,
Where sunsets flame like poppies—yet you rise
And blur my vision with your elfin grace.

For I am wed to yonder despot shrew
They call Good Form (who subserves love to taste)
And, see, she points just thusly, girl, at you,
With scornful finger, mien aloof and chaste.
No Lotus eater I. . . I count the cost—
One kiss upon your mouth and I were lost!

Bought--One Sandlot

By Rae MacKenney

"YOU must take your wife out of that flat! She must go to the country and live twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, in the fresh air! Understand? As her physician, I won't answer for her life if you don't. Now go, and make your preparations immediately!"

Outside the doctor's office, in spacious corridor of a large office building in a western metropolis, Jo Rankin stood in a daze, and in a daze rubbed the toe of his polished boot over and over an imaginary spot on the tiled floor.

The elevators shot up and down repeatedly, when after some minutes Jo heaving a heavy sigh, shook himself as though awaking from a troublesome dream, then took the next car down.

In the lower corridor, he walked mechanically toward the cigar stand, purchased a cigar, lit it, and amid a cloud of smoke again pondered the question the doctor had shot at him:

"Understand?"

He had been afraid to think, but as the weeks passed and Jane's cold developed into a hacking cough, and he saw her grow thinner and weaker day by day, trying in vain to hide her real feelings from him, his heart had ached until at last the doctor had point-blank told him the danger of her trouble.

They had been married only a couple of years, and in that time she had been such a helpmate; had made it possible in his better and more sane way of living than he had indulged in, in his bachelor days, to put the best of himself into his business career, till, his employers recognizing this, had promoted him several times. He now stood in direct line for another promotion and was concentrating every spare moment upon further study for the firm's welfare. It was Jane who had made it possible, too, for him to save from his salary which, when he had no one but himself to think of, he had not saved a penny. She was thrifty, yes, but never niggardly, never begrudging or stingy, but just reasonable about the management of finance and how she did made one dollar go where he would have taken two, he never quite understood. He could indeed, have taken lessons from his wife in finance.

And now, she must be sent away from him; and for how long, it would be impossible to say. Perhaps she would come back the same dear healthy Jane he had married, and perhaps—but here he could not think any more, he must be up and doing. He must tell her, break the news to her, that according to the doctor it was the only way—the only chance! He could select a resort in the mountains and make all arrangements at once. After that, he would be like a big, helpless boy. What would he do with that flat while she

was gone? He simply could not bear to think of staying there! He had no sister —no mother—neither did Jane, to ask to come and keep house for him, and the extra cost of a housekeeper was out of the question.

That night he told her, while he sat on the arm of her chair after dinner. Her head rested against him, and she could not see his face, for which he was thankful.

"But dear, I refuse to go away, because going away—away from you, wouldn't help me, even if the doctor does say so. Now, I'll tell you a little idea that popped into my head, while you were speaking. My plan is this: We will buy, on time, a sand lot, out there in that newly laid-out tract between Richmond and the ocean. Now, wait, dear, let me have the floor," for here she read disapproval in Jo's face at once, "we will sub-rent this flat with our furniture in it, and that will net a few dollars over the regular rent which can be applied to the payments on the lot. And for a house—now please don't laugh, but I've always had a sneaking longing to have a car-house."

"A car-house? Jane, dear, you mean like a few years before the big fire, when the street car company changed from cable to electric and sold the old cars for a song, to those people who put them way out of the city limits and started a little colony of their own?"

Jane nodded enthusiastically for just then she was taken with a fit of coughing and she could not speak. Finally:

"Yes, that's the idea, Jo. We could divide it, the car, I mean, making a kitchenette and one big room in which we would sleep, which with all its windows thrown open, would be like a sleeping porch, and out there so near the ocean we would have the ozone and the west winds and the sunshine and all that would make me as well as going to some resort."

The more they thought and talked it over, the more it appealed to them and half the night through they were scheming and planning—building a little porch off the kitchenette to eat on, fertilizing the sandy soil and raising vegetables and the garden would keep Jane out of doors. With no household duties to keep her in, she could garden and lie on the hot sand and let the sun and Nature bring her back to normal. And as Jane's thrifty mind expressed it, instead of spending their savings and more, perhaps, going in debt to send her away, they would be accomplishing something by paying on time for the lot, even if it were only a sand lot.

The next day, being Saturday, they went out in the afternoon, and leaving the Municipal car B at the turning place from which they could see the lots laid out some blocks further on, they struck out over the new-made gravel walk. One or two lots only did not have signs on indicating they were for sale, so after picking out the location where they thought no one would be likely to buy very soon, and from where they commanded a good view of the rolling sand hills and the blue waters of the Pacific beyond, they hunted up the agent, and early the next week the lot was selected, and the first payment made. It was an easy matter and a cheap matter, too, to buy an abandoned old cable car from the company, where they still had a few standing in the caryard rotting away, and were glad enough to get a few dollars for one. The car-house craze of a few years back had died down long before they had been sold. Picking out one in which the windows were all intact, and the inside in good condition they had it taken on an auto truck to their sand lot.

To Jane, it was like fixing up a doll's house and in less than a week they were in it, only bringing such things from their flat as were actually needed for light but substantial housekeeping. On the long seats which ran the full length of the car, they had mattresses put in that portion which was the sitting room, and a drop extension, or rather, had it made on the order of a sanitary couch, so as to let it down during the day, and raise it and thus widen it for sleeping purposes. Each window was screened and dainty white simple curtains hung, until it looked like a white sun-parlor.

The kitchenette was a delight and with the added porch screened in on two sides, they soon had as quaint and interesting a little dining room as needed. Their flat

was soon rented, so with that burden off their minds, they settled down on the sand lot in the car-house home, with perfect peace.

Of course, Jane, for a time, was keeping up on excitement, but whenever she felt weak she took the big wicker reclining chair that Jo had surprised her with a day or two after moving in the little home, and puting it out doors in the hot sun, where the gentle breeze off the Pacific blew into her face, she would lie down and with her tired little head pillowed on her arm watch the breakers one after another chase each other, break loose and spread out in fantastic white designs over the broad sandy beach.

How she loved it all, and what wouldn't she give to stay right there and prove to that doctor that all the springs and resorts in the world couldn't do for her what that dear old Pacific with its breezes laden with ozone could do!

"We will lay out the garden plans tomorrow, dear, if you feel able, and if not, you can lie right there and boss me. What do you say to a hedge of sweet-peas —all three sides of the lot we can have a blooming mass of brilliant color?" Sweet-peas had always been Jo's favorite flower, so Jane wouldn't have suggested anything else for worlds, no matter if she did not agree with him, but as it happened, she did.

"Jolly!" she exclaimed, "and Jo, this little patch right in the shelter of our porch doorway, I will not have fertilized, but keep it sandy as it is, for sometimes, when the sun is extra warm, it is lovely to lie on the hot sand, and I know it will do me good. The rest of the space we will have fertilizer spread over, and the soil made ready to receive seed, for each day, I will plant a row of some flower or other, beside the garden truck. Oh, you just wait and see what this place looks like by early spring!"

And when April came, April with its sunshine and showers, Jane was already decidedly better. A faint color had begun to creep into her pale cheeks, and she sang about the place from early morning until late at night, and was, as Jo said, bubbling over with sweet happiness and increasing health. A few short months in the garden had worked wonders for her.

Standing one morning, after she had waved her usual good-bye to Jo before he turned the corner to board the down-town car, she puzzled for a time, over a huge basket of cut flowers, spring flowers, beautiful tulips, daffodils, narcissus, crocusses and violets, lying there, looking up at her as though to ask her what she intended to do with them now that she had them.

"You dainty beautiful things!" she murmured, as she lovingly sorted and arranged them, "I must think of a way to have you give pleasure to others as well as myself. I wonder—" and she fell to thinking hard while she worked, when suddenly, after they were all arranged she went in and put on her wraps and took the basket and walked slowly toward the car line. She was better, yes, but excitement and pleasure left her then slightly trembling with anticipation.

After dinner that night, before they rose from the table, though she looked and was tired, her cheeks were flushed with untold news.

"Jo, what do you think I did today? Make a guess!"

Jo made several, but he was not a good guesser, and slightly impatient, perhaps, for he was waiting a chance to tell a bit of news himself, but seeing her surpressed excitement, he knew something was up.

"Well, what did you do? Go ahead and 'fess up."

Laying something that glittered on the table cloth beside him, she cried, all bubbling with excitement:

"I earned that!"

"Jane!" and Jo sprang from the table as he picked up a gold piece. "Great heavens, Jane, don't tell me, oh, don't tell me you have been deceiving me—and working?"

Jane, for a moment mistaking his anxiety, nodded her little head gleefully up and down:

"Huh huh, I earned it, Jo, selling my flowers!"

"Jane! How? Where? Not—My God, not on the street corners?"

"Jo, you big ninny, of course not! I suddenly got the idea that they must be

put to use, and I had such an abundance of beautiful spring beauties this morning, which must be cut for the benefit of the bushes, it dawned on me to sell them. You know, all the hotel dining rooms have table flowers, and although I suppose they buy from florists, I saw no reason, that if they saw mine, and I explained I could bring them each morning fresh from my garden, with the dew still on them, why they would not buy from me. I have already three hotels to supply and tomorrow, I will go to several others, but I did not want to overdo the first day, for oh, I was so excited! As I came home on the car, and we passed the Children's Hospital, it dawned on me to take what I had left there, and see if I could not ask to donate some to them every day, or as many times a week as they wished. They were delighted, of course, so what I had left they distributed about the sick rooms. It's all right, Jo, isn't it? You're not angry?" and Jane put her loving arms around his neck drawing his head down to hers.

"Honey-bunch, anything that little head of yours concocts seems to be all right, any time, any place! You are a wonder! At this rate, with the glad tidings I have to tell you about my promotion, which I owe to you, in a way, my little helpmate, we will soon have the sand lot paid for and be able to build a real house here instead of a car house."

"Nope," and Jane shook her pretty head, "no house would ever be as real to me as this, and no place could possibly ever be so dear, for here I was given back health, and, well, health brings wealth, I fancy, for are we not wealthy in having each other?"

In mid-summer when Jane's cough was entirely gone, and she was the picture of robust health, Jo said, apropos of nothing, one evening as they stood in the garden and watched the sun sink into the Pacific like a great golden ball—a promise of a bright future:

"What say, dear, if Sunday, we invite the good doctor out to dinner? I want him to see you and see this place, for although I have paid the bill, I have never told him that you did not go away, have just let him infer that you did. And won't he be surprised?"

So it happened that Sunday, when the

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THE CHRISTMAS STAR

By Torrey Connor.

Shepherds listened to the wondrous story
Of the Christ Child in the manger laid;
As above them shone the Star of Glory,
Shepherds listened to the wondrous story.
Bowed were sunny heads, and heads
grown hoary.
While they hid their faces, sore afraid.
Shepherds listened to the wondrous story
Of the Christ Child in the manger laid.

Brightly shines the Star adown the ages,
And the blessed story still is told—
Pictured, rhymed, and prosed on
Christmas pages.
Brightly shines the Star adown the ages;
By its light the soul a warfare wages
With black doubt, and terrors manifold.
Brightly shines the Star adown the ages.
And the blessed story still is told.



Some Polynesian Fishermen.

Preserving Her Dignity

From the French of
FREDERIC BOUTET.

PAUL DELERGE was in high spirits on leaving his friend Versalle. In the omnibus, on his way home, some inquietude was mixed with his enthusiasm. Nevertheless he entered in triumph, the small residence where he lived in the Boulevard Raspail.

"Where is madame?" he inquired of the servant who was sweeping the entrance.

Madame was in the atelier, and there Paul hurried. The atelier was a large apartment carefully swept and kept in perfect order. Henriette was seated near a bust of her aged uncle, the piece of sculpture being a recent work of her husband Delerge. She had been embroidering something in white upon a greenish material and rose to receive her spouse. Being taller than he, it was necessary for her to stoop in offering her cheek, somewhat coldly, while he embraced her with unmistakable symptoms of pleasure.

"Victory! It has arrived! I have received an important order for a bust! Five thousand francs. What do you think of that?" he cried.

Slender, blonde and elegant, his hurry and excitement made him short of breath. Henriette, dark, strong, handsome, and unaffected in manner presented a perfect calm. The contrast between the pair was striking.

"Five thousand francs?" she said with an expression of incredulity. "I want to be shown! It is to be the bust of whom?"

"Naturally you doubt—because once or twice I have had hopes that have not been realized. But this time it is all right. I commence work on the bust after tomorrow."

"It is the bust of whom?" she repeated.

"It's all right. It is for my friend Versalle."

"Versalle has ordered you to make a bust of him?"

"No, not quite that. I met him a short time ago in the Gallery Hersent. He told me he was just about to write me. You know he has a great admiration for my work. It is indeed comforting—It consoles one for others' doubts. To be brief, he commissioned me to make the bust of a person who accompanied him."

"What person?"

"Oh! a very fine person. A young artiste. She plays in the revues and the music halls. She calls herself Eva Ozier. Versalle adores her, and between you and me, I am sure that he intends to marry her. She is very fine—with a perfect complexion. She wishes her bust to be sculptured, and my brave friend Versalle has thought of me. He himself has fixed the price. He is rich and never stingy. When I protested at the price he fixed, he cried: 'Tut-tut! you joke! Too dear —five thousand francs for a chef-d'oeuvre by Paul Delerge!' So after tomorrow

Madamoiselle Ozier will be here—"

"Not if I have anything to say about it," interrupted Henriette, fixing on him a look which he well knew was the avant-courier of the kind of scene he was familiar with. She continued in a brusque voice:

"I do not wish my husband to receive those chickens—yes, those chickens—in your atelier—and that you will be locked up with them under pretense of making their busts. I shall not permit you to make me ridiculous—you understand!"

The agitated sculptor extended his arms towards the ceiling and shook his closed fists.

"There you go! It is my first real chance, and you wish to deprive me of it. That bust I know could not fail to be placed in the Salon. It would be a sensation. Eva Ozier is beautiful. She would inspire me to accomplish an artistic triumph—yes, a chef-d'oeuvre! And you prevent me. It is insanity. I do not desire to spend all my life modeling infants of eight years, or graybeards of the family, like I have been doing in the four years we have been married. You know that I was some sculptor when you espoused me. There is no need of jealousy on that point!"

"I am not jealous—but I defend my dignity as a wife—that's all!" cried Henriette, with vehemence.

"And I also—and it is for that I wish to earn money. You are rich and I am without a copper. It is contemptible of me to live, tied to your apron strings—according to the delightful words of your parents—no—no—you need not protest! I know very well what they say of me!"

Then there was temporary silence, while the two inwardly measured their troubles. He thought of the unjustifiable jealousy of Henriette, of the dull life which she imposed on him, of her economies that he considered sordid, of her rigidity which he thought ridiculous, of her tyrannical pose especially, which was never changed.

She on the other hand thought of his excessive vanity, his fits of puerile anger, his indolence, his foolish fancies, his prodigalities and the disloyalties to her, she believed he wished to commit with all the women he knew. The thought also came to her of their betrothal which her parents had so bitterly opposed; when he, Paul Delarge, an artist without a penny, aspired to the hand of their daughter, and became changed from a congenial friend to an enemy abhorred.

Paul was first to renew the conversation. He harped on the present opportunity to score success of which she wished to deprive him—a success assured and five thousand francs in sight. She

(Continued on Page 72)

AT WILD GOOSE CRY

By Oscar H. Roesner

I see their V's against the moon,
  Their wings slow beating by,
And all my youth comes back to me
  When sounds the wild goose cry.

Again the tules stretch afar,
  Each butte rears high its head,
And swiftly troop across the years,
  The dreams I thought long dead.

Ah, when I hear that lone far cry
  Sweep down with winter's cold,
At once my world is warm again
  With hope and rose and gold!

Cultivate Your Own Farm

Many Serious City Problems Are Thereby Avoided.

Advantages Offered to Settlers on the James Ranch Irrigated Bottom Lands.

By Allen R. Hardwich

WE have reached the period, in the United States, where economic conditions begin to force a movement of the surplus population of the cities back to the farms. Wise in his generation is the wage-earner who takes heed of the signs of the times, and provides against the possibilities of unemployment and the bread-line, that henceforth may grow more pronounced.

No less an authority than Abraham Lincoln said that the fine art of the future would be the making of a comfortable living from a small piece of land.

That empire builder of the great northwest, James J. Hill, devoted much of the last decade of his useful life to the encouragement of agriculture in America. It was Hill who declared that "land without people is a wilderness, and people without land are a mob." Hill foresaw that if the cities of America continued to grow faster than the farms, city life would become too costly for the average wage-earner. There would not be sufficient agricultural producers and too many of the non-productive city dwellers. Such a condition would lead to more frequent periods of unemployment, and social unrest would grow dangerous. Hill's predictions are being fulfilled much sooner than he had expected. The suspension of active building operations in the large cities has caused such increases of city rents that unlucky tenants are at the mercy of unscrupulous rent profiteers. The cost of fuel to the city consumer is out of proportion to his wages, ostensibly high, but insufficient when measured in the articles necessary to his existence. Many wage-earners now regard themselves as worse off than ever. Only a return of the proper proportion of people to the farms, to establish a correct ratio of city population to agricultural population, will enable us to avoid serious economic troubles, and insure American prosperity, with its high national standard of living.

Theodore Roosevelt, who did a great deal to stimulate public interest in the potential productiveness of our great west, declared the purchase of irrigated land to be the best plan for a man of small means to make himself independent. Quoting the exact words of the great President, so near to the hearts of his countrymen:

"The results are simply astounding to those unfamiliar with the great subject of irrigation, and I believe that the happiest man in these days is the one with his little farm. He has his close neighbors, his telephone, good roads, schools and churches; in fact, all the comforts and conveniences of life that come with the prosperous and closely knit community."

In California, the opportunities for the small farmer are most attractive. The climate is unequalled and productive land under irrigation can be bought at moderate prices. The great holdings of the pioneer land barons are being subdivided, and those old landholders were wise in their generation. The new settler of modest means no longer faces the privations of the pioneer frontiersmen, who literally carved their homes out of the primal forest and waged a long contest with nature. The primal forest and the waterless desert have passed. The settler on a properly subdivided tract in California today finds at hand all that is required to establish a home in the true sense of the term. Irrigation systems have made him independent of the weather; good roads bring his products close to ample markets; electricity serves him faithfully in many important ways, and

school-houses and the theatres contribute to the education and the pleasures of his family. The telephone prevents the social isolation, which made farming life so unattractive in former years and drove the best types of young men and women into the large cities.

It would be difficult to find better opportunities for investment on a large or small scale of farming than in the San Joaquin Valley of California, with its productive area 225 miles long by 60 miles wide, and lying between the Sierra Nevada mountains on the east, and the Coast range and Pacific ocean on the west. The great valley is therefore admirably suited to irrigation, having the advantages of two vast watersheds, while the comparative proximity of the Pacific ocean insures immunity from long injurious droughts and intolerable summer heat. A breeze prevails almost constantly and the nights are always cool and comfortable. Outdoor life is delightful and the equable temperature permits of two crops a year for agriculturists. Vegetable gardens can flourish both in winter and summer.

Very interesting data relative to climatic and other conditions in the San Joaquin Valley have been furnished recently by Agricultural Engineer Geo. W. Shaw, chief appraiser of the Federal Land Bank at Berkeley, who was called to examine the James ranch—part of the extensive landed interests of the late Jefferson Gilmore James, a well-known California capitalist, who left a great estate. The James ranch in Fresno County, which is the heart of the San Joaquin Valley, embraced 72,000 acres, and the rich bottom lands are now being disposed of in 20, 40 and 80 acre tracts.

Engineer Shaw in his survey of the James ranch, states that the valley rains begin about September and end in May. According to the United States Weather Bureau, the mean rainfall is 10.04 inches per year. The absolute maximum rainfall is 21.2 inches and the absolute minimum rainfall in the driest year 4.8 inches.

The average or mean temperature at Fresno, the center of the valley, is 63.2 degrees Fahrenheit. During July and August the mid-day temperature is high, but 90 degrees at Fresno does not seem so oppressive as 80 in the humid States of the Great Lakes region.

The bottom lands of the James ranch have admirable boulevard connections with Fresno, a city of 40,000 inhabitants. San Francisco is but seven hours distant and Los Angeles twelve hours. Each of those large cities affords a market of 1,000,000 people. Auto trucks can make three round trips daily from the James ranch to Fresno. The Southern Pacific Railroad passes through the ranch and there are two trains each way daily. The Western Pacific and Tide Water Southern Railways are extending their lines through the valley. The State highway system, including its many branches, furnishes wonderful trucking facilities for fruits and vegetables as well as other crops. Produce loaded up to midnight at any valley shipping station will arrive early the next morning in either San Francisco or Los Angeles. Through refrigeration trains to eastern points leave the valley every night during the fruit, early vegetable and melon seasons.

The rich bottom lands of the James ranch, now being sold in small farms, are described by Engineer Shaw as a "silty clay loam," very favorable to the growth of alfalfa and highly suitable for dairying purposes and hog raising. Alfalfa grown on this soil can stand pasturing for years. The best proof of the merits of the James ranch for dairying and hog raising is that before the land was ready to be formally placed on the market, dairymen in the neighborhood bought $750,000 worth of the land.

Engineer Shaw's examination showed that the soil will also produce corn, wheat, barley, sugar beets, oats, beans, grapes, figs, prunes, peaches, plums apricots, olives, cherries and berries—in fact most of the crops and fruits produced on rich bottom lands in the San Joaquin Valley. What that means may be gathered from the fact that in 1919 the value of the crops grown in Fresno County was over

$114,000,000. This year's expectation is much greater. Many farmers in the district carry a heavy side line of poultry and find it very profitable. Turkey raising is wonderfully successful. The San Joaquin Valley furnishes the turkeys for San Francisco and Los Angeles.

San Joaquin Valley farmers have excellent pasturage from eight to ten months each year. The valley produces an enormous tonnage of grain and corn for finishing hogs, and two litters a year are profitably raised.

The great question of water supply is answered satisfactorily on the James ranch. In addition to the natural supply from Kings River, the district has thirty-five artesian wells, ranging in depth from 800 to 1,100 feet and equipped with modern electrically worked pumps. There is no better irrigation system in California. It furnishes one of the reasons why in one brief year two national banks have been established on the James ranch, a $50,000 high school and an $18,000 grammar school built, and a $50,000 dairy products building erected, to say nothing of hundreds of stores and homes. Free auto stages carry children daily to and from school. Every safeguard has been thrown around this land investment project. It is such projects than can solve the serious problem of overswollen cities and the disarrangement of the economic balance, with consequent danger to the national harmony and progress. Prosperity follows the plow. It was Andrew Carnegie who said: "More large fortunes are made from the advance of real estate than all other sources combined."

The James ranch settlers are all making good, and the price of their farms will advance $25 an acre after January next.

AT MYRTLEDALE, CALISTOGA

By Henrietta C. Penny.

I lift mine eyes unto the tree-clad hills,
The green clad hills, from which help comes to me
In thoughts of bird, and butterfly and bee,
In thoughts of sparkling valley-seeking rills,
In thoughts of squirrel, rabbit, fox and deer,
Which safe from man live in these tangled ways;
In thoughts of humble homes where toil-full days
Bring shelter, food and fire, and winter cheer;
Where Fig and Vine give shade from summer's heat,
And Pine and Fir protect from winter's cold,
In thoughts of way-side school-house, gray and old,
Where sturdy children the young teacher meet.
Such are the thoughts that, for my help, arise,
When to the green-clad hills, I lift mine eyes.

Only A Squaw Man

Kind Feelings Lodge in Many Unlikely Places.

By Chas. W. McCabe

PINE RIDGE was awake, and its wheel of industry in motion. Almost to a man her inhabitants had thrown off their coats and were busily engaged in sluicing the gold-bearing accumulations lying at the black-mouth pits. It was early in June and the sun's rays for such northerly latitude shown warm, and the men in the gulches were as enthusiastic over the bright days, as school boys are over a week's vacation. It was at the beginning of one of these pleasant days that occurred an incident unique in the history of the camp. A small sail boat was seen coming up the river. Hungry for news from the outside world, the miners gathered on the shore to welcome the strangers; it was then discovered that the occupants of the boat were Chinese—that is to say, a Chinaman, a Chinese woman, and their little daughter, a child about three years of age.

The arrival of this human cargo caused much dissatisfaction and considerable exciting comments among the miners. A council was held on the spot, and it was decided that no descendants of Confucius would be allowed in the camp; "For," said Buck Higgins, an old timer, recently arrived from Forty Mile, "they'r too derned sneakin', and they ain't no white man as can be reconciled to their ways; furthermore," he said, with gestured emphasis, "if we let one come into the camp, the mines would be full of them in less than a year."

However, the Mongol trio were hungry and without food. They were taken to a cabin and given a warm meal. Generous donations of edibles from various sources were collected and given them for future sustenance, and they were then told to "move on," and by way of friendly advice, the name of St. Michael was mentioned as a place more likely to be congenial to their health.

Wing Lee, the husband made an eloquent appeal in behalf of himself and family. They had come, he said, from one of the salmon canneries at Bristol Bay, where they had been employed, he as cook, and she as "washee" woman. They had been long on the way; Forty Mile Camp had turned them out in the cold; they were nearly dead from exposure, and had little money; wouldn't the good "Melican mans" please let them stay. They would cook and "washee" and work "vely" hard, and "Melican mans" need pay them "vely" little money, just a "vely" little. But the "Melican mans" were impervious to the entreaties and the pleader was rudely informed that he must go, and be quick about it.

The despairing husband concealed his wrath, but while preparing for departure from the camp, was seen to slyly slip into his pocket a loaf of bread and a box of sardines, which he had stolen from one of the cabins of his benefactors. This was ingratitude to say the least, considering the fact that the Chinaman and his little family had already been supplied with food by the miners, and a storm of invective was hurled at the unfortunate man by those who saw the act, and the frightened Chinaman, hurriedly lifting the child to his breast, and followed by his wife, ran in the direction of the river. A dozen men, yelling like a band of Sioux Indians, pursued them. Perhaps there was no intention on the part of the pursuers to do the Chinaman bodily harm for his petty theft, but a sense of the ridiculous, embodied in the sandal-footed fleeing figures, served as a magnet to draw the impulsive miners into an act of cruelty.

Wing and his wife had reason perhaps to believe that a terrible fate awaited them, if caught by their pursuers. They had heard stories of the awful fate of persons who had been caught stealing in mining districts, and with great fear in

their hearts, took their lives into their own hands and plunged into the icy waters of Big Bear river, and made heroic efforts to reach the opposite shore. But the spring "rise" was on with unusual volume; the water sweeping with great force to the Yukon, and the half-starved Chinaman and his wife were carried forever beyond the reach of their tormentors. The child, buoyed up for a moment by the abundant clothing wrapped about her little form, became entangled in a drift, from which predicament she was rescued by the efforts of the now penitent miners.

Tom Bigelow was strong for the child. It would be an inhuman act to let even a dog drown when it could be prevented, he said. He, for one, was mighty glad that the girl had been saved, and as they themselves were the cause of the death of the parents of the child, he thought they were in duty bound to look after her welfare. A number of others thought the same. Many, however were indifferent, and a few seemed wholly disinterested as to her fate. It was at this juncture that Si Kimball, better known in the camp as Squaw-Man Kimball, on account of his marriage to a native woman, made his appearance. He was a tall, gaunt man, with steep shoulders, and a red face and pimply nose, the latter due to the large quantities of whiskey he daily consumed. Besides, his inebriety, Kimball was conspicuous in camp for having found the first gold on Big Bear river, from which Pine Ridge had its beginning. He was considered a temperate man at that time, but his claim having yielded abundantly, he furthered his reputation by spending most of his time, and all of his gold dust, at Tom O'Grady's bar-room, and the intervening months had, besides exhausting the supply of his first "find," changed the color of his nose and established his reputation as the camp drunkard and worthless vagabond. The appearance of Kimball at this time suggested to Tom Bigelow an idea, which he at once set about to carry out. The proposed scheme was first communicated to a number of those present, unknown to Kimball. No objections being made, a sort of a lottery arrangement, designed by the ingenious Tom, was brought forth and exhibited as the medium by which the orphan was to find a home. The scheme involved Squaw-Man Kimball as its potent factor, the argument advanced to justify the act being that he was the only married man in the camp.

By the skillful manipulation of the drawing, which was superintended by Bigelow, the scheme terminated as desired by its promulgators, but it came home to Bigelow afterward, that perhaps the child has the worst of the bargain, he censured himself for making the disreputable Kimball the charge of a child of such tender years. In their hearts each man felt ashamed of his conduct.

Kimball was angry when it was announced that his name corresponded to the number that had won the girl. He not only swore at the helpless child, but accused Bigelow of making a crooked deal, and vowed that he wouldn't have the kid, but when Nat Tompkins offered to relieve him of the newly won prize, Si for some unknown reason, declined the offer, and after considerable unintelligible muttering took the child in his arms and disappeared over the ridge toward his cabin, which was snugly ensconced in a little vale at the foot of a mountain known to the miners as "Old Giant," the highest of the Rampart Range.

On his arrival home Si, without heeding the surprised exclamations of his wife, whose name was Nitka, placed the child in a bunk and for some time stood looking at her in a semi-savage mood. The child began to cry spasmodically, and the disgusted man repaired to the outside, slamming the door after him. For a time he disregarded the pathetic cries that came through the chinks in the cabin wall, but his absence failing to have any perceptible effect upon her, he re-entered the cabin resolving in his mind different methods of administering punishment to spoiled children, and having decided that spanking was probably the most effective way to subdue a rebellious spirit, approached the bunk to carry out the intended chastisement, but when he gazed upon the pitiful, tear-stained face of the motherless waif, the reality of her helpless condition came to him in its fullest sense, causing a curious sensation in his breast and suffusing his eyes with moisture.

which, however, he hastily brushed away for fear of Nitka, but observing that she had left the room, he bowed his head as if in sorrowful thought, and for a time seemed overcome with emotion—not on the child's account, maybe, but because perhaps, of the train of thought her presence had awakened of the days when his life was untainted by sin and untouched by sorrow. This spasm of weakness, however, was only for a moment, for Si soon regained his composure, and lifting the helpless orphan to his breast, tenderly kissed her. For an hour he carried the sobbing child about the room saying soft, cooing words and pretty nothings. Some hours later when she closed her eyes in slumber, twilight had stolen into the valley, and sympathy akin to father love into the heart of Si Kimball.

The boys in the camp professed to believe that the lottery scheme was a great joke and playfully alluded to the child, as Kimball's second "find," and said he'd be trying to hock her to O'Grady for a drink, but in this conjecture they were mistaken, for it was noticed that Kimball did not loaf about the camp bar rooms so much as had once been his custom. Whether this was tacit avowal of intended reformation, or simply because of a scarcity of funds, was at first unknown, but the lapse of time proved conclusively to the Pine Ridgers that Kimball for some reason or other, was a changed man, and that drunkenness and vagabondism could no longer be laid at his door, and the months that followed were as conspicuous for his absence from O'Grady's as former months had been for his presence.

The days glided into weeks and weeks into months, and Baby Kimball, as she was known to the camp, grew amazingly, and but for her almond eyes might have passed for an American child. She lisped the English language with as much fluency as children of English-speaking parents, and called Si "papa," with childish simplicity and sweetness that delighted his old heart, and drove sorrow and loneliness from his life. With temperate habits, the desire for useful occupation returned, and Si's tall, gaunt figure once more became a familiar object in the gulches, and the serenity that attended his daily life, caused his face to grow brighter and his steps more elastic.

When winter came around with its short days and long dreary nights, many of the miners deserted the camp for more congenial climes in which to pass that monotonous season. But Pine Ridge was the only home that Kimball cared for, and there he remained happy and contented. He worked his claim during the short days, and when he could no longer see to use his pick and shovel, went home to a cheerful fire, a warm meal, and the companionship of Nitka, and the "girl," as Si loved to call her.

It was a few days after Christmas that something happened, which caused Si to abandon his claim for the remainder of the winter, and sent him to the hillside to hew down trees. Why it should have happened in winter when the snow and cold should have kept it in place, Si could not imagine, but a large boulder came bounding down the slope of Old Giant, and struck the back side of the cabin with terrific force, shattering its walls and frightening Nitka and the girl nearly out of their wits. This was the second accident of the kind in less than a year, and the last one Si considered "food for reflection." During the spring thaws, it was not an unusual thing for boulders and loose earth to slide from the mountain into the valley, but as no serious damage had been done, little was thought of it. The camp, being some distance from the mountain's base was safe enough from these invasions, but Kimball having built before the camp was located, selected for his home site, a little vale at the foot of Old Giant. The dangerous position of his cabin was now apparent, and without delay he began the erection of a new one on the crest of the ridge, which had given the camp its name, and which lay some hundreds of yards from the mountain's base.

Spring had come again before the new cabin was completed. No one who has not wintered within the Arctic Circle, can realize with what rejoicing of heart it was welcomed by the inhabitants of Pine Ridge. The snow had disappeared from the valley, and in its stead wild roses and

daisies lifted their delicate petals and were kissed, lovingly, by the balmly south-wind. The "rise" in the Big Bear river had been on for days and as yet there was no sign of abatement. High on the peaks of the Rampart range, the snow scintillated like millions of diamonds under the sun's rays, and the fast rising temperature sent crystal streams of water into the valley, making it dank and sodden. It was the hottest spring in the memory of the oldest prospector, but it was welcome, for the melting snow filled the river to overflowing, and those who had worked their claims during the winter, and had pay dirt on the surface, were working day and night shifts to get their sluicing done before the water in the river subsided.

It was early in the afternoon of one of these warm days that a rumbling like distant thunder was heard throughout the valley. The surprised camp looked skyward for signs of a coming storm, but not a cloud dimmed the azure blue of the broad expanse above. The rumbling ceased, began again, louder, clearer. The earth trembled; a sense of impending danger blanched the faces of the inhabitants of the camp. There was a murmuring of voices and the tramp of many feet hurrying through the single street of the settlement.

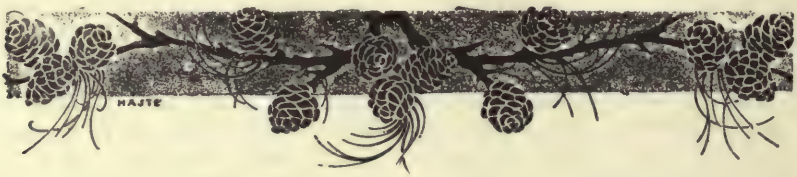
"What is it?" "Where is it?" were the often repeated cries.

"An earthquake," some one said.

All eyes swept the valley as if expecting to see the earth open and swallow them, but instead of an opening fissure in the ground, they were attracted by the pale face and gaunt form of Squaw-Man Kimball, as he dashed in the direction of his old cabin, swinging his arms wildly and crying out hoarsely something no one could understand. But if they did not comprehend his words, they knew only too well the meaning of the sound of crashing timbers that came from up Old Giant's slope, and they looked fearfully in that direction, and saw a great moving mass of snow, earth and timber, precipitating into the valley; slowly at first, but gathering speed and force with each passing second, until with the momentum of a rushing train and the roar of a cyclone, it swept into the little valley.

Without pausing for an instant in his wild race, Kimball reached his cabin before the avalanche. He disappeared within for a brief moment, then reappeared. He made no attempt to escape the destruction that was almost upon him. He seemed dazed, bewildered. A shout from Nitka, who, with the girl in her arms, was standing some distance away near the edge of the camp, attracted for an instant his attention. He was seen to take a step forward. An expression of joy lightened his countenance for a moment. Then, as if realizing that he had lingered too long, he paused, and shading his face with his hand and his eyes riveted on the spot where Nitka stood holding the girl, seemed to calmly await the end.

Some hours later a group of miners laid aside their picks and shovels and gathered about the spot hallowed by death. The bruised and mangled form of Kimball lay stretched upon the damp mountain soil. The sobbing Nitka knelt upon the ground by the side of the corpse, holding the girl in her arms. "Papa," sweetly murmured the child, but of that far away land, of the new life upon which he had entered for her sake, she knew nothing. Neither did she know that her childish lispings, her baby kisses, and the sunshine of her face, had won a soul weary with the griefs of life, from irregular highways into a path of rectitude.



San Francisco's Evolution

As Planned the Intrepid Pioneers so Their Successors Follow.

By Thomas E. Flynn

FEW CHANGES in San Francisco, socially, financially or politically, are more significant and astonishing than the present and rapid conversion of upper Market Street, west of Taylor, into an important theatrical center. Travelers are accustomed to speak of the amazing transformations of New York, in the last fifty years. But comparatively speaking the great metropolis of the United States is not so vastly more wonderful in its expansion than the metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

Regarded as a new city, carved out of the primal sandhills by the Golden Gate, San Francisco is only a thing of yesterday.

Except to geographers it was hardly known to the English speaking world before 1840 when the straggling advance guard of American settlers began to filter into California where the discovery of gold had not yet astonished the civilized world and the rule of Mexico over the most of the Pacific Coast, was more of name than of fact.

A full century before San Francisco was on the map of the United States as the possible site of a seaport, New York had become a prosperous burgh under the thrifty Dutch settlers who have contributed so many names of wealthy and socially prominent families of the greatest of Atlantic seaports. It should be remembered whenever we are impatient of San Francisco's growth in industry or commerce that it is most unfair to measure its advance by the standards of metropolitan communities on the Atlantic side. Thither all the sea routes have led. Millions of Europeans have eagerly and successfully sought better fortune on the Atlantic coast so that New York today contains colonies larger in population than several of the foreign countries that have furnished the colonists.

Before the invasion of California by the gold-seekers in 1849 this peninsula of ours was little more than a solitary expanse of wind-swept sand dunes. The few touches of civilization were imparted by the efforts of the Mission fathers and the feeble little military force at the Presidio was maintained more to safeguard the Missions than to prevent any hostile invasion by sea.

The transformation in Market Street alone gives some idea of the extraordinary changes in our remarkable city in two generations since the gold hunters poured into San Francisco bay in 1849, or laboriously crossed the Great Plains in their lumbering wagons, leaving a record of privation, and dauntless courage at which the world will ever wonder.

Does it not seem incredible that our United States Government at Washington deliberated seriously whether any cluster of dwellings worthy to be called more than a hamlet could ever be established on the peninsula or San Francisco by American citizens. It is part of the records at Washington that United States officers both of the Army and the Navy had advised against the acquisition of San Francisco by our Government. One of those military investigators, expressed the opinion that the climate was too unfavorable to permit Americans to establish a large city at this port. The magnificence of the natural harbor impressed him, but he could not imagine the wind-swept sand hills transformed into a place of banks and fine hotels, elegant residences, numberless stores, beautiful parks, splendid theatres and broad streets filled with a population of prosperous citizens. It was too much for the imagination of most people. What would the spirit of that pessimistic American officer say today could he look down from the lofty steel frame of one of the great new theatres on

Market Street and see the dense crowds of San Franciscans moving along as if they never were aware of a sand hill in the vicinity? What would he think on hearing the clang of the many car bells, and the tooting of myriad automobiles on the wide highway which was not even a cow trail in his mundane existence?

Before the rush of the gold-seekers to San Francisco in 1849 changed the hamlet into a town of nearly 50,000 people all the commercial business of the seaport was transacted in the space of a few blocks around the ill-constructed wharves at the foot of Clay Street and Commercial street. What it meant to have the most of such a population concentrated into such a space without the possibilities of housing preparation makes the present housing problem in San Francisco a very tame one.

If the pioneers of 1849 had not been an extraordinary set of resolute and adventurous people mostly in the prime of life their first experience of San Francisco would have effectually dismayed them and stopped the immigration. The winter was long and severe and every shelter from a dry goods box to a tent was impressed into service. Lucky was the citizen who could boast of anything substantial enough to be called a "shanty."

There were many other civic problems for the San Francisco pioneers to solve in those days when the bay tide came up to Montgomery Street and it was more profitable to beach a clipper ship, and make a house out of her than carry freight or passengers. The condition of the streets was an indication of general municipal condition. We have the historical assurance of no less celebrated an authority than the famous General Sherman, who afterward figured so prominently in the great Civil War, that a ride through the main thoroughfare of pioneer San Francisco was an actual peril to life. The future general relates how he feared to ride his horse through the quagmire called Montgomery Street, lest the animal's feet should become tangled in the brush and branches of trees that made the roadway partly passable. A fall in the liquid slush that flowed bank high might mean being drowned. It was no strange sight for the busy pioneers, to see at the same moment, a stalled mule struggling for life in the mire and some pedestrian who had slipped from the planked sidewalk being fished out with long poles. What would we say today of our municipal authorities if a person might notice such happenings, on Market Street in the vicinity of the new theatrical center. But in those old days of which General Sherman wrote so entertainingly the theatrical center was close to the site of the present Hall of Justice at Washington and Kearny Streets, and the fashionable hotels were not far away. Market Street was still almost the undiscovered wilderness, though the far-seeing pioneers had already mapped it out as the future great dividing line of the new metropolis of the Pacific Coast—possibly the great artery of trade connecting San Francisco with the county road to San Jose.

How hard it is to realize today that all the space from California Street to Market Street with its many fine theatres was only sand hills and scattering scrub oaks. If such a transformation has been possible in two generations notwithstanding the disastrous fires that have swept San Francisco, but not halted its growth, what may we not expect in the next generation when a vast population will seek these shores not to establish mining camps but to make permanent homes?

Through all its trying vicissitudes the greatest asset San Francisco has possessed has been the unshaken confidence of its citizens in its future. The disastrous fire of 1906 obliterated our business section as if it never had been constructed, but in a few short years better edifices than ever took the place of the burned buildings. The world wondered at the enterprise and courage of such a community on the shores of the far Pacific. But San Francisco had several times surmounded disasters almost as vital, considering the former population and its lesser resources. The city rebuilt has invariably been an improvement on the city obliterated. The fabled Phoenix rising from its ashes has certainly had impressive illustration in San Francisco's

grave but not irremediable disasters. As if directed by a manifest destiny our city has moved resistlessly along the lines of development prescribed by the pioneer map makers. It is inconceivable that San Francisco can ever lose the indomitable spirit left it as the greatest of all heritages by its intrepid forefathers.

From time to time a wave of pessimism may sweep over any community and in that respect San Francisco is not an exception. The great cities in the world have not grown with absolute, mechanical progression. There is always an ebb or flow of civic pride or confidence but in this vigorous young metropolis of ours the flood tide ultimately leaves a higher mark of prosperity and general progress.

It is a well established fact that most, if not all of our most useful and noted public men in San Francisco have been such as pinned their faith in its future. The men who wavered and lost confidence have generally lived to regret it.

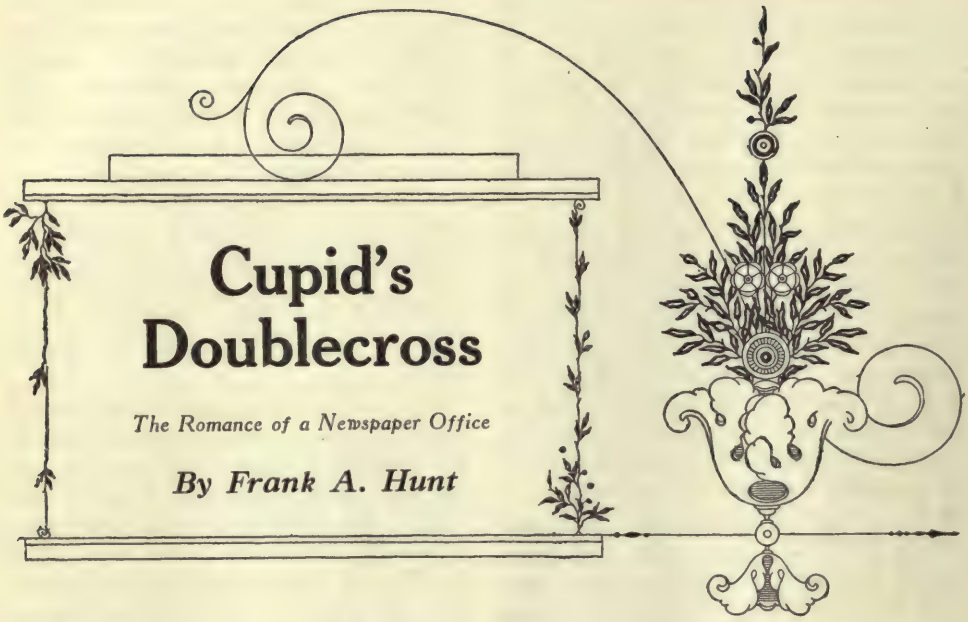
In recent years we have had a note worthy instance of confidence in San Francisco by the investment of former Mayor Adolph Sutro's large fortune in city real estate. He purchased on a magnificent scale—in acreage. The fortune he made on the great Comstock Lode in Nevada, was applied to the acquisition of fully a thousand acres within our city limits and the people of San Francisco are more convinced today than when Mayor Sutro made his princely investments he chose wisely and well. He was imbued by the same spirit of confidence and the same wisdom that actuated the pioneers, some of whom had in their day, rivaled the extent of his large purchases. The pioneers came to a new region where the ownership of land involved areas as large as some European principalities. When people spoke of important land holdings they had in mind such owners as the rich and powerful Spanish families—the Alvarados, Picos, Peraltas, the Sanchez family and the Figueros and others whose possessions were measured in leagues instead of building lots.

Some of the American pioneers were men like Colonel Jack Hayes, of Texas, a State in itself large enough to make a respectable European kingdom. The Murphy family of Santa Clara and other favored parts of our State were veritable hidalgos to some of whom the title of don was actually applied. Those great land owners were chiefly interested in leagues of country land, but in San Francisco, too, some of their contemporaries conducted their realty operations on a scale of astonishing extent and importance.

It is an interesting part of the pioneer history of San Francisco that the site of the splendid Palace Hotel was donated for benevolent purposes by John Sullivan, one of the Hibernian Bank founders, a prominent and useful citizen who helped to solve the housing problem of the early days by erecting hundreds of buildings on his own holdings. Mr. Sullivan's oldest son, Francis J. Sullivan, is one of our important realty owners and has served California in Congress and our State Legislature. Not one site for schools and benevolent purposes, but various sites were donated by John Sullivan in his day. In the old pictures of San Francisco can be seen the church and school on the future location of the Palace Hotel on Market Street which the earnest and public spirited pioneer donated. He was a fine type of the men who made San Francisco. He came overland to California in 1844 with the Murphy party which has had such prominence in the public affairs and the great landed interests of our State. A portion of their organization perished though led by one of Fremont's officers, and the members who survived all the hardships of their long journey accredited their better fortune to a friendly Indian guide, who helped them to reach Truckee, and after whom that place is named.

Truly it may be said that the pioneers of San Francisco builded even better than they knew and every new generation will be readier to acclaim their wisdom as well as their bravery.





Cupid's Doublecross

The Romance of a Newspaper Office

By Frank A. Hunt

EVERY reporter on the Daily Bugle staff knew Jedd Harding, young real estate wizard, was in love with Beatrice Fairly, editor of Heartshaven. Everyone who read the Bugle read the Heartshaven department: "Advice to those in love; queries limited to two questions each, and must be written on one side of the paper in ink."

Of course Beatrice Fairly was a nom de plume. Mary Parker was her real name. She had brown wavy hair, deep brown eyes, red cheeks and radiated sympathy with life and the world.

Harding was a live wire. He had transformed several acres of apparently worthless land, left him by his father, into city lots. A hot advertising campaign had put the thing over in great shape. The new subdivision was a big success and he was well on his way to a prosperous career.

Harding was as conspicuous about the office as a politician at the start of a political campaign until Mary became apprehensive of the sidelong glances of the city editor and ordered him never to appear again. She was always at home to him outside of business hours but this was not enough for Harding.

He conducted his lovemaking something on the style in which he sold his lots, a keeping everlastingly at it system. Mary would habitually receive a big box of candy right in the midst of a busy day or a big bunch of roses just before going to press. It was rumored that Harding proposed every Saturday night but Mary proved elusive.

One day Mary recognized a certain envelope in the batch of mail which the office boy placed on her deck. It was the familiar stationery of the Harding Real Estate Company.

"Poor Jedd," she sighed, "I wonder if he, too, is writing for advice."

She read:

"Dear Beatrice Fairly.—I have long been a reader of your department and think you are very wonderful. Where else can one turn when such problems as affairs of the heart are concerned. To be brief, I am in love with a beautiful girl who has brown hair, brown eyes and is very vivacious. I have used every argument I have to win her but in vain.

"I have a corner lot just the place to build a nifty bungalow. It is away from the noise and heat of the city; affords a beautiful view of rolling country and cloud capped hills and is within two blocks of a street car line. I am positive the girl loves me and I must have her for my wife. What shall I do?

"Gratefully yours,
"J. H."

"I will fix Jedd Harding!" said Mary gleefully.

"I'll run the letter and startle him. If

he dares to follow its advice I'll let him down with an awful thud."

Next day beneath the query of the lovelorn "J. H." Mary had the following reply in the Heartshaven:

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady. Perhaps you have heard that before but did you ever stop to consider it? Wake up, man, or you may lose the object of your affections. Your proposal probably sounded like a real estate proposition. Women are human after all. They often need strong methods.

"This seems just the case in which firm action is required. Wait for the psychological moment and then carry her off her feet. Rush her to the minister and you will be the happiest man alive. I believe she would adore you all her life."

The next morning Jimmie Emerson, the police reporter, dashed into the editorial room and stood triumphantly in front of the city editor's desk.

"Got a whale of a story," he shouted. "Fellow kidnaps a girl in broad daylight and tries to marry her against her will. Father to the rescue and knocks the bird cold. Girl does a faint; patrol wagon to the scene and the boob, the girl and the old man are all in the office of the chief of police but he won't let me in. Please ring him up and tell him the Bugle demands the story. Say—"

The telephone rang and the city editor answered.

"Harding?" he said. "Oh, yes; in trouble? Well, of course, anything we can do for you. Will be right over."

"Miss Fairly," he called, "put on your hat. You may be able to help us out in this. "Forward to the police station, James," and they were on their way.

"This is a pretty mess," said the chief of police when they were ushered into his office. "Here is a young fellow gone wrong from reading Heartshaven. He tried to kidnap a young girl right on the street. Your cub reporter insists on the story but I thought perhaps you might not want it after you knew the facts in the case."

"Oh, Jedd," said Mary, "what have you done?"

"Not guilty," said Harding, attempting to conceal a grin. He pointed to a young man on the other side of the room. "See that youth sulking by the window," he said. "That is my leading salesman, Joe Howard, an inveterate reader of your column and disciple of your cult. Got that clipping, Joe? See! In answer to his query you advise J. H. to 'Sweep her off her feet.' Joe took it literally. Behold the result."

"But I thought you wrote the letter, Jedd," said Mary. "I published that answer in a spirit of fun and now it has led to trouble. Oh, I am so sorry."

The victim of the attempted abduction, a plump and pretty little brunette, crouched in the chief's big leather chair and sobbed. Mary patted her on the shoulder and extended her powder puff. The girl accepted it gratefully.

"I didn't want to elope," she declared in quavering tones.

"There, there," said Mary. Of course you didn't. It's all my fault. I alone am to blame."

The little brunette's father arose from his chair and advanced menacingly. He appeared to be a crusty business man. "Nonsense!" he blustered. "Nonsense! That young fool, Howard, goes to jail. The idea of staging a scene like that on the main street of the city with my daughter. He—That—He—" but indignation made him mute.

The situation looked serious. Mary turned to gaze at young Howard. He did not appear desperate. He had clear blue eyes and a firm jaw. "He must have had some reason to expect success with his rush method," thought Mary. "He probably made some fatal error or was too rough."

Harding stood close. Mary touched his hand and there was just the slightest pressure on her part.

"Get busy. Help me out in this," she whispered. "I won't forget it."

It was all the inspiration Jedd Harding needed. He turned to the little brunette and sketched a word picture of the punishment awaiting young Howard for kidnapping that would have moved the hearts of hardened jurymen. He read imaginary extracts from the daily papers covering the progress of the trial until the girl's father began to squirm in his chair.

Harding stood before the girl.

"Do you really want this young man to go to jail?" he asked.

There was a dramatic pause and Mary held her breath.

"No," said the brunette. "I just didn't want to elope in a jitney, that's all. If he was willing to take such chances to win me he deserves some reward. I am going to marry him right now."

"Well, you can have him," thundered her father. "Your mother always hoped you would. Marry him, but why in the name of Walter Scott didn't you make up your mind before and not get me brought up for assault and battery, disturbing the peace and I don't know what else?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to close this office," said the chief. "The county clerk who issues marriage licenses is in the big building with a clock in the tower two blocks away. You can't miss it. The case is closed."

"Will you go with me?" asked the girl turning to Mary.

"Well, I guess I was responsible for all this," said Mary, "and it is my duty to see it through. Come along, Jedd, the groom will need a best man. The marriage takes place at once."

They were in front of the county clerk's office. Jedd reached furtively for Mary's hand.

"I'v got a corner lot just the place to build a nifty bungalow," he said. "It is away from the noise and heat of the city; affords a beautiful view of rolling country and cloud-capped—"

"I'm sold," said Mary.

THE SPANISH FENCE

By Henrietta C. Penny.

The ragged, jagged Spanish fence that trails
For miles and miles, the country road beside
Past forest, hill, and meadow spreading wide
To ears that hear tells strange historic tales.
Tales of the swarthy toilers, in past years,
Who hewed with simple tools and patient hands
Each clumsy stake, and placed it where it stands,
To mark the limits of the lands once theirs.

But mother nature has a picture made
To drive away the thoughts of wrongs long past;
Dog-roses, elder, honeysuckle give shade,
And shelter rarer blossoms from the blast.
And Buckeye lifts its candles to the sky,
And cheers our hearts as we go riding by.

The Rattler's Mate

Not as Tragic as the Name Might Indicate.

By Frank Vincent Waddy

"JUMP!" yelled Silas. Bill jumped—in all directions at once, his antics stimulated by the menacing buzz of the rattler. "Nearly had me," he said mildly, as he turned to slay the reptile, "who'd have thought the son-of-a-gun were sunnin' hisself there?"

The stick descended, and the snake twisted in the agony of death.

"I told you they was pretty common around here," commented Silas.

The two men, searching for a young heifer missing from the corral, had climbed up a dry canyon under the brazen heat of noonday, and Bill was hauling himself to the top of a flat rock from which to survey the district, when he heard Si's yell. The rattler was lying at full length on the rock. Bill's final pull and record jump were combined in one motion.

And now the squirming monster lay dead at his feet, writhing though lifeless, for rattlers twist for hours after death—until sundown, says tradition.

Bill decapitated the creature and carried it home.

At the ranch they were joined by "Toad" Smith, who remarked:

"Bin studyin' practical zoology, huh?"

Smith was always using pretentious words.

Bill skinned the serpent while Si worked at a leather quirt, and Toad Smith smoked a pipe and regaled them with snake stories, of which he had a fine assortment.

"Yes, I seen it, sure," averred the Toad.

"What'd you bin drinkin', huh?"

The derisive query came from Bill.

"Nuthin' but water. Just the same I seen him put 's tail in 's mouth and go bowlin' away down hill faster'n a kid's runaway hoop."

"Some 'magination you got," sighed Bill.

"You go and boil yourself," retorted the purveyor of truth.

The argument was still in progress when the boys gathered for supper.

"Talking of snakes," resumed the Toad, "I once see a man shoot off his own finger 'cause 'twas bitten by a copperhead. He know'd he was a goner if he didn't act quick—he'd no kind of dope to fix it with—so he just natcherly up with his gun and took off the finger clean as a whistle, before the poison had time to soak in."

"Well, if that ain't goin' some!" chimed in Silas.

"Say," asked Bill earnestly, "any of you fellers ever hear of a snake coming smellin' around camp at night after its wife or husband what'd been killed? Kind of instinct leads 'em to find their mate—so I heerd tell."

"Sure they do," asserted the Toad, "I once know'd a—"

"Shut up," said Bill, "let him tell it."

"Well," resumed the veracious Smith, "I once know'd a guy in a loggin' camp—name was Hawkins—what found one in his bed—all coiled up comfortable for the night. Whadda you suppose that reptile was a-doin' there if he hadn't come to look for someone or something?"

"But they don't navigate much after dark, I'm thinking," said a voice.

"Shucks, I guess it's dark enough in their own holes, what?"

And so the talk of snakes went on.

Supper over, the boys gathered on the benches outside, where "Fluffins", the little black kitten, was gamboling with strange contortions in pursuit of its tail. The soft round ball came into contact with the big foot of Bill, who picked up the woolly wriggler and began tickling and teasing it on his knees.

But even here he could not get away from talk of snakes. He had a secret horror of creeping things—an inveterate

antipathy that he could not understand or explain. He had tried, by handling and destroying snakes, to overcome the weakness, which he had never confessed to the other men. Stoically he now endured the endless yarns about reptiles of all kinds.

"Tell you what I seen happen," continued the Toad, "one day 'way up in Dead Horse Pass. There were a little bird, no bigger'n a sparrer, perched up top of a chaparral bush, and a gopher snake were a-coilin' hisself up the tree to git 'im. The bird were kind o' paralyzed—skeered stiff, I guess. Well, when I come along, the snake see me and he stopped windin' up the tree, undid hisself, and come down. Then the bird beat it in a hurry. I kind o' broke the spell, I reckon."

So the tales went on, until darkness and fatigue suggested bed. As Bill entered the bunk house he threw over the back of a chair the skin of the rattler. Heavy boots hit the floor with a thud, trousers were kicked off, the last man blew out the lamp, and in less than five minutes all three were snoring.

But Bill's slumbers were restless—broken by queer dreams. The snake incident and subsequent stories had unsettled his nerves. In the dream he heard again the ominous buzz of the rattler as it drew back in menacing coils at his feet. The sound was so real and the visual impression so vivid that the result was nightmare—and he awoke.

For a brief moment he lay motionless, with his thoughts in the state of mild delirium that sometimes immediately precedes or follows sleep, and then—he drew the blankets close in horror, as a sickening truth overcame him:

The sound in the dream was real!

He was now fully awake, but he could still hear it. In fact the noise had doubtless caused the dream. Yes, there was no mistake, it was the dry rattle that is like no other sound on earth. Cold sweat poured from Bill's face and body as he listened again intently for the awful sound. A moment's suspense, and then it came, loud and clear. Nothing could be more certain—there was a live snake in the room.

Bill stiffened with fright. The rattler had come for its mate. And he it was who had done the killing. What if—?" Suppose the smell of the slaughtered creature were still about him, and some instinct should guide the living reptile to the consummation of its vengeance? How he regretted now the ferocious blows with which he had destroyed the loathsome beast! If he had only let it go. He remembered the look in its eyes as he bent down, knife in hand, to sever its head. In fevered fancy he saw them again—basilisk eyes, glaring at him in the dark, burning their hateful stare into his brain?

Suddenly he felt—or thought he felt—a sinuous movement upon the blanket over his knees, then on his chest. God! The thing was on his bed! He had looked into the real eyes, even as he had heard the actual sound? Already he could see the brute coil to strike, could feel the venomous fangs in his flesh—his cheek, the only part exposed. He was paralyzed with unutterable dread.

"B-z-z-z-z-z!" came the sound again, and with it a ghastly scream from Bill. The scream was instinctive, automatic. He could contain himself no longer.

Silas and Smith woke instantly.

"What the hell's the matter?" growled one of them.

"There's a snake in the room," whispered Bill. "Come for its mate—right here on my bed—listen!"

"Aw, go to sleep, you damn fool," snorted Silas, "what if there is?"

"You're dreaming, I guess," agreed the Toad.

"No, no, I tell you," insisted Bill, in accepts faint with horror, "it's real; listen a minute—you'll hear it. I'm sure it's on my bed. I skinned its mate, and it can smell me. It's come to kill me!"

"Well," grumbled Silas, "strike a light and kill it before it has the chance."

"I can't reach the matches; besides, if I move the brute may get me!"

"Well, you brought in the skin. It's your fault. Pile out and get a light. Don't expect us to, do you?"

"No, but maybe you can reach a light from your bed. I—"

"B-z-z-z-z-z!"

"Holy cats! He's right!" whispered Si, now also a little scared.

Bill felt that his last hour had come. He waited in agonized suspense for the deadly stab, and knew that in a few moments he would be writhing in the convulsions of death. And still he could not move. He was bathed in sweat.

"B-z-z-z-z-z!"

"Hell!" roared Smith, "I can't stand this. Here goes!"

So saying he kicked off his blankets, leaped out of bed, grabbed the matches, and struck a light.

Bill squinted over the edge of the huddled bedclothes, convinced that the snake would be found coiled in hideous triumph upon him, but—it was not there!

The relief was so great he nearly fainted. After such strain the reaction was almost too violent.

"Look out for your feet, Toad," cautioned Si.

Smith meanwhile had lighted the lamp and fled to his bunk. Three pairs of eyes were now fixed in steady gaze upon the floor. But there was nothing unusual to be seen. Each man then leaned over and peered under the edge of his bed to see if the dreaded reptile—which still rattled at intervals—were beneath.

An abrupt exclamation escaped from Smith:

"Well, I'll be—!"

But what he would be was not stated, for surprise had deprived him of speech. Instead of words he resorted to laughter, tumultuous, uncontrolled. He pointed with his thumb to the space beneath his bunk and then collapsed on the pillow.

"What the devil's so funny?" asked Si, craning himself over to get a glimpse of the mystery.

"Of all things!" "For the love of Pete!" "Bust my gizzard!" These and similar exclamations now filled the room, as the three men gazed steadily beneath the Toad's bed, for there—lying, sitting, squirming and wriggling by turns—was "Fluffins", the mascot of the camp, playing with the skin of the dead snake, from which ever and anon issued an ominous rattle.

THE BETRAYAL

By Mrs. C. L. Brown

A zephyr wooed a crimson rose
With whispers soft and low one day;
Murmured of love caressingly,
Then with its perfume stole away.

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Our Literary Colony

What Manner of People Be Those Who Write for the Dear Public?

By Sarah Williamson

WHAT do we really know about our California writers? For instance, who is Raine Bennett who published that book of poems, "After the Day"? Is he young or old, tall or short, thin or fat? Is Charles Caldwell Dobie just out of college, or is he a man of mature years? Is Annie Laurie a real person or just a syndicate? Is there a genuine Elinore Meherin who writes a serial "Ann and Phil"? Is Nancy Barr Nativity her real name, or merely a pseudonym? Is Gertrude Atherton anything like her pictures? Does George Douglas look like that thumbnail portrait that is a part of the "Gee Dee" heading to his paragraphs?

Now this is the manner of the outsider's talk, that outsider who reads the papers diligently but never has the pleasure of meeting his favorite writers face to face. This outsider person may look upon Sir Gilbert Parker, Monseigneur Bickerstaffe-Drew (John Ayscough), Coningsby Dawson, "Ole Bill" Bairnsfeather, Somerset Maugham, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Wallace and Will Irwin, Ian Beith, Theodore Dreiser and Frederick O'Brien—he can see and hear these celebrities because they give lectures to the public.

Then there's the creator of Bunker Bean and "Ma"—Harry Leon Wilson. One might get a peek at him at Pebble Beach. But there are others, oh, yes, lots of others, whom the outsider would like to identify. He would like to know how his favorite newspaper writers look, what they eat and wear and read, and so forth. For instance, wouldn't he like to know that Annie Laurie is really Mrs. C. B. Bonfils, and that she has a daughter named Winifred. (Her own name is Winifred, also—was Winifred Sweet. Her father was postmaster of Chicago). Annie Laurie lives on Russian Hill. She is comfortably stout, has lovely gray hair, and is one of the best loved women in her profession. Edward Hamilton, who might be called the Dean of Special Writers hereabouts, is a gentleman with a debonair air, wears full whiskers (gray), and eyeglasses. George Douglas is just turning gray, not presumably from age, as he is rather young—entirely too young to be Deaned—and his hair is bushy and he loves to make jokes about it—as does the staff of his newspaper.

Something that appeared in the New York Tribune about the late William Marion Reedy, applies in a way, I think, to Mr. Douglas in his work of criticism—"asking nothing and giving nothing but friendship and ideas, counting the discovery of a new writer as a reward in itself, and leading by example and talk, by personal contact with the few who have eyes to see and ears to hear." In a criticism of Christopher Morley recently George Douglas compared "The Haunted Bookshop" creator with Charles Lamb. It seems to me that Douglas himself has many of Lamb's characteristics. For a long time his humor was known in "Bits for Breakfast." Now 'tis bubbling in "Bits about Books."

Theodore Dreiser, who was here lately, suggested that in the far away future there would be a pilgrimage hunting up the spots where George Sterling (our Keats) ate and walked and talked. Pilgrimages to literary haunts. We haven't so many of those as there were before the fire of 1906. Still the Little Bronze Ship is in its place. Which reminds me—are there some who have not read W. O. M'Geehan's poem, "The Little Bronze Ship"? If not, hunt it up.

How does a reader of "Lilith" conceive its author? Would he imagine the poet a slim and classic-featured young man? He is. As to "Lilith" the price of its first edition is said to be at present $10, and

steadily rising. Why not? Was this first edition not privately printed by the poet, and are there not proof corrections by his own hand? These, aside from the work. One would like to quote from "Lilith"—but to choose when and where to stop quoting—too hard. Best read it all—keep it in easy reach, and read again.

—o—

John Howell has announced the publication of "The Plains and the Rockies," a contribution to the bibliography of original narratives of travel and adventure (1800-1865). The compiler, Henry R. Wagner, in his preface, tells how he gathered these narratives beginning his collection in 1892 and carrying it along to 1915. As R. E. Cowan, in his bibliography of California, dealt with works of a local nature, Mr. Wagner has not touched upon these. The work will interest all those descendants of pioneers who came to California over the overland trail.

—o—

Our book stores are becoming quite a feature of our town. Wonder how David Grieve would like John Howell's store, or Paul Elder's? Then there are Holmes' and King's and Healy's and that little book store in the alley near Elder's, and McDevitt's—all "old" book stores—and Robertson's, where one finds all the new books, and new ones only. There's something enticing about a book store. The book departments at the department stores haven't this lure. They please for bargains, but not for "browsing."

—o—

Now we know that President-elect Harding likes Edgar Saltus—presto! new editions of the Saltus novels. And once Saltus was considered unfit for perusal by la jeune fille! The jeune fille reads Brieux now, and "Mademoiselle de Maupin" is announced in a new $4 edition by Knopft of New York.

—o—

Mrs. Ruth Comfort Mitchell Young has a home in Los Gatos. Nalbro Bartley, author of "A Woman's Woman," lives in Palo Alto.

—o—

Describing our local literati—pen portraiture—wouldn't you like such portraits done in words by Joseph Hergesheimer? Hergesheimer's wealth of words camouflage—yes, must just use it this once—paucity of plot. There's always but the one idea in his novels, which are not rightly novels but sketches. All the words are splashed like that—just to elaborate an idea. Did you ever read that Hans Andersen fairy tale "The Emperor's New Clothes"?

—o—

Emmeline North-Whitcomb's death caused sincere grief among the local literati. Mrs. Whitcomb was the daughter of Captain Ed Anderson, a California pioneer from Norway. She lived here herself when San Francisco was a very young city, and she used to tell most interesting tales about her child experiences. She was a graduate of a San Francisco public school, and became a teacher here. She wrote for the newspapers and magazines. For some years she was regularly on the staff of the Morning Call, chiefly contributing articles of reminiscence dealing with her parents' pioneer experiences. She owned one of the most extensive collections of scrap-books filled with clippings from early day newspapers, and had a large and valuable collection of early day relics. She was a clever and well-read woman, and a magnetic and witty speaker. She belonged to the League of Penwomen and the Women's Press Association among other organizations here.

—o—

Only a few of the San Francisco Bohemian Club's Old Guard recall Peter Robertson, but he was one of the most lovable chaps in the world. He wrote of actors and of people in general very much as Douglas writes of literary folk. Dear Peter! A. M. Robertson published some of the Seedy Gentleman papers. The book is long since out of print, but a few whose libraries didn't conflagrate in April, 1906, cherish their copies.

—o—

Frank H. Powers, the prominent lawyer who died in November, was the author of a novel, "I Swear", published a good many years ago. Mr. Powers' widow is a sister of Mrs. Ernest Thompson-Seton, who collaborates with her husband in his nature books.

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EXEUNT ALMOST OMNES

By Weare Holbrook.

"The Sassoon pipes the knell of parting day,
The Maeterlinck winds slowly o'er the lea,
The Housman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the land to darkness and to me."

THE LITERARY LIONS who pounced upon our shores last winter have become lamblike. One by one, in the manner of Bo-Peep's sheep, they are returning home bringing their reputations behind them. In some instances the reputations are a bit grubby, and there promises to be a plucking of burdocks abroad.

It has been a great season—for the lyceum bureaus and those of us who like to watch eyes in a fine frenzy rolling. It has been a great season for the importunate masters who deem it wise to gather themselves rosebuds and royalties while they may, realizing that that same eleventh edition which blooms today, tomorrow may be "remaindered."

Fame is a ghoulish old jade, and the only banquet at which a man may confidently be the guest of honor is in his own wake. Anthologies are cemeteries. There is an air of the catacombs about the classics—an air that can not be reproduced upon lecture platforms, and certainly not in newspaper interviews.

For a celebrity, if he can not be dead, the best thing is to be distant; the enchantment of the view is undeniable. Arnold Bennett has never completely recovered from his visit to the United States. The figurative remoteness of Rabindranath Tagore is swiftly becoming literal. Sir Oliver Lodge, on the ouija board, is coasting down to the level of "Patience Worth." The Blasco-Abanez bubble is floating floorward, and the Maeterlinckian atomizer feebly combats an odor of sauerkraut. Drinkwater and Ervine pursue the more or less even tenor of their ways; how much this is due to actors' artful aid, one can not say. Hugh Walpole, who led the recent invasion, seems to have had the most successful conquests, being still in status quo ante.

But we are perverse children, and after a brief scrutiny of the new baby in the house, we go back to our rag dolls. A prolonged shattering of illusions commences with the first gangplank snapshot, and the newspaper reporters pick up the pieces and fashion kaleidoscopes for our amusement. We turn from the book to the author, and when we turn back to the book we find that it is not the same book. We find that a Belgian Seer looks not unlike a Belgian Herr, and that beautiful words lose much of their charm when pronounced in the patois of Weber and Field. Yet—given a chance to look at the man, we will always turn from the book.

When the last invader has left, when the gods have all returned to their mountains, we can resume the worship (such as it is) of our own literary lares and penates (such as they are). But until that time, let the auditoriums ring with accents exotic! Better an S. R. O. on Carnegie Hall than an R. I. P. in Westminster Abbey, anyhow. No longer do poets drink deep the Pierian spring and sing of arms and the man. No, indeed; they tilt the ice-water pitcher and talk of "Tendencies," as per contract.

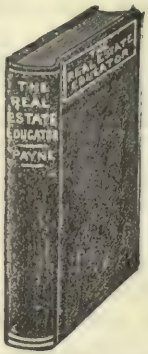
Terence, these are pallid days!

The John Lane Company is publishing Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis O'Sullivan's first novel, "Mr. Dimock", described in the advance notices as "a novel of today—America, Ireland, Serbia—in London and Oxfordshire."

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PRESERVING HER DIGNITY

(Continued from Page 47)

reflected on that feature of the subject. The sum impressed her.

"I shall assist at the sittings," she said.

"That is impossible. It would be ridiculous. Just think a moment."

"Go ahead then and do as you wish," she finally threw at him with scorn.

Two days after she evinced great irritation to see her husband, prepare the atelier for the sittings, and under pretext of securing picturesqueness, destroy the perfect order she had maintained in the place.

Versalle, that day, accompanied his young friend whose extreme elegance and piquant beauty gave more annoyance than ever to Henriette, watching from behind the glass door of the escalier. The visitors' perfumes nearly choked the jealous wife.

The next day Eva Ozier came alone. She was loquacious, capricious and coquettish. All the time she was posing, she gossiped with familiarity and license. During the repose she sauntered around as if in her home—her robe decollete and falling from her shoulders. Hidden behind the door of the atelier, Henriette spied through the keyhole and fairly panted with rage. Poor Paul had a terrible scene that night.

On the morrow Henriette, with a gimlet made a hole in the door, but it was less satisfactory than the key-hole. Moreover Paul had pushed a screen against the door, for his wife's surveillance exasperated him and interfered with his work. Eva Ozier noticed his uneasiness. He responded little to her chatter and remained frigid to her more amiable familiarities. She was piqued and redoubled her advances. Paul found her exquisite and so merry and vivacious.

The fifth day, Henriette abandoned her hiding place behind the door, and Paul heard her moving on the first floor. She had a new idea. Eva was posing graciously, her bosom much exposed when of a sudden the door of the atelier was brusquely flung open and a large and handsome brunette in petticoat and white apron burst in. Paul was petrified when he recognized his wife.

"Monsieur has called me?" she said tragically and with a glare in her eyes.

"No, no, not at all," stammered Paul.

"Ah! I thought so," and out she swept with a majestic air.

"Say, that servant of yours does not look very good-natured," remarked Eva. "She gave me a glassy stare. I bet that you are on good terms with her."

That night Paul had another frightful scene. A calm followed, as during several days Versalle came to the atelier with Eva. Then he ceased to appear. Henriette renewed her surveillance but discovered nothing. The sittings were nearing the end, and Paul seemed joyous. He was in the atelier one morning when Versalle arrived in a state of extreme excitement. Henriette on the first floor overheard the loud conversation.

"You are a miserable wretch!—You, my intimate friend!—You have deceived me—Yes—yes I have seen your letters and Eva has confessed to me—that woman I adored—that I wished to espouse—but your treachery will not pass like that—You are a miserable wretch! Believe me, you will hear further from me!"

Versalle dashed out furiously. Henriette, in haste, descended to the atelier where she found Paul pale and agitated. She had not time to speak when he cried out:

"Ah! Voila, it is you! You have been listening—and you have heard all—and it is true—yes true! Yes!—with Eva!—You are the cause of it all. You with your jealousy and surveillance here—and you never thought of her at her own house. And me—see what has happened, me—embroiled with Versalle, a friend of twenty years—for that girl for whom I care nothing!—and it is all your fault—and now I suppose the next thing is a divoice? Is that what you wish?"

She looked him squarely in the face and shrugged her shoulders.

"A divorce, eh? Never in your life. That would be the height of absurdity—after the struggle I had with my parents to marry you. I would look like a perfect goose!"

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THE SOUL OF THE SIERRAS

(Continued from Page 16)

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Mrs. Eurton Harrison (Constance Cary), mother of Governor Francis Burton Harrison of the Philippines, died in November. Mrs. Harrison was known in California where she visited when her son married Miss Mary Crocker. She was the author of some agreeable novels with a background of the "first families."

ACCOMPLICES

By Jo Hartman.

Let me barter with you, moon,
Just tonight:
Softly play upon my hair,
Make me seem so very fair
In his sight!

Sea mist, brush my weary lids,
Lover fashion,
Till my eyes are dewey tender—
So that he may long remember
All their passion!

Roses, lilacs, musk and dew,
Scent my breath
With a fragrance undefined!
. . . No strange, magic power to bind
Unto death.

Am I asking now of you . . .
These few hours—
Of an evening gone too soon—
Stars and sea, and summer moon,
Dew and flowers!

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FROM A CLEAR SKY

(Continued from Page 32)

mother-love was diverted to me. For once I regretted that I sat at the privileged table. I could hear the gay voices of the new arrivals, though I could not see the pretty school ma'ams. They seemed to be making a great hit with the other boarders. I thought best, however, not to let my presence be known right at the start. It might—er—look as if I were counting myself too numerously, as it were.

But all at once I found myself listening with my whole body. These teachers, with a half-dozen others, and a few friends of the trousered sex, had chartered a "Rubberneck" for the afternoon. It would call for them at one o'clock. I heard the name of Walter Peebles!

As soon as I could do so with dignity, I rushed upstairs to change my necktie. I had a real estate deal on for the afternoon; but what was mere business to the winning of my Heart's Delight? I felt that this was the day of my life. I intended to join (unasked) the Rubberneck party; and nightfall would see me the most glorified, or the most abased, man in seven counties.

Before I laid out my neckties, I put my diary into my pocket. It seemed to me that there should be a rather full record of this day of days. All the poetry in my make-up bubbled to the surface, to color my blood with still brighter rainbow-hues. I may have mentioned, somewhere, that I am something of a poet.

(On reading over my diary, after that eventful day, I found numerous abbreviations that puzzled me exceedingly. For instance, there was a W. P. in the same paragraph in which I mentioned our view of the Old Mission. Or, I should say, their view. I was viewing the most satisfying profile in a most unsatisfying location—neighboring with that of Walter Peebles. Perhaps that's what the initials stood for: Walter Peebles. I'm inclined to think, however, that they indicated whispering palms; for a little further on there is something about gorgeous coloring, which clearly must have related to the landscape, and milk-and-roses, which just as clearly did not have any relation to the landscape.)

But to go back a little:

While I tried on tie after tie, my tumultuous thoughts ranged about the all-important subject of how to get Carmen's ear. And more than all, in what inspired words to clothe my humble plea that she would consider me in the light of a suitor? Swift as the flight of a swallow, a thought came to me. I took one of my engraved calling cards, expertly flicked aside the tissue paper, and wrote beneath my name:

"Job, thirteenth chapter, sixth verse."

I may say, at that moment I did not begrudge the hours exacted from me by a stern parent, during which long chapters of Scripture were committed to a memory to which everything stuck as a fly sticks in a saucer of molasses. I tucked the card into my diary, and went on with my dressing.

As I was trying my fourth tie, I heard the blare of an automobile horn at the door. I reached for my hat, and made the bottom of the stairs in four jumps. As I opened the gate, the big car, with its load of merry passengers, swung down the street. I ran after it, leaped to the step, balanced neatly, one foot in the air, and was hauled in by—Miss Wade!

No one objected to my presence there. The driver doubtlessly thought that I was one of the personally conducted; the personally conducted may have thought—and rightly—that I was a man of nerve. Or, it may be that they considered me as a guest of Miss Wade.

Between responding half-heartedly and absent-mindedly to Miss Wade's incessant chatter, I considered the possibility of bribing the driver, at the first stopping-place, to distract Walter Peebles' attention, while I secured his seat. I had a fine chance, from where I was, to observe how the sunlight picked out threads of gold in Carmen's hair; but I wanted to do this at closer range. Walter Peebles was having the time of his life—I could see that. He had barely nodded to me as I clambered over the side of the automobile. If I could have his seat for half an hour—twenty minutes—However, I finally concluded to trust to luck, and to continue my travels as a stowaway.

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Time passed, as time will. We had seen the home of "Ramona," the Old Mission, and other historical monuments on which the tourist-band delight to carve their names, and adjacent to which may be found their sardine-cans and their empty "pop" bottles. I looked at my Heart's Delight, and thought:

"What would you do if I should kneel before you and ask you to pick up my life and hold it in your little white hands?"

I don't remember much about where we went. As the shadows grew long, someone suggested supper. It developed that they had brought the picnic supper, and that they were going to make coffee. Have I mentioned that Carmen wore a pink sweater, and a white sport hat and skirt; and that her shoes looked like twin white boats for the Queen of Fairies?

We came to a place of rocks, and running water—a canyon; and everybody agreed that we should spread the supper there. And right here is where I had my innings. Walter Peebles had turned chef; he was brewing coffee over two stones, with a blinking fire and much smoke, and in intervals of fanning the fire, making geometrical designs with cold meats and potato salad on paper plates. I chased six olives round and round the inside of a glass bottle for my Heart's Delight, and was rewarded when she told me that she "doted" on olives.

[To Be Continued]

BOUGHT—ONE SAND LOT

(Continued from Page 44)

doctor with Jo in his car drove over the newly made streets toward the little car house built on a sand dune, surrounded on all sides with a garden that was one riot of color, and the sweet frangance blown into his face by the gentle west wind, greeted him, he looked with wonder at the tall, graceful and healthy young woman who ran out to meet him, with her arms full of cut flowers and who showered them upon him, covering him with rose petals of all colors. His old eyes filled with tears, for he recalled the last time he had seen her, her frail body racked with a cough that boded her no good wish.

"And Jo tells me this is the country life you have indulged in! Well, well, little woman, if I didn't find you such a picture of health, I would wash my hands of you both for disobeying orders. However, you have not left me a leg to stand upon. And this—" and the dictor's hand swept over the garden, toward the peaceful waters of the Pacific, taking it all in with a broad glance, "this is what has done it."

"Yes, doctor, but you mustn't forget the big ideas buried in the gray matter of this koko," and Jo laughingly tapped his wife's sunny head, "tell you what, it was all her idea, from the sand lot, the car house, to the selling of her flowers!"

"Ah, yes, and that reminds me. I believe I know now who the Mrs. Rankin is that the little tots over there in the hospital rave about bringing them such an abundance of flowers every week. The days I am there, they talk of nothing else. They call her the 'flower lady,' and one described you as the lady with the rosy cheeks, so of course, I must be forgiven for not recalling you or thinking of you as the possible Mrs. Rankin."

Jane laughed, and then seriously, while tears sprang to her eyes, said:

"I have another idea, doctor, and you must help us to fulfill it. I want to have here, every week, one child from the Little Jim Ward, and it can be arranged, can it not? Oh, it will mean so much to those little tots, I know, just to lie on that hot sand, to smell those pretty flowers and though I have much to do, I still have time on my hands, for I have only an outdoor life, you know, from now on."

"It can and shall be arranged," and the good man, bent reverently over the brown, sun-burned, and now rather rough hand of the girl—the girl with the ideas to do, not only for herself but others.

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